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# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
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DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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# COMFORT

The Key to  
Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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## CONTENTS

	Page
CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
A FEW WORDS BY THE EDITOR	2
CURRENT TOPICS	2
TOLD AROUND THE STOVE	2
JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY (continued)	3 & 25
IN & AROUND THE HOME, Fancy Work, Comfort Suits' Corner, etc.	4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 15 & 23
THE HIDDEN WEDDING TREASURE, or, The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake (continued)	6 & 20
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Conducted by Uncle Charlie	7, 9 & 13
A STOLEN PROPOSAL (continued) Mrs. Mary J. Holmes	8 & 15
COMFORT RECITATION CLUB Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton	11
THE MYSTERY OF THE COILED ASP, or, Princess of His Heart (concluded) Davoust Stanislas Roumanoff	12
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	13
AN OKLAHOMA GIRL, or, Phil Sterling's Charge (concluded) William Perry Brown	14
A CORNER FOR BOYS Conducted by Uncle John	15
ST. ELMO (continued) Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson	16, 17, 18, 19 & 27
CORDALIA MALONE Song-William Jerome	17
HATS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM Comfort's Home Milliner	19
TALKS WITH GIRLS	21
HOME LAWYER	22
INFORMATION BUREAU	24
FAMILY DOCTOR	25
MANNERS & LOOKS	26

## Crumbs of Comfort

Progress is the result of discontent.  
Wine has drowned more than the sea.  
The course of nature rests upon inaction.  
Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.  
What makes life dreary is the want of motive.  
The wind, a sightless laborer, whistles at his task.  
Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich.  
Most people do not lack strength, but they lack will.  
There is too little time in this world to lose any of it.  
Beauty within is the beauty to strive for and be vain of.  
Like our shadows, our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.  
God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.  
A woman who has never been pretty has never been young.  
We do not correct the man we hang; we correct others by him.  
The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.  
He that swells in prosperity will be sure to shrink in adversity.  
The person who is not punctual wastes his time and steals years.  
To live easily pitch your scales of living one degree below your means.  
Performance without promise is better than promise without performance.  
What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.  
The errors of woman spring almost always from her faith in the good or her confidence in the true.  
Man wants but little nor that little long; How soon must he resign his very dust, Which frugal nature lent him for an hour.

—Young.

All a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of daughter, sister, wife, mother.

The great error is placing such an estimate on this life as if our being depended upon it and we were nothing after death.

It very seldom happens that a man is slow enough in assuming the character of a husband, or a woman quick enough in condescending to that of a wife.

There is none.  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that with a mother's heart.

—Mrs. Hemans.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead—a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.

## A Few Words by the Editor

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East to West From North and from South, come the Pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored;  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles, where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lips and brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie.  
—Whittier.

THANKSGIVING day is once again with us. Another year has rolled around, the harvests have been gathered in, and old Winter's chilly breath has once more covered the earth with a mantle of white. Soon scattered families will be reunited and gathered once more around the hearth, and loved ones will meet again under the family roof tree, of the old homestead, as of yore. How good it feels to be home again, and see the old familiar scenes and the old familiar faces. The love of home and kin is an inherent part of our natures, and glows in every breast. It is beautiful, it is divine, for God's handiwork is about it all. The home is the family altar, and the sons and daughters come back to that altar once a year, when possible, and thank the Creator for all His blessings to them in the year that is past, and most of all, they are thankful for the fact that they have been spared, and permitted once again to meet, in the old home, the dear ones they love. It is easy to be thankful, when the table is laden with plenty, and the barns are bursting with fatness, and the fields filled with sleek and fine conditioned stock, and the glow of health is tinting one's cheeks with rosy hues. But what about the empty larder and the barren fields, the empty barns, the vacant chair, the empty pocketbook, and the little mound out in the graveyard, that marks the resting-place of the loved one, that is no longer here. Of such pictures there are many. Can the heart bowed down with grief and misfortune be thankful? Yes it can. It is easy to thank God when everything comes our way, but the real thankful heart is that one which has suffered and lost, and yet can truly and with gratitude offer praise to the Creator for all His blessings. We refer to that one who can, and will, like Job say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It is the praise of the earnest soul, who has suffered and been chastened with affliction, that will ring out in the courts of Heaven with a note of even greater thankfulness, than will the prayer of that one, who is merely grateful, for health and prosperity. The thankful prayer of the afflicted will fall upon the Creator's ears, with a fragrant sweetness, that will in due time bring a reward, and a joy which the prospering soul will never know.

Let us all then be thankful, rich and poor, sick and well upon this blessed day of Thanksgiving. The harvests have been indeed abundant, and God intended us all to share in them alike. If we have not done so it is our fault, and not the Creator's. Do not let us for one moment blame the All Wise for any short comings of our own. God can only provide, it is we who must garner and reap and divide. It is enough for Providence to set the table, and if only a few get into the feast, and many are left outside, it is God who grieves more than any of His creatures. Then remember that Thanksgiving day above all else should begin with devotions. An hour spent in the village meeting-house will only serve to heighten the enjoyment of the remainder of the day.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is bright—  
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night,  
The flowers of our youth, and the fruits of our prime,  
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father for all that is drear—  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;  
For never in blindness, and never in vain  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power  
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;  
The generous heart, and the bountiful hand  
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.  
We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be;  
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee  
Let all our Eternity form through thy love,  
One Thanksgiving day, in the Mansions above.  
—Will Carleton.

We beg to remind our readers that this is the best possible month for them to renew their subscriptions. Not only by subscribing now do you get more for your money, as we give you thirteen numbers for the price of twelve, but if you get your "subs" in before the Christmas rush, you have a better chance to secure immediate attention, and less chance for delays and errors which are always liable to happen, in the great pressure at the beginning of the year. All those who ordinarily renew their subscriptions in January, should renew them now, both for their own sakes and for ours. Through the long hours of the January nights, as well as the days, hundreds of our staff have to toil indefatigably to handle the enormous number of subscriptions that come to us at that time. We are confident if you knew of the tremendous pressure put upon us at that period, with its attendant nervous and physical strain, that you would merely from a humanitarian point of view, send in your subscriptions now, and so help to lessen the great strain of the rush period. If you will try and remember that COMFORT's family is indeed a family, and all that we are endeavoring to do is to serve your interests, we are confident that in the goodness of your hearts, you would accommodate us in this matter. It will cost you no more, and the help it will afford to us at this end of the line will be immense.

There is no need to tell you what a good paper COMFORT will be in 1907. You know COMFORT, and you know us. There is a mutual confidence existing between us, that makes constant hortatooing unnecessary. Other concerns may deluge you with sample copies of their publications and may hysterically inform you that theirs is to be the best magazine in all America (they all say that), but it is not necessary for us to indulge in literary hysteria. COMFORT can afford to contemplate the efforts of its competitors with complacent self-satisfaction. We are not afraid of competition, in fact, we encourage it, for we believe the more the public reads, the better it is for the public, and we always know, that no matter how great the competition is, there is not one of COMFORT's readers, that would willingly give up this magazine, and take another one in its place. Every letter that comes into this office tells us

the same old story. It is always "Dear Old COMFORT!" "Can't keep house without COMFORT!" Those words come from every corner of the land. It is an universal psalm of praise that makes us very happy. The majority of our competitors charge for their wares almost double the price we ask for COMFORT. We give you the best possible magazine that money and brains can put together, for the trifling sum of fifteen cents a year. In this age, when everything is increasing in price, labor, material and literature, we have still contrived, at a greater sacrifice than you are possibly aware of, to charge you what is only a nominal sum, a sum the scantiest purse can afford. You who seek to save even that small sum can do so, by getting up clubs for us. Remember Christmas is almost here, and don't forget that little gift you want to give to the neighbor, who helped you through that sickness last summer, or the relative that has gone into another section of the country to live, or the shut-in that lies sick and suffering over the hill. It will cost you just forty-five cents to give a subscription for one year, to all of these three friends, and you could not give a better present if you paid a five-dollar bill for it, or hunted every store within ten miles to find a suitable gift article. Usually we make this appeal to you in December, but we thought it better to make it now, as it gives you more time to think it over. There is nothing saves you money at Christmas-time like COMFORT, if you want to give presents. If you put fifteen cents into a present ordinarily, you would be ashamed to give it to anyone. But one thing no one would be ashamed to give and that is a year's subscription to COMFORT, for though all know it only costs fifteen cents, all realize that it is worth ten times that sum to anyone. As the mammoth new press which Hoe & Co. have been building for us the past year is nearly ready to be installed, and will when ready enable us to give you still more COMFORT printed on better paper, we shall very soon be obliged to advance the subscription price to 25 cents per year, but now you can renew at the fifteen-cent rate and get all the advance of the improvements to follow without any extra expense to you. COMFORT for 1907 will be bigger, brighter and better than ever. "Onward and upward" is our motto; we do not stand still. Every issue of COMFORT is better than the one which preceded it. You know that as well as we do. This thirty-two-page edition is only a forerunner of what's coming. In conclusion, let us thank you heartily for past favors, and remind you that the best possible time to renew subscriptions is now. Send them in now, today, and avoid the rush and delay; and once more, a happy Thanksgiving to all. Your friend,  
Comfort's Editor.

## Current Topics

The Singer Sewing Machine Company is to erect a forty-story office building in New York City.

A single mahogany tree in Honduras was recently cut into boards, when sold in the European market, realized over \$10,000, it is stated.

It is officially reported that all the emigrants sent to Western Canada by the English Salvation Army are doing well. During the coming year the army expects to send out 30,000 emigrants.

For compelling ten soldiers to scrub a barrack room with their tooth-brushes, a subaltern in the German army has been sentenced by court martial to one year's imprisonment and degradation.

In laying the corner stone of the new office building for the House of Representatives, President Roosevelt said: "The foundation stone of national life is, and ever must be, the high individual character of the average citizen."

Franklin Bertha Krupp, the richest young woman in the world, and Lieutenant Gustav von Bahlen-Halbach were married October 15th, in Berlin. In the great gun works of which she is the head 63,000 people are employed, and her fortune is estimated at \$225,000,000.

A remunerative industry has been developed in Sweden on the basis of an invention of an Austrian, whereby coloring matter is forced into fresh cut wood. It takes the place of the sap, and gives to the wood a brilliant color, which does not fade after the wood has become seasoned.

The list of casualties by the recent tidal wave and hurricane shows that more than 300 are dead, and more than 100 are missing. Sea birds soaring in from Mobile Bay sounded the first note of alarm, and warned the people of the approach of the storm, that later wrought such dire havoc to life and property all along the extreme southern coast and Cuba.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the president of the Confederacy, died October 16. Her life was crowded with events which have gone into history. She was born May 7, 1826, and in 1845 married Jefferson Davis who was then at the beginning of his political career. Mrs. Davis accompanied her husband to Washington when he was U. S. senator, 1847-1852, and she was in Richmond during the terrific struggle in which he played the chief part as president of the confederate states. Her last years were saddened by the death of her daughter Miss Winnie Davis, who was fondly called, "the Daughter of the Confederacy."

A year or two ago, twenty-three women, who lost some member of their family in the burning of the steamer, General Slocum, organized themselves into the German Women's Sympathy Society, to comfort one another in their sorrow. They have had erected and lately unveiled a fountain in Tompkins Square, New York City, to the memory of those lost at the time. The monument itself is a beautiful fountain of pink marble, adorned with a bas-relief of two children looking out to sea at a steamer passing in the distance. The inscription reads, "They were earth's fairest children, young and fair." The cost of the memorial was eighteen hundred dollars, and was contributed by these women, none of whom has more than moderate means.

## TOLD AROUND THE STOVE



### End of a Great Horse

"Sysonby, a four-year-old race horse, owned by J. R. Keene, a New York millionaire, which died not long ago from blood poisoning," remarked the man who looked as if he knew something about horses, "was said to be the best horse in the world. Whether he was or not, and I suppose, there are some who don't think he was, his owner was able to refuse last year the vast sum of \$200,000 offered by Reed Walker, the English turfman. Anyway Sysonby was a favorite and he was a good thing. His owner bought the colt's mother, Optime, before the colt was foaled, paying only \$4,200 for her. As soon as the colt was old enough to go into training he got the best there was, and up to the time of his illness, which began in April, he had won in purses for his owner about \$180,000, and was defeated in one race only, the winner being Artful, at the Sheephead Bay Futurity of 1904. In his two years running, Sysonby won fourteen races. As a two year old his winnings amounted to \$39,053.34, besides a \$2,500 piece of gold plate, at Saratoga. As a three year old he won \$139,615. This was all in purses, and nobody knows how much was won on him in bets. What he would have done as a four year old can only be guessed at, but not much money would have been won on him in bets, as he was such a favorite the odds in his favor would almost have cut out betting. In his last race he was quoted at 1 to 30.

"Sysonby's sire was the English horse Melton, and his dam was owned by the late Marcus Daly, whose stable was sold after his death. The colt was foaled at Mr. Keene's Blue Grass Farm, Castleton, near Lexington, Ky. He was a bay with dark points, and was a picture of the fast horse. His life was insured for \$100,000, so that his owner does not lose any money on him, but Mr. Keene would much rather have given up \$100,000 than to have lost his pet horse. Mr. Keene will probably take the body to Kentucky for burial and will erect a handsome marble monument over his grave. The blood poisoning which killed him was due to a bruised frog, which came from the horse pounding on his stall when suffering with an itching skin trouble."

### The Growth of the Country

"The way this great and glorious country of ours simply keeps on growing," said the politician man, "is a wonder to all the world. It would seem that there ought to be a limit to it somewhere, but if there is, it is nowhere in sight yet. Statistics, showing what it has done in the past five years, are lately published and figures don't lie, so this isn't just stump-speech talk of the spell-binder. Not counting anything else but manufactures here are a few figures to talk about. In 1905 the number of manufacturing establishments was 133,137, an increase of 5.4 per cent. over 1900; capital invested increased to \$7,375,939,540, from \$5,166,172,164; number of salaried employees, 301,212, an increase of 41.3; amount of salaries, \$330,991,359, an increase of 51.2 per cent.; wages of wage-earners 3,331,733, an increase of 16.3 per cent.; wages, \$1,553,191,229 an increase of 32.3 per cent. The value of the products was \$8,980,454,376, an increase of 31.9; cost of materials used, \$5,254,286,858, an increase of 31 per cent.; miscellaneous expenses, \$833,348,646, an increase of 63 per cent. Every state in the Union shows an increase, but the greatest is in the newest regions of the West, where manufacturing is practically beginning. The South also makes a good showing, the increase there averaging about 50 per cent. while the East goes only to about 25 per cent. In the West it runs to big figures, Idaho, for example, showing an increase in capital of 343 per cent.; of salaries, 454 per cent.; of wages 147 per cent.; expenses, 668 per cent.; product turned out, 182 per cent. Delaware makes the lowest showing, the increase of establishments being only three tenths of one per cent., and of products, four tenths of one per cent. And, friends and fellow citizens, this is only one line. When we take into the count what the farmers will be doing, and what all the other industries, stores and banks and railroads and rivers and canals and the rest of them, by gravity, the finite mind can scarcely comprehend the kind of a country we have got. There is nothing like it in the world, and there never was before we set the pegs."

### Children's Toys

"You chaps and paps," said the drummer from Brooklyn, "who think you are treating the kids at home pretty well when you spend a dollar on half a dozen toys for them, ought to get into one of the big New York toy stores and take a look at prices. Of course, there are toys from five cents up, and more are sold at a dime or a quarter than all the others, but thousands are sold at what seem like fancy prices. There is an electric railroad, for instance, for the little boys of the rich, complete in all details, with an electric locomotive and eighty feet of double track, the whole costing \$250. Looks like a good deal of money to put into the hands of a youngster, doesn't it? Still, when he is a man, perhaps he will be handling railroads worth as many millions. For the girl is a dollhouse, complete from garret to cellar, about four feet high, costing \$150. One dealer in New York sold over two dozen of these last Christmas. A full-dressed doll from Paris, accompanied by a trunkful of gowns, can be bought for \$60. Grocery stores for the boys, and little kitchens for the girls cost as high as \$35 each. A folding enamel dressing-table for a doll sells for \$18, and a doll's crib of white enamel can be bought for \$16. Doll clothes are expensive, some suits selling at \$75, and automobile fur coats at \$35 each. Toy canary birds in gilt cages sell at \$50 each, and there are numerous mechanical toys ranging in price from a dollar to a hundred times as much. Think of a man with ten children trying to keep up with the procession of toys on prices like these. It would be hard sledding, I guess, and yet somebody buys all these toys and they are not used by grown-ups. One New York dealer, alone, sells a million dollars' worth of toys every year, but the heaviest buying is about Christmas-time."



# JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY.

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

## CHAPTER I.

### A TRAVELER IN TROUBLE.

WISH I knew where that old red cow had gone to."

The speaker was a tall, bright-looking youth of fourteen, dressed in a plain suit of homespun, a battered coonskin cap, and shoes that told of hard wear. He stood on a rocky cliff that overlooked a tangle of grass and brushwood, skirted by a tall forest.

"I told Hitty that cow would get away if she gave her half a chance," went on the boy to himself, as his eyes searched the brushwood and the row of trees that was nearest to him. "And she wouldn't even tie the bell on her. It's a pity she didn't have to go after the cow herself."

Not a trace of the missing cow was to be seen anywhere, and with something of a sigh Jerry Blue leaped down from the rocky cliff and started for the patch of timber just mentioned.

The time was many years ago, when the western portion of New York State was little better than a wilderness, and when even the city of Buffalo, now a place of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, boasted of only a few hundred souls. The spot was in the heart of this wilderness, several miles from where a few settlers had made their homes, and where a tavern erected at a crossroad gave these people a place where they might meet occasionally and gossip.

The boy after the red cow had left his home two hours before to look for the missing beast. The cow, though old, was the best milker on Squire Parkhurst's place, and Jerry knew that it would never do to lose the animal altogether.

"If I can't find her, I know the squire will blame me sure," he told himself dismally. "Hitty won't take any of the blame, that's sure. An old maid like her never thinks she's in the wrong. And what will Miss Mabel say, after my promising to keep everything in apple-pie order only yesterday?"

As Jerry drew closer to the trees, a squirrel sitting on a bush attracted his attention. He picked up a sharp stone, took careful aim, and let fly. But the squirrel was too quick for the boy and dodged out of sight in safety.

"Another miss," grumbled Jerry. "No two ways about it, everything is going wrong today. First, I broke the water pitcher, and then I fell on the woodhouse step and barked my shin, and now it seems as if I'd never find that cow. Wish I was rich and didn't have to work for a living."

Having reached the timber, Jerry looked around in the fallen leaves and on the damp ground for some trace of the missing animal. He knew that the cows sometimes wandered off in that direction. Presently he saw hoof prints that appeared familiar to him.

"That's what I'm after!" he cried, his face brightening a little. "Now, Suky, I'll have you pretty quick, and I'll give you a good one for running away from me, mind that!"

He set off at a faster pace than before and in less than ten minutes reached a well-defined path running through the woods. Here the marks left by the cow showed that she had crossed the path and gone into the timber beyond.

Jerry was about to follow still further when an odd sound from up the trail caused him to halt. Some animal was running toward him, and now he made out a human voice:

"Stop, Nero! stop, I tell you! Whoa, or you'll kill me! Whoa!"

"Something is wrong," murmured Jerry and gazed anxiously along the trail.

Suddenly a horse, saddled and bridled, burst into view, galloping along at a high rate of speed. From one stirrup dragged the form of a horseman, who was trying in vain to halt the runaway animal and pull himself up to the saddle seat.

Jerry was astonished and for the instant it must be confessed that he was likewise frightened. But he did not lose his wits, and as the horse came closer he made a leap to stop the steed.

His grasp for the bridle was successful, and once having got hold he clung fast like grim death.

"That's right, stop him!" gasped the unfortunate man who was caught in the stirrup. "Don't let him get away from you!"

Jerry did not answer, for he did not want to lose his breath. The horse jerked this way and that and took several more steps forward. But then the steed gradually quieted down and finally came to a standstill.

With the animal standing at rest, it was an easy matter for the horseman to extricate himself from his difficulty, and this he did as speedily as possible. He was a kindly-looking gentleman of forty-five or fifty, with iron-gray hair and beard.

"Young man, I owe you one for your bravery," said he, as he took the horse from Jerry's care and tied him to a tree. "Oh, that's all right, sir; you are welcome," said the boy, and touched his coonskin cap.

"I believe you saved me from death," went on the gentleman, as he started to brush himself off and rearrange his disordered garments.

"Maybe not that, sir; but I guess I saved you from a jolly good thumping on the rocks," answered Jerry.

"It was a gallant thing to do, and I am very grateful to you for it. May I ask your name?"

"My name is Jerry Blue, sir."

"Do you live near here?"

"I live with Squire Parkhurst. I am his bound boy."

"Oh, I see. I have never met the squire, but I have heard of him as being a very good man."

"He is a first-class gentleman, sir."

"So you are his bound boy. Are your parents living?"

At this query Jerry's eyes dropped.

"I can't answer that question, sir."

"Can't answer it?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know."

"Oh! Well—ahem—I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, my boy."

"Oh, it's all right. 'Most everybody that knows me knows about that."

"Your words make me a bit curious to know something of your history."

"There isn't a great deal about the story, sir. Squire Parkhurst took me out of a poorhouse in New York City. He has only himself and his daughter Mabel, and he wanted a boy around, to do chores and like that."

"Is Blue your true name? It is certainly very uncommon."

"No, Blue isn't my right name. You see I was left at the poorhouse one dark night. Somebody left me on the porch, wrapped up in a blue overcoat. Pinned to the overcoat was a slip of paper which read: 'Please be good to Jeremiah, and some day I may be able to reward you.' So because of that note and the blue overcoat they called me Jerry Blue."

"I see. And they never found out anything concerning your parentage?"

"No, sir. You see they took it that my folks must be too poor to support me, so I guess they didn't try very hard."

"And how long did you remain at the poorhouse?"

"I don't know exactly. Once a man named Cass took me away for a couple of years, but he was hurt in an explosion and I had to go back. Then Squire Parkhurst visited the place with his daughter Mabel, and Mabel picked me out right away, and so I came away out here with them."

"Certainly an odd story, Jerry. I presume you do not know me."

"No, sir—never saw you before."

"My name is Henry Maxwell, and I am

"I don't want to rob you."

"Let me be the judge as to whether you are robbing me or not."

"If some folks saw me with a gold piece, they'd say I had been robbing somebody."

"Would Squire Parkhurst say so? Or his daughter?"

"Oh, no, sir, I think not. No matter what I do, Miss Mabel knows that I always tell her the truth."

"I will make the matter plain," said Mr. Maxwell and drew out a blank book from his pocket. On a page he wrote the following:

"This is to certify that Jerry Blue saved me from a great peril, and for his bravery I have given him the piece of gold he now carries."

Henry Maxwell.

"There, how will that do, Jerry?" and the gentleman handed over the paper.

"That's very nice," said the boy, after spelling out the words. "But are you sure you can spare the money?"

"Yes."

"Then I thank you very much for it."

"If you ever come to New York you must call upon me," continued Henry Maxwell.

"Here, I will put my address on the back of that sheet," and he did so.

"Thank you, I will. But I don't expect to get to New York very soon. It's a long journey, and a man who came in last week said the roads were about as bad as they were four years ago."

"The roads are certainly bad enough. To run a stage all the way through would be utterly impossible. But you think you will come to New York some time?"

"Yes, sir. I am coming down just as soon as I am my own master."

"To see if you cannot clear up the mystery of your identity?"

"That's it."

"I must say I cannot blame you for that. For all you know your parents may be rich instead of poor, although it is best not to raise false hopes."

"I don't care if they are rich or poor, so



"I—I CAN'T TAKE IT, SIR."

in the wholesale provision business in New York, with a branch house in Boston. I have been journeying out here on some business connection with my wife's father's estate. My business was finished up yesterday, and I am getting back to New York as fast as I can make the trip."

"I hope you are not afraid of your horse, Mr. Maxwell. He seems gentle enough."

"I am not in the least afraid. It was my own fault that I fell. I rode him too close to the trees, and a low branch swept me to the ground and my boot became entangled in the stirrup, as you saw. I had been dragged only a short distance when you came to my aid. I feel I ought to reward you, Jerry."

So speaking, the gentleman brought forth a gold piece from his purse and handed it out toward the boy.

## CHAPTER II.

### JERRY MAKES A FRIEND.

In those days gold was as much in evidence as banknotes, but both were strangers to Jerry's eyes and he stared in astonishment at the shining piece in the open palm.

"Why, it's—it's gold!" he gasped.

"To be sure," laughed Mr. Maxwell. "Did you expect that I would offer you lead?"

"I—I can't take it, sir."

"Why not?"

"It's too much. Why, I never had a gold piece in my life," declared Jerry, and with perfect truth.

"All the more reason, my lad, that you should have one now. You have done me a great service. What I am giving you in return is small in comparison. But I am nearly out of ready funds and what I have left must be used on my journey back to New York."

long as I can find them. I have a pretty good home with the squire, but I get to feeling mighty lonely sometimes."

"That is natural—everybody craves the nearness of his own flesh and blood at times. I know, when I was a boy of twelve, I went away on a trip to Philadelphia for two months. I visited some friends who were very dear to me."

with it all I got very homesick, and when my visit came to an end I was more than glad to see my father and mother and my sisters again."

"I wish I was certain that my father and mother were alive," said Jerry. "And I'd like to know if I have any brothers or sisters."

"When I get back to New York I will look into the matter for you," returned Mr. Maxwell. "I have some friends who are interested in public affairs, and they may be able to stir up some old records to your advantage, or get hold of some sort of clew regarding your parentage."

"If you'll do that, I'll be ever so thankful!" cried the boy quickly. He held out the gold piece. "You can have that back, too."

"No, my lad, keep the money. I shall certainly do all I can for you. And now I must go."

Mr. Maxwell shook hands and leaped lightly in the saddle.

"Good by, Jerry, and let me thank you again for your service to me."

"Good by, Mr. Maxwell. You are welcome, sir. Please don't forget about me when you get to New York."

"I shall not forget, never fear. Good by," and in a moment more horse and rider had passed out of sight around a bend in the forest road.

For fully a minute Jerry stood in the open, gazing at the spot where the gentleman had vanished. Then he drew a long sigh.

"Wonder if I'll ever see him again, or hear from him?" he mused. "He appeared to be such a nice man. And by the way he was dressed he must be rich. I wish he would find out something about me and send me word." He felt the gold piece and looked at it closely. "A real gold piece and no mistake! Wonder what Hitty will say to that? Guess I had better not tell her about it, or she'll want me to give it to her, or Miss Mabel, or the squire, for safe keeping."

Speaking of the past had put Jerry in a thoughtful mood, and it was with a slow step that he took up the search for the missing red cow once again. He put the gold piece in his pocket and touched it every minute or so to make sure that it was safe. He felt rich, for never in his life had he possessed so much money as was his own now.

"Perhaps I can get a gun with that money some day," he thought. "And if I have a gun of my own, and powder and shot, I can go hunting when I please."

The trail of the missing cow was now a plain one and a little later Jerry discovered the animal, grazing contentedly in an opening to his right.

"Hullo, Suky, so there you are!" he cried, striding up. "A nice chase you have given me. Do you know what I ought to do? I ought to whip you good."

For reply the cow lifted her head and gazed at the boy contentedly, chewing her cud in the meantime. Jerry had not the heart to strike her, and merely turned her and started her for home.

"You've got to travel pretty fast," he said. "There's a storm coming, although there's no telling if it will come this afternoon or tonight. But I'm not going to be caught out in it, if I can help it. So move along, or I'll cut a switch that you won't like." And then he clapped his hands and Suky increased her speed.

As Jerry had said, he was a poorhouse boy and nothing was known regarding him, further than what he had told Mr. Maxwell. Squire Parkhurst had tried to learn something concerning the waif, and so had the squire's daughter Mabel, but both had failed. The blue overcoat and the slip of paper that had been pinned to it were in the squire's possession, but they failed to disclose any clew worth following up.

As Jerry drove the red cow homeward he thought over the past so far as he could remember it. Times had been exceedingly hard for him previous to the coming upon the scene of Squire Parkhurst and Miss Mabel. He had received more blows than kisses, and the poorhouse fare, and meals with Dan Cass, had been far from satisfying. Becoming a member of the Parkhurst household had pleased him greatly, but now he was reaching out for something—he wanted to know all about himself, who he was and where he really belonged in this great world.

"I'll find out some day!" he cried, clenching his fists. But he did not know when that day was to be, nor did he dream of the odd things that were to happen to him before the secret of his identity was revealed.

## CHAPTER III.

### NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Night was rapidly settling down upon the landscape, and Jerry had long since gotten home with the red cow, when a horseman might have been seen leading his horse with an air of anxiety along the bridge path several miles to the southward of where the boy had met Henry Maxwell.

The traveler was a man not over thirty, three or thirty-four years of age, stout, and with square-shaped shoulders. He had a round, bullet-shaped head and ferret-like eyes, which, taken in connection with a spreading pug nose and a mottled complexion, could scarcely be said to make an attractive countenance, even under the most favorable circumstances.

"A pretty prospect," grumbled the traveler. "Here am I with nothing to eat since early this morning, wandering at random in this accursed wilderness with no chance that I can see of a resting-place. Serves me right for coming out here on what may, after all, prove a wild-goose chase. And yet,"—he added more thoughtfully—"if I only succeed in my plans, I will not grudge the trouble I have taken. And I shall succeed, I feel sure. There's nothing that Dick Clarke has set himself to accomplish yet that he has failed in. Hark! what is that?"

As he spoke the dull rumbling of distant thunder came to his ears, and instantly the rain in thick drops began to patter down among the forest leaves.

"There's something more to be thankful for," muttered the traveler with increased peevishness. "It seems as if all the powers of nature were conspiring against me. But if I were only sure of a shelter and a little to stay my stomach, I wouldn't mind. A warm heart and a good conscience I've heard spoken of as good companions, but for my part give me a warm fire and a good stomachful, and I'll be content."

Meanwhile the darkness had rapidly increased, making the task of guiding the horse more difficult than before. Add to this that the beast was terrified by the storm and lightning, and half disposed to break away from his guide, and we have a complication of troubles which Dick Clarke was scarcely Christian enough to endure without grumbling.

As he strode on with hesitating steps a foot or two in advance of the horse, which he led by the bridle, he suddenly felt that he had stepped upon a soft substance, the nature of which very speedily made itself manifest by the springing up of a tall Indian in his path.

"Hut what have we here?" exclaimed Dick, startled. "My good friend, you appear to have singular taste in selecting such a time and such a place for repose."

"All places alike to Indian John," was the moody reply.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. puri; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Attractive Christmas Gifts

**A**T no season of the year are women in a greater state of perplexity, than just before Christmas, if they postpone the selection of gifts until the holidays have arrived.

All this needless worry can be avoided, even by the woman of limited means, if one begins to plan and work for this happy occasion a few weeks beforehand, for an almost endless variety of decorative and useful articles can be manufactured at home at a trivial cost.

Contrivances of all sorts, made of cardboard, neatly covered with pretty materials, are durable and many useful devices can be made in this way.

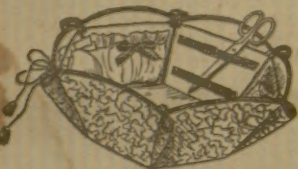
## Workbaskets

Fig. 1 illustrates a useful little workbasket which will be not only a "thing of beauty," but, when its convenience has been tested, "a joy forever."

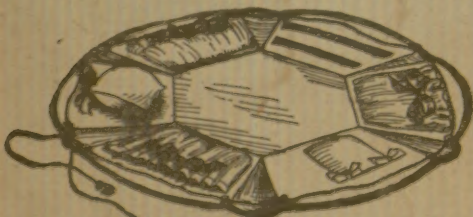
A light cardboard should be used and for covering either silk, linen, cretonne or any pretty cotton goods can be selected.

As the beauty of the finished basket will depend largely on its regularity, it is best to be careful about the measurements and have an accurate pattern, before starting to cut the cardboard.

Take a heavy piece of paper and draw a circle twenty inches in diameter, to insure its being



WORKBASKET COMPLETED.  
FIG. 1.

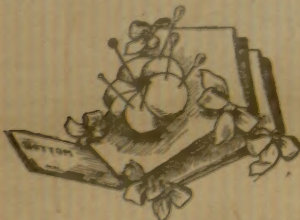


WORKBASKET OPEN. FIG. 2.

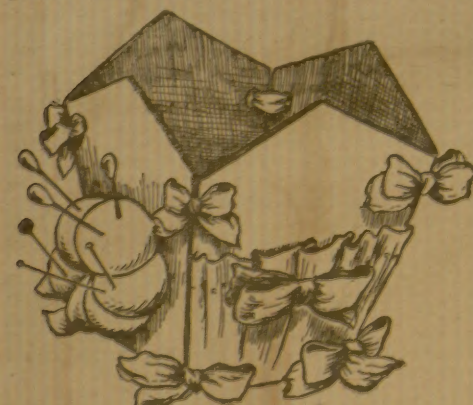
perfect, place a tack to which tie a string in the center of your paper, now measure ten inches and make a loop in the string into which a lead pencil may be slipped, draw the string taut and mark your circle.

Mark an inner one in the same way, having your string four inches in length. This will make your proportions good and give a basket with an eight-inch bottom, and sides six inches high.

Now, as the basket is to be a six-sided affair, your circles must be divided into six equal parts. To do this in the easiest way, cut around the outer circle and then fold together, this gives you a center line. Now measure one-half the diameter, or the distance from the center to the edge, if, for example this is five inches, starting at the center line, at the edge of the circle, measure off this distance three times and you will have arrived at the opposite side of the circle, continue around to the starting point. Now connect these points of division with straight lines, and also draw straight lines across the circles from one side to the other, connecting opposite points, then connect the points where these lines cut the inner circle,



WORKBASKET CLOSED. FIG. 4.



CONVENIENT FOR TRAVELING. FIG. 3.

with straight lines, and you have the six-sided bottom of your basket, see illustration, Fig. 2. To form the sides, measure off equal lengths on each side of the six points of division in the outer circle, and draw straight lines to the in-

ner circle; cut out the triangular sections between the pieces which are to form the sides.

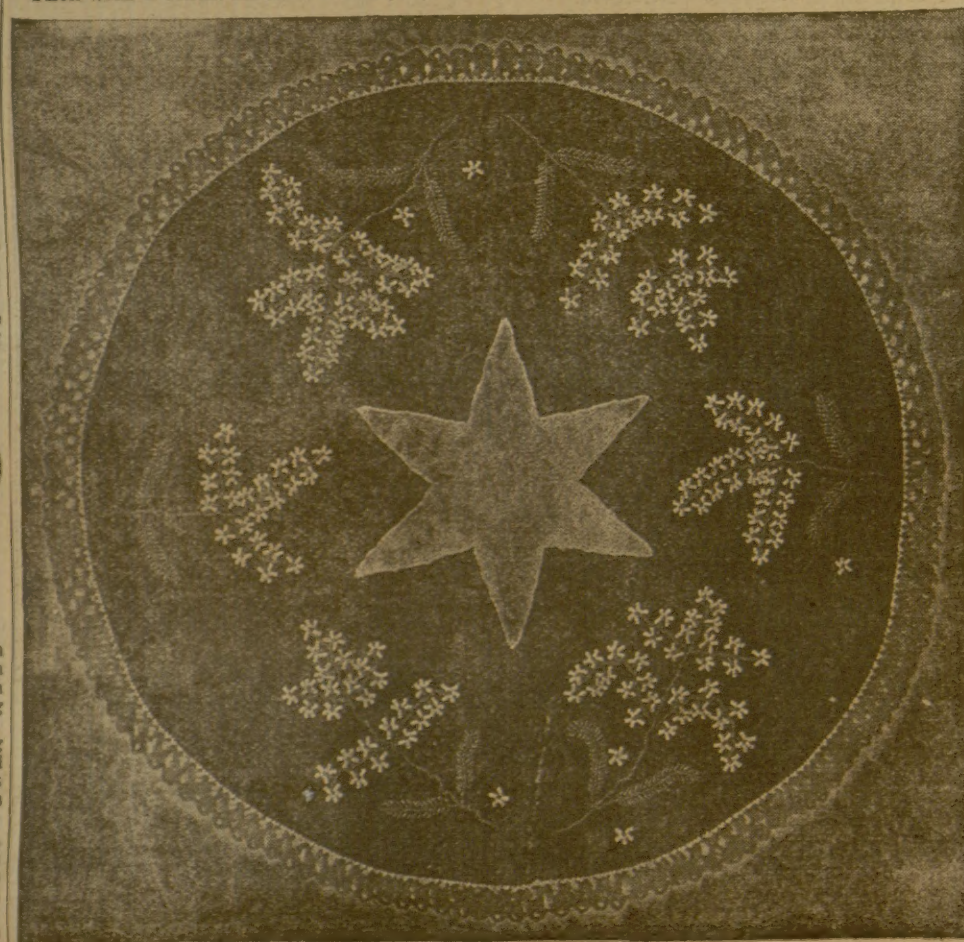
The slope given the sides of the basket will all depend upon the size of the triangles which are cut out; if too large, the sides will be perfectly straight, so it would be best to experiment a little by folding the basket up into shape, before cutting, these necessary changes can easily be made, by increasing or diminishing the pieces. Having accomplished this, cut your cardboard carefully, and you are ready for the covering.

The basket, as shown, has a plain material inside and a figured one outside, is bound with ribbon and finished with small brass rings through which is run a cord, for tying and keeping the basket in shape.

On the inside of three sides are pockets for different articles such as thread, thimble, buttons, etc., on the fourth is a pouch for the same material as the lining of the basket, on another section, elastic bands, under which scissors may be slipped and on the other side a little needlebook.

To cover the basket take your six-sided cardboard foundation and lay between two circles of material large enough to well cover it.

Then with a coarse machine needle, one can



BEADWORK CENTERPIECE.

By Miss Lizzie Moulton, New Lisbon, Wis.

easily stitch around this form on the machine, if it is run slowly and your cardboard is not too heavy. In this way it can be quickly and neatly made when this stage is reached. The needle will break the cardboard enough so the sides will easily bend upwards.

Finish by binding the edge. The basket can be made by hand in this way, or with sides and bottom separate and sewed together after covering, just as one prefers.

The particular advantage and unusual feature of this workbasket is that when necessary, it can be made perfectly flat without disturbing much of its contents. This makes it specially desirable when traveling, for most women know the trial it is to carry the articles usually found in a workbasket when one has no convenience for doing so.

A similar basket is illustrated by Fig. 3. This one is of a little simpler construction, and though hardly as attractive, would prove useful in traveling as it can be folded up. This advantage is gained by attaching the bottom to only one side.

The shape of the basket is illustrated and the size is a matter of individual taste and need. Each side should be made and completely finished, two are fixed with pockets, one with a cushion and the opposite one with a needle-



APRON BAG CLOSED.

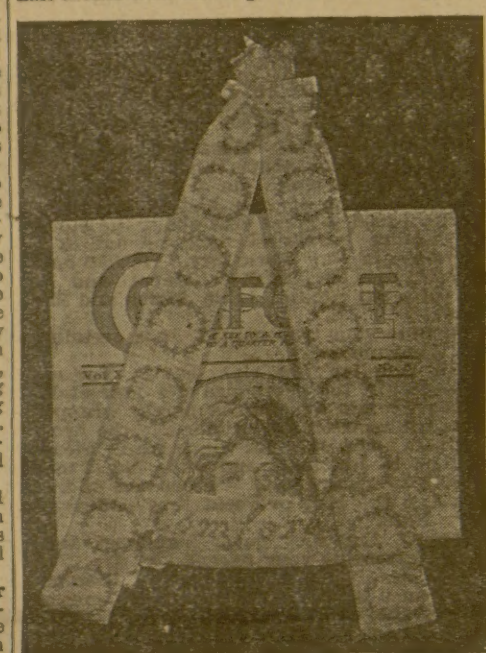
book and band for scissors. The bows at the corners serve to decorate and also hold the sides together. Fig. 4 shows the basket folded.

## Wall Pocket for Papers

This useful article is developed of scrim decorated with cross-stitching, and can be made with very little expense.

One quarter yard of scrim, the same amount of cotton material for lining, two yards of ribbon, and one spool of mercerized cotton or silk will be needed.

Cut the scrim into two straps, two and one-half inches wide and eighteen inches long, and



WALL POCKET FOR PAPERS.

work in any attractive cross-stitch pattern; in the illustration interlacing circles were used, worked alternately in green and pink; then line these straps with the lining. For the cross

## Apron Bag

One of the newer bags is a combination bag and apron. Nothing would surely be a more delightful gift for a friend who loves to knit or crochet. Washable goods, such as flowered lawn or dimity would probably be the most satisfactory material to use—a yard and one-half being needed.

Start by folding over three inches on one end, stitch, leave one inch space and put in another row of stitching; this is for the running ribbon. Now measure thirty-three inches, and fold the wrong sides of the cloth together, stitch in two inches from the fold, leave an inch space and stitch again.

This gives one what will be the bag; now with the extra half yard form the apron, by making a running in the end for ribbon; this should be folded over wrong side of goods on to the right side, run in ribbon to tie around the waist.

Run ribbon in just below the other two ruffles and tie at the sides, then take the bottom of each side of the bag on the selvedge and bring it up the running spaces, then overcast together. When not in use drop the apron part into the bag with the work, draw the ribbons closely and all work is free from soil.

## A Jewel Box

A pint tin dipper, obtainable almost anywhere, a little silk or wool and ribbon are all that is required to manufacture this pretty jewel box.

Begin the work by winding the silk or wool, whichever is used, closely around the handle. Then with a darning needle and double strands, weave under and over two threads. Do this closely so the handle will be well covered.

Now crochet a chain which will reach around the dipper.



A JEWEL BOX.

1st row.—3 tr. in 4th st. of ch., \* sl. 1 ch., 3 tr. in next ch., repeat from \* to \* to the end of the chain.

2nd row.—Same as 1st, only catch under ch. between groups of 3 tr.

3rd, 4th and 5th rows.—The same. 6th row.—1 s. c. in every stitch. Sew together under the handle. Run ribbon in the 3rd row and finish with a bow on one side.

For a cover cut a circle of cardboard the right size and crochet a covering for it, ch. 6, join.

1st row.—24 d. c. under ch. 6, join with sl. st.

2nd row.—3 tr. in every d. c., increasing 1 st. every 6th st. to keep the work flat. Continue in this way until it is large enough to cover the top, then make a scallop all around by putting 7 tr. in 1 st., sl. 2, 1 s. c. in next, 7 tr. in 3rd st., and so on.

Make the inside cover all of double crochet, sew the two together over the cardboard, run in the run, sew the cover on just across the handle, and this little receptacle is complete.

## Beadwork Centerpiece

This is one of the older forms of needle craft which has grown in popularity recently, and is now being used in almost every possible way for personal and household adornment.

Unusual patience is required to make a centerpiece like the one here illustrated, but the finished work well repays one for the labor.

Black velvet was used for the foundation and the star in the center worked in solidly with white beads. For the flower sprays, light blue beads were used for the blossoms, the center of each showing a yellow bead, and two shades of green were selected for leaves and stems. For this work use strong thread rather than silk.

Have strands of the different colored beads, each threaded on white cotton, then they can be picked off easily as needed. Use a long thread, knot the end, pull needle through to the right side. Now supposing a leaf is to be made, with the needle pick off two or three green beads, then take a stitch close to the center vein of the leaf, now three or four beads and proceed as before. Shading can be done nearly as well as with embroidery silks.

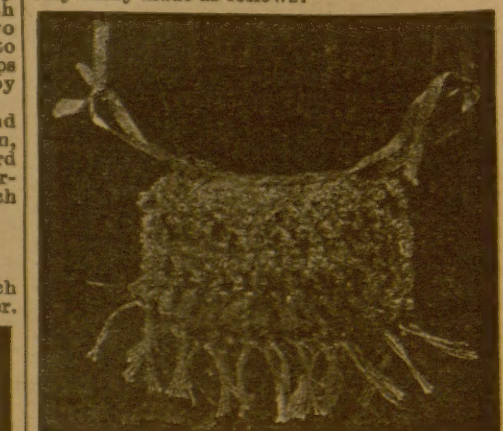
Finish the edge with groups of three white beads—the same as were used for the center and any pretty scallop in black silk.

We are indebted to Mrs. Lizzie Moulton, New Lisbon, Wis., for this work.

Any number of gifts may be made of beads. Chains, necklaces, belts, watch-fobs are especially popular, and even portieres, pocketbooks, and bags are made wholly or decorated with them.

## Bead Purse

This has a crocheted foundation, which is very easily made as follows:



BEAD PURSE.

1st row.—Ch. 6, 1 tr. in 2 st., ch. 6, tr. on tr., repeat 10 times and turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 2, 6 tr., join last with first tr., ch. 2, 6 tr. in the next space, join to first tr., turn.

The 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th rows all same as the 1st.

14th row.—Make 12 spaces.

Now, turn the work on the wrong side, and sew the ends together, this gives an oblong purse. Turn right side out, run ribbon in the spaces at the top, and knot fringe in to finish the bottom. Now, using the same color of silk, sew beads on of different colors, hit or miss, or work out some design.

## A Thimble Holder

Another dainty, practical little gift which would be sure to please is a thimble holder.

Take three pieces of cardboard three and one-half inches long and two inches wide in the center; taper from this width to pointed ends. Cover each piece with scented cotton, and then the outside with velvet, silk, or any pretty thing you have; line with a contrasting color, after which overcast together and then cover the seams with braid or any fancy stitch. Leave the top open to receive the thimbles, add ribbon to hang by, with tiny bows at the ends, and this useful little affair is finished.



A THIMBLE HOLDER.





### Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work—we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it—we also give, when possible, the name and address of the party who submitted it, and any further information must be obtained from them. It is absolutely useless for you to write us.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in our letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

With November's bleak and lowering skies come thoughts of all the good things which we enjoy on this great national festival, Thanksgiving.

Would it not be well for us to give a thought to the deep solemnity of the first occasion which caused this day to be set apart and celebrated by the little band of Puritans, while indulging in an unlimited amount of turkey and plum pudding?

Few of us stop to think of the true meaning of the day, or the many blessings we each have for truly giving thanks.

A word or two and we will turn to the letters. To several who have expressed a desire for shells, I would say these requests were omitted as it is almost impossible to send these by mail, without being broken.

E. L. Allen, Tena Brown, L. M. Robinson. Come again, but please comply with the above rules in regard to writing for this corner.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit another stranger to your "Cozy Corner?" While I am a stranger to most of you, COMFORT is no stranger to me, but is a most welcome visitor, and has been for years, both before and since my marriage.

Would you be surprised if I should tell you that I am an Indian? Well, I am a Cherokee Indian and live in Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, although I see quite a good many letters from Indian Territory, I really don't think I ever saw one from a Cherokee.

I live almost in town, and still live on a farm. My husband is not exactly a farmer as he rents the land and attends to his brickyard. He has now a large kiln almost ready for burning. Did any of you ever see a kiln fire at night? It is certainly a beautiful sight.

I have some pretty chickens, the Black Langshans, and I like them very much as they are such good layers, although they do not set early in the spring; but I like to raise fall chicks the best, anyway, as I seem to have better luck with them.

I suppose I must think of closing soon as it is considered presumptuous to stay too long, especially when one is a newcomer, isn't it?

But I must tell you of our boy. He was two years old June 2nd, 1906, and we are all so proud and fond of him, especially my husband's mother, as he is her only grandchild. She (mother) lives quite near us and you all must know what a great comfort and help she must be to me in every way.

We all have "allotments," or farms, here. There are five of us, my husband, his brother, younger than himself and unmarried, their mother, myself and son. We intend to go to California as soon as we can get our lands here in a position to leave in other hands.

Now I will close and see how this is received, and when I write again I will try and tell you something of our country and the people. Wishing each and all success in her every effort.

Mrs. THOS. F. CUNNINGHAM, Fort Gibson, Ind. Ter.

Read the notice in another part of this paper and learn how you can get a fine copy of "St. Elmo" in book form absolutely free to you.

#### DEAR COMFORT READERS:

A year has rolled by since my last visit to your "Cozy Corner," and I want to chat just a minute, but I will endeavor to be brief. Let me first thank each one who sent me butter-scotch recipes, and they are legion. Had I followed each formula, I fear I would be utterly lost and foundered ere this, in a sea of butter-scotch past comparing. It is said, "Life is sweet." Could death under any circumstances be sweeter?

I surmise J. A. D. is a very busy woman if she lives on a farm and carries so large a list of correspondents.

Mrs. Linden. I am more than glad to know my pudding recipe found favor in your eyes. Thank you.

I have received so very many letters during the last two years, asking information about my state and its climate, I am going to add a few lines, if I may, relating some of the details which appear to be in brick demand.

Washington is naturally and climatically divided in two distinct sections by the Cascade Range. Eastern is as different in every respect from Western Washington as two countries with the wide ocean between. On the eastern side raw land is covered with sage brush—here irrigation is king, and under his sovereign touch the desert is made to blossom as the rose. The soil is wonderfully fertile—nearly everything is produced, including peanuts, sweet potatoes and tobacco. Dairying and grain-raising I would judge were the chief pursuits. There is some wind in summer, otherwise the climate is perfect and the winters ideal.

We cross the mighty Cascades and a new picture is spread before us. All is freshness; every shade of green greets the eye; sunny meadow-lands framed in woodlands, wonderful forests of cedar and fir on a hundred hill-sides, the delightful odor of salt-water; Washington's inland sea laps idly

on its pebbly beaches. We have reached the wonderful Puget Sound country. Here the delightful rain falls nine months of the year. All plant-life patterns after Mr. Finney's turnip, and grows and grows (weeds, too); grass in the meadows, lice on the hops (the hops, too); moss on everything (old settlers not excluded). Aneut climate, the summers are lovely; and if it's gorgeous sunsets you want, we have them after the Queen's taste. "I have steamed down the Sound and watched the crimson and golds fade into every rosy tint of pink, then through the scale to ultra-marines baffling telling, and then, as the lights died out from sea and sky.

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars—the forget-me-nots of the angels."

I wish everyone who reads this could visit this section and view for themselves the wonders of this West Coast Empire. Any further particulars cheerfully furnished on receipt of stamp. "With every turn of Fortune's busy wheels, some good betide thee."

FRED N. SCRIBNER, Sunner, Wash.

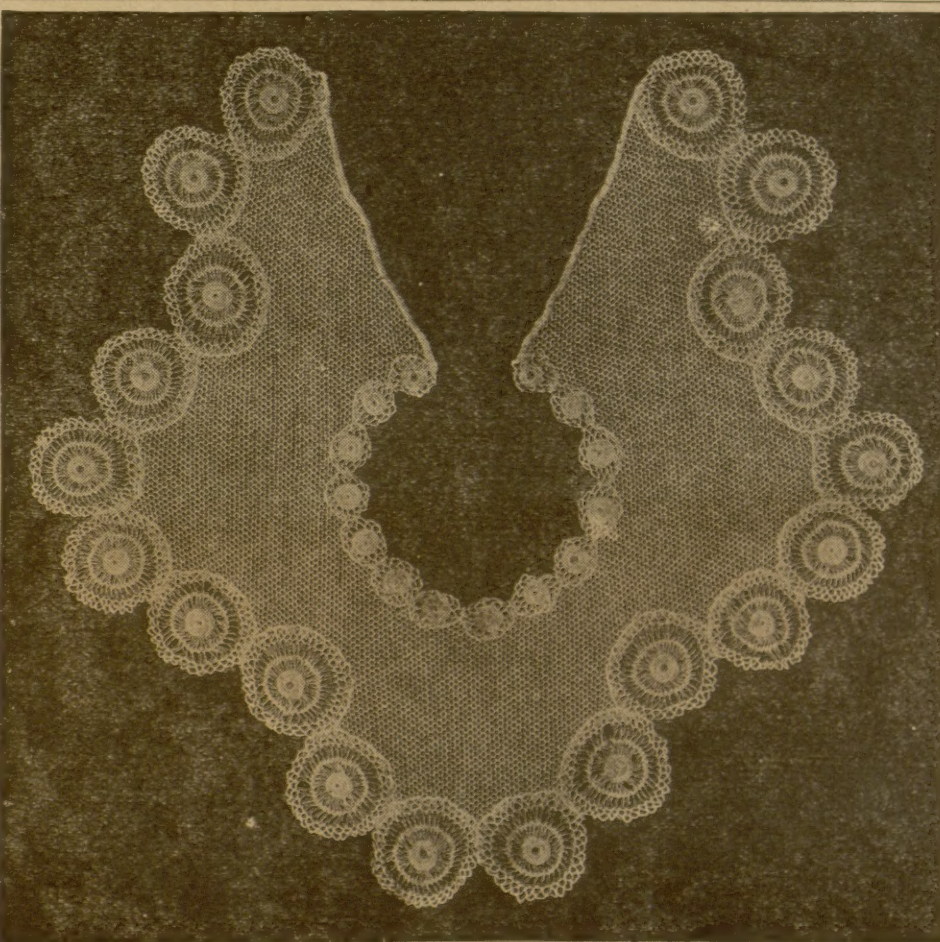
#### DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

First a word for COMFORT, our dear little paper. Who can say too much in praise of it? It's worth more than three times its price. I have been a subscriber three years, and will never be without it again, and though I take more magazines, COMFORT leads. I appreciate it from cover to cover, especially the sisters' corner which helps many inexperienced housekeepers and mothers. How I sympathize with the poor shut-in friends. Kind sisters, let us do something to cheer their days while here on earth. If there is a will there is always a way. To the sister who wants to know how to clean an old stove of rust, I would advise her to grease well with hot lard and let it stand for a while then wash off with sand soap; when dry polish in the usual way.

Let me tell you how to make a pretty sofa pillow. Take four pieces of silk different shades, not the same shape, but worked out to make a square pillow; on the first work, Don't worry; the second, Look pleasant; the third, Be content; the fourth, Home sweet Home; work with shaded silk.

To make a broom last longer dip in soapuds for a minute; do this once a week. It is also better for a carpet to be swept with a broom treated in this way. For chapped face and hands use one ounce glycerine, one ounce alcohol, mix with eight ounces rose water.

My current pie recipe you will find in the recipe column, which I wish the sisters would try.



CHILD'S COLLAR.

Decide on the shape of your collar, draw your pattern on heavy paper, then baste on the net.

#### Large Wheels

Use No. 60 thread for centers, and No. 100 for rest of the work.

To make the large wheels, wind common twine twice around a common steel crochet hook, fasten with a needle and thread. Cover this circle with s. c. until it is firm.

2nd row.—Hold the loose end of twine between thumb and finger, and crochet over it with s. c., into the first row, occasionally putting 2 s. c. in one to make it full enough. Cut off twine and sew to work if desired.

Now, make a piece of plain hairpin work of 20 loops, and sew with fine thread to the little wheel, then catch into a loop, and crochet once round, thus: Ch. 2, 1 s. c. in loop, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in loop and repeat.

I live on a farm in the southwestern part of Minnesota, on a treeless prairie, excepting some planted for groves and here and there a few along the river. Wheat, oats and corn are among the main products.

I have been married over a year and have the sweetest baby boy. I am twenty-one years old, five feet five inches in height, weight, one hundred and thirty-five pounds, have light brown hair and fair complexion. I enjoy books and flowers and fancy work. I would like to have a little home library; will the sisters kindly assist me and send me some books they have to spare, also silk pieces? I will return favors any way I can. Sisters, if you cannot help me in any way, please write. I will answer all letters. With best wishes to COMFORT and the sisters, Mrs. WM. WILDUNG, Bellingham, Minn.

#### Another Rheumatism Remedy

##### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As so many of this band suffer with rheumatism, I will send in a remedy which cured my son-in-law three years ago, for at that time he could not walk without crutches.

Poke berries, two ounces; alcohol, one pint; water one pint, put into a glass fruit jar, and take one tablespoonful three times a day before meals.

I know from experience that what will cure some will not benefit others, so somebody may be helped by trying this. Mrs. M. J. HITE, Eddyville, Neb.

##### DEAR SISTERS:

I am coming with my little budget. I guess I had better give a pen picture of myself first: I am five feet tall, weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds, dark hair, gray-blue eyes and dark complexion, so when you see anybody that answers to that description, you know that it is I.

I live nine miles from Twin Falls City. It is a good country here in the valley. The soil is fine, white and sandy, looks like ashes, and it is volcanic ashes. The climate is considered very healthy, and the scenery is fine. Blue Lakes is a lovely place. They are situated down in the Snake river canyon. The water is the color of rinse water when you first put in the bluing, but when you dip it up, it is as clear as crystal.

We spent the Fourth down at Shoshone Falls. They are a grand sight, you have to go down a dugway, that is a road built alongside of the canyon. It is very narrow in some places, just wide enough for one wagon to pass. Then every little ways turn outs are made so two can pass. The falls are lovely, they claim they are three hundred and eighty feet high. It looks like a large mass of white foam or steam, and the spray forms a most brilliant colored rainbow way down the river. On top of the cliffs is a large hotel, and this spray rising constantly, keeps the grounds and flowers beautifully fresh and green. Large wire cable ropes are fastened on iron rocks, and one has to hold on to these in going down and coming up the cliffs. Then there are rope ladders, so one can go down to the edge of the water.

The Snake river appears to be bright green, and about the first of each month, in certain places, one can walk almost across it on the lava rocks; these are covered with a soft thick moss, so it is like walking on velvet. There are no trees here excepting what are set out, but sage brush abounds and this is used for fuel. It makes a fine bright fire. Some day we expect to visit Twin Falls, then if you would like to hear I will call again and tell you of our trip and about them.

Success to COMFORT, and its large band of readers. Mrs. BELLE RUSH, Hansen, Idaho.

Renew your subscription and get a friend to subscribe also while the price of 15 cents per year is in force. "St. Elmo" will be continued for some months and other good stories will follow on. COMFORT is the best monthly published, so say thousands.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As someone wanted to know how to make paper flowers I will send directions for making the Trumpet vine blossom, though in appearance suggesting a rather complex formation, in reality they are easily made.

Take a piece of paper nearly three inches long and two inches wide, slip a few pieces of yellow thread in for a center, gum the edge lengthwise of the paper to form a tube. Curve the top into five

summer-time," and I am sitting in the shade in my rocking-chair, writing to the sisters' corner. I will give a few suggestions which I hope will prove helpful to the sisters.

When cooking rice, put a small piece of butter in the stew-pan, and it will not boil over on the stove, and will not stick to the pan so badly as without the butter.

If you use oatmeal for breakfast, be sure to put it on to cook the first thing. Take two parts water and one part oatmeal. Let the water come to a boil, stir in the meal slowly and cook until the rest of the breakfast is ready. It should cook an hour at least. Set it on the edge of the stove to keep it from burning. Salt the water before putting in the meal, and a piece of butter will keep it from boiling over. Serve with sugar and cream. Try this way, sisters, and I know you will like it much better than if cooked but a few minutes.

This is the way I cook beefsteak: Tender the meat, using a plate or a meat tenderizer, if you have one; salt it and cut in the desired, sized pieces. Have ready a frying-pan of hot fat, roll each piece of meat in flour and cook until very brown.

When sweeping a room that is very dusty, try this. Wet the broom in cold water shaking out all that you can, and go over the room with it, wetting it again as often as is necessary. The dust will stick to the damp broom and there will be but very little dust rise in the room.

What a "comfort" COMFORT is! I enjoy reading the sisters' letters. How good and kind our editor is to allow us so much space in which to exchange ideas. There is just one thing lacking. Why can't we have the editor's picture at the head of "our corner?"

Then there's the League of Cousins, and Uncle Charlie's funny replies. And the stories, aren't they just grand? And all for so little. I am sure COMFORT is the best little paper published.

The dear shut-ins have my sincere sympathy. Mrs. WICKLIFFE R. SMITH, Cameron, Nez Perce Co., Idaho.

#### DEAR SISTERS:

A New Englander asks for admission. I am another lover of fancy work and this department. Maybe these suggestions from experience will be of interest to some of you. Nearly always there is an unworn square in lace curtains when the remainder is beyond repair. Two pairs of these curtains or four pieces will make a very pretty bedspread. Put the pieces together with insertion of a similar kind and pattern, running lengthwise and crosswise of the bed.

If more width is required add insertion all around and finish with a ruffle of net. Place over colored cambric or muslin.

Ordinary grape baskets, if in good condition, can be painted or shellacked, decorated with colored flowers cut from catalogues and made to answer many purposes, such as waste or workbaskets or for holding the darning materials or fancy work. By cutting off the handles, they can be utilized to hold two or three pots of growing plants or collections of photographs.

I would like to hear from any of the sisters, especially those from California or Canada. Wishing success to all, DELIA CAFFALL, Natick, R. I.

Take COMFORT with the rest of the good things Thanksgiving day.

- C—ranberry jelly,
- O—nions stewed in cream,
- M—ashed potatoes,
- F—ruit salad,
- O—ysters,
- R—oman punch (frozen),
- T—urkey.

How's that for a "William Fare"? (as Mrs. Griffiths wrote me).

#### MY DREAMS:

Most of those taking COMFORT, will, I hope, have a good dinner on this time-honored day. Those living on farms need not necessarily have turkey; a year-old chicken roasted is good with mashed potatoes, gravy, one vegetable, pickles, and even a plain old-fashioned apple pie, is a dinner not to be sneezed at; let me tell you many will not have as good a dinner as that. Those of us that have this much let us not forget others not so fortunate. Let me say to Mrs. Beack, buy as good a cow as you can possibly afford; it does not cost any more to feed a good animal than a poor one, it is a great piece of economy for a poor family to have a cow, some butter can be sold, but I advocate using the milk and cream in the family, thereby saving grocer bills, butcher bills, and last but not least doctors' bills. Cream is nourishing, butter is better and easier digested than meat, let the children eat all they want of both, and have the milk always on tap, that is, when those little ones are thirsty and hungry between meals, give them a good drink of it. Though our learned physicians now say, milk should be taken into the stomach very, very slowly, we should chew it, that is, have it mixed thoroughly with the saliva, to have it digest well; it is a food of itself, so that sustains my argument. A poor family should have a cow, but if you get one, do take care of her, keep her cleaned off as you would a horse; she will repay you for the trouble. Let me know if you take my advice.

I wish some of the people who are longing and wishing to seek new fields and pastures green would first look around their own immediate country; perhaps on investigation they might find many advantages that they never dreamed of, upon comparing them with those of a strange land, among strange people; as a rule, every place, every country, has its disadvantages, and some are greater than others; so many jump from the frying-pan into the fire, and oftentimes the fire is very hot.

Mr. Harding. Take my advice; first take a trip to that much lauded land, leaving the wife and babies in your own snug little nest, and find out the disadvantages of that divine country, for it surely has them, then should you wish to remain it would be cheaper to pay someone to assist the little wife in packing up and disposing of your household effects than have you to go back after them. It does not pay to move furniture such a distance. You will see "J. A. D." does not believe in always burning her ships behind her, it is not policy in every case, look carefully before you leap, it does no good to turn round and look after you have made the fatal jump. I know that many of our readers have gone to distant countries and done well, but how many have not? Perhaps spent all they had in breaking up the old home selling off (in most cases of that kind too, household goods, stock, etc. are sacrificed,) packing up, transportation, etc., etc., and upon arriving at the "Eldorado" among entire strangers, the man that has not a well-filled purse, has to suffer and his family with him, hard work, deprivations, homesickness, and perhaps illness, in becoming acclimated. Think well, and look around your own blessed country. Why not buy a few more acres right where you are, if you wish more land? Buying up young timber land is a fine investment for a man just starting out in life. The little nest egg will disappear like smoke in that new land.

Mrs. H. Wick. Write me about the incubator you wish to get, also regarding starting into the poultry business. I will say right here, begin on a small scale; twenty-five hens is enough to experiment with. A house to accommodate that number should have one hundred and fifty square feet of space. No glass is used in the up-to-date houses now for poultry, muslin curtains are the fashion, instead of windows, and burlap curtains to hang in front of the roosts at night. I should have answered your letter by mail, but could not make out the postmark on your envelope, and you neglected to give the name of your town, somewhere in Ohio.

Allow me to state to the ones that are sending (CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Many Exciting Incidents in "St. Elmo" that appear in the first part of the book cannot be thoroughly understood by the readers who now see COMFORT for the first time. All those who desire to get the full and complete book of "St. Elmo" containing 37 chapters—565 pages—can now secure a copy absolutely free. Read the offer on another page and act at once as the supply is very limited.

A wonderful offer of "St. Elmo" in book form free appears in another part of this paper. Look it up and then act.

#### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I will comply with the request for the obesity ointment and will gladly reply to any wishing further information if they will inclose a stamped envelope. Here is the formula: Iodide of potassium, three grains; vaseline, fifty grains; lanolin, fifty grains; tincture of benzoin, two drops. Make into a pomade and rub all over the fat parts twice a day. I should like to hear from any sister living at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. M. E. WOODWARD, Burlington, Mich.

#### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just finished reading my COMFORT and the many letters from the sisters in which there is much valuable help and information.

I am not a stranger, having written twice before, and I hope the editor will not think that I am trying to take more than my share, if I come again. Just now it is the middle of July—"The good old



# The Hidden Wedding Treasure

## or, The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

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### CHAPTER I.

#### HAPPY AS WEDDING BELLS.

**T**OMORROW evening, darling, you will be my bride," whispered a handsome young man, bending tenderly over one of the most beautiful of girls, who, blushing delightfully and drooping her soft, violet eyes, tried to control the sweet tremor of her rosy lips.

"Yes, Rosalie, my own, in twenty-four hours you and I will be walking down the aisle, arm in arm, your veil thrown back from your dear face, and all the world will envy me my wife." What pride there was in the young man's tones.

"And me my husband, Ireton," whispered the girl, Rosalie Bronson, one of the belles of San Francisco, who upon the morrow was to be married to Ireton Kensington, the owner of the Ireton addition to San Francisco, and member of the law firm of Kensington & Kensington, his father, Judge Philip Kensington, being the senior member.

The course of true love had been very smooth for these two, who were thoroughly in love with each other, and Ireton Kensington felt himself one of the most-to-be-envied men although the time was to come when he would confess that upon this beautiful April night, he knew nothing of the true character of his bride-elect.

The dainty girl, reared in wealth, with every fancy indulged, possessed traits of character totally unsuspected even by those nearest and dearest.

As her words fell from her lovely lips, though her bridegroom was delighted, for she had been proud and shy, and not over demonstrative, and he knew that it had been a struggle with her to say that much.

"Why, you darling," he whispered back, longing to kiss her, but controlling the impulse, for they were sitting in full view of the dozen or more of their friends who had met at the Bronson home upon the last night of the maidenhood of the daughter of the house.

Rosalie understood his wish, and blushed again, then rising, she smilingly led the way into a small room half library, half sitting-room, held sacred to her own dearest friends, and Ireton following, caught her in his arms, and kissed the sweet face, whispering words both considered too dear to be uttered aloud.

They were roused by Mr. Bronson's voice calling their names, and they emerged, both blushing, and yet happy, to hear him say:

"And now I am going to tell you a story." John Bronson might well have said for the portrait of one of the makers of history. He was a typical son of the "Golden West," polished by travel and wide reading, and yet never pretending to be anything but an honest business man, who had worked his way from a penniless state to that of being one of the wealthiest men of California.

"Come here, little one," he said as tenderly as his great, full voice would permit, holding out a huge, bronzed hand to his delicate-appearing daughter, "and sit on my knee while I tell our friends of your wedding gift from your old pappy."

Shy with her lover, Rosalie easily perched herself upon her father's knee, and threw a white, dimpled arm about his thick, short neck.

"Yes, tell us, dear, what it is to be," she said gaily.

"Just twenty years ago today, two things happened," John Bronson said slowly, "my wife bore me this daughter," and his great hand stroked the golden hair, "and I made my first extra fifty dollars. I made it honestly, through regular business methods. I had made money before, but never that much that was aside from regular expenses, and when I knew that our little girl had come, I resolved to dedicate it, and all that might accrue from it, to her, and to turn it over to her on her wedding day. It was to be her own fortune."

"Why, dear, how delightful!" cried the young bride, kissing her father. Those who knew that family best observed that Rosalie tactfully comprised between the "Papa" of her acquaintances, and the "Pappy" of his own calling, but applying the name "dear" to him.

"Yes, the day my girl was born saw the beginning of her fortune, and it isn't a small one. A blessing seemed to rest upon that little board. There is plenty more for her later on, but tomorrow my wedding present to her is going to be that fifty dollars with all that has come of it all in bright twenty-dollar gold pieces. It is all fixed that way, so she can see her fortune in good gold, stamped with the government's approval. Now what do you think of your old pappy's idea?" and he looked at his daughter, a broad smile on his face.

Judge Kensington thought to himself: "Too bad that Bronson cannot forget pioneer methods, and give his daughter a check. I am glad I selected diamonds," and he thought with satisfaction of the costly necklace in its red velvet box among the other wedding gifts, guarded night and day by squads of detectives, in an upstairs room.

His son, however, understood the sterling character and underlying romantic love John Bronson possessed, and he thought:

"The dear old fellow, Rosalie has a father worthy even of her."

The young girl, with her eyes shining with something not diamonds, threw her arms about her father's neck, and said so softly that few heard her:

"What makes you so good to me, dear? It makes it all the harder to leave you," and each heard the heart of the other beat.

"Do you think it wise to put any great amount of money where it could be stolen?" Judge Kensington asked a little ponderously.

"Don't fear, Judge, no one shall know where it is, nor shall anyone know the exact amount, although I'm not afraid to say that it will take seven figures to represent it. Whether the first figure will be one or nine, however, I do not intend to tell," and he laughed that great laugh of his.

"More than a million from fifty dollars in twenty years," murmured a guest.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Bronson said sturdily. "Every cent of it was made honestly. We men of the Western coast have had great opportunities. We have been given chances such as come to few. The Pacific coast is favored by nature. It is the Garden Spot of the World. Eventually, San Francisco will be the metropolis of America, if not of all the world," and he reared his head like a war-horse smelling powder.

"Now I do not agree with you," spoke up Lawrence Felton, a member of the banking firm of Gerton & Felton, a New Yorker. "No city can ever equal New York," and he snapped his teeth.

"Now let me just give you some figures,"

By William T. Valentine

John Bronson cried, and Rosalie, kissing him on the nearest cheek, slid from his knee, and floated away in Ireton's arms to a dreamy waltz, played by one of their companions.

There were evidences of luxury all about. Costly furnishings filled the handsome house on Nob Hill. There was a profusion of flowers, and some of the rooms were already decorated for the reception which was to follow the ceremony at the church on the morrow.

The young people who swarmed about the bride and bridegroom were from the best families in the city, and jewels flashed on white necks and shoulders, and several well-trained voices sung in honor of the central figures.

Everywhere was happiness, joy and merriment. Not the slightest foreboding was upon anyone. On the morrow a lovely girl, the daughter of a many times millionaire, was to marry a very rich and brilliant young man, and to receive another fortune, romantically accumulated by her devoted father.

In the midst of all this rejoicing, there was no room for questioning of the future. While all recognized Rosalie's good fortune, not one envied her wealth, for all were rich; none of the girls were jealous of her, for all had plenty to make them happy, and the young men were almost without any cares, for they were too, had been well treated by fate. It was a joyous crowd, upon a very happy occasion, and when the party finally broke up, Ireton, linking his arm into that of his father, said with a sigh of perfect content:

"Well, father, I feel as though I did not deserve all this."

Rosalie, standing by her father, stroking his arm, and trying to show him that in the midst of her own happiness, he was not forgotten, whispered:

"Dear, why is it that I have so much?"

"You haven't a bit more than you deserve," he returned, almost angrily.

"Ah, yes, I have, much more. Sometimes I think, dear, that we women are not given enough chance to prove what we can be. My life has been so full of joy that I have not thought about the deeper matters of life, and now, just before I take new vows upon myself, I feel as though I must stop and ask myself:

"Is this all I am good for? Is there nothing more useful for me to do than to be a mere butterfly? Then I grow frightened. Surely God intends me to do something, make

which could only be shared by the other. Sitting side by side, on Christmas night, waiting for the lighting of the Christmas tree, Ireton Kensington had found courage to whisper:

"I have taken the liberty of placing a slight gift upon the tree, Miss Bronson."

"So I have for you," she replied, a brilliant flush staining her lovely face.

"Thank you, oh, thank you," he said fervently, "but I want permission to proffer you something more, and to ask for the most priceless gift within your power to bestow."

He could feel Rosalie tremble, and he continued, his voice barely reaching her, for there were so many young people all about:

"I have met many girls, and some of them beautiful enough. I have not thought whether you are or not, for I have realized how really and truly angelic you are, and the truest beauty goes with that. I have loved you, loved you madly and truly, since the first moment I met you here. Before then I had simply thought you a perfect emblem of the best of your sex, but when you came trailing down the stairs, your white dress all covered with some soft white feathers, I knew that I had met my fate. Quick, our hostess is coming, may I offer you that gift, I want to?"

The girl was shy, delightfully so, all the more because she loved him devotedly, and on account of the fact that she knew he would suffer from suspense, she whispered:

"Yes."

The young man gave a quick, happy gasp of joy, and she felt a ring slip on the third finger of her left hand, while his fingers drew off one on her right hand, and put it on his own, saying in an ordinary tone:

"Then such an interchange would ratify the agreement?"

Bashful as she was, something in the young man's quickness in action touched her. She knew that the ring he had given her was one his dead mother had borne, while the one he had taken from her had been her dead mother's. This made their betrothal doubly sacred.

Therefore she replied softly:

"I cannot think of anything that could render it null and void," rising to accept of Ireton's proffered arm, to follow the hostess into the large drawing-room, in which the gayly lighted tree and the delightful odor of greens took them all back to the hours when Christmas was the happiest of the year.



"THIS WAY QUICK!" AND LOOKING UP THEY ALL RECOGNIZED ROSALIE.

something of the life he has given me," and her violet eyes were filled with a strange, deep light.

The father, deeply moved, bent his head and kissed her with a new reverence in his heart, whispering:

"Daughter, when the Little Mother heard of my plan she was delighted, but she said a little regretfully:

"The idea is beautiful, but when the time comes for baby to marry, I will have nothing to give her, like you. My child, your mother gave her gift when we were born, and now, though she has been waiting for us in Heaven these many years, it still exists, and is better than mine," and the strong voice trembled.

"What is it?" whispered the daughter, her head on the father's shoulder.

"Her own brave, sweet disposition, daughter. Cherish that with your life. The money is nothing, you have that which is much better, and which no amount of wealth can take away."

"Dear, how happy you make me," she said softly. She had missed the Little Mother very much these past few months, and never more than now.

"Do not fret, daughter, about your mission in life. With your mother's disposition you will rise to the opportunity, and be equal to it, no matter how severe the strain," and then kissing her once more, he told her to go to bed for he wanted her to show some roses beneath her bridal veil.

All unconscious was he, as he watched the slender figure going up the broad stairs, that he had uttered a prophecy, or that before another day had passed, the fortune bestowed by his wife would prove of many times more value than the one he had so carefully hoarded.

### CHAPTER II.

#### HOW TRUE LOVE HAD BLOSSOMED.

Although they had known each other since childhood, the fortunate prospective bride and groom had been lovers only since the Christmas before, when paying a visit at a mutual friend in New York, thrown together in the cheer of the season, they had discovered that there was something very dear in the world,

Rosalie felt glad that she had gained a little self-possession, or it would have been impossible for her to get through the next few hours, for she was forced to sit there, simple and self-possessed, and listen to words like these in her ear, spoken by a young man whose face was as sober as hers:

"Remember the Christmas your mother had me over, poor little friendless chap I was? I have never forgotten the dear lady, and I am going to try to pay back to her daughter what I owe her."

"Little Rosie, remember that day you cried 'Merry Christmas' the first winter you put on long skirts? How grown up you were, bless you, and how like a little queen you took the American Beauty roses."

"I remember another Christmas, Rosie, darling, stop blushing so, sweetheart, or I'll claim the kisses due me, right here. I won't if you remember that Christmas? It was towards evening, and you were still a girl, and I had been paying some Christmas calls, and had imbibed too much of rather strong punch. My fresh, pure little darling! Do you remember what you said, precious? I will never forget it, and it has lingered all these years, and kept me from ever trying to make a beast of myself. Such a few words, yet the voice and look:

"Why, Ireton, I am so disappointed!" That was all, and yet those words have made me cry never to disappoint you again. Do you think I can keep up to your high standard?"

The little hands trembled, the eyes were veiled with unshed tears, and the girl could barely say:

"Ireton, spare me, I cannot stand it. No girl was ever wooed as I," and she flashed him a look, which nearly unsettled his head, but he respected her almost will, and tried to realize his happiness.

Suddenly he observed that his gift to her was in her hands, and he held his breath. He had wrapped up so much love and hope in it, that he could not endure that the laughing room gaze upon it; however, he need not have worried, for she slipped it aside and deftly unfasted another, one bestowed in a joking manner.

When hers came to him, he rose, and walking up to the hostess, asked her something,

Anyone looking might have noticed that she also asked something, to which he made a reply, so fraught with deepest feeling, that he seemed far removed from the fun and frivolity, and she nodded and said in a low voice:

"In my morning-room," then swept away, and a moment later he went out of the drawing-room, although dozens of gifts still remained on the tree for him.

This occasioned some good-natured nonsense, but no one went in search of him, or Rosalie Bronson, who soon thereafter was also missing, and both might have been found in the morning-room of the hostess.

As Rosalie slipped into the room, she saw the illuminated face of her lover, and with a little cry of joy sprang to meet him, and as their lips met in a rapturous kiss, she realized what true love does mean.

Finally Rosalie cried:

"I want to see that present."

"You must remember, darling, that I was very much restricted, for I dared not say as much in my present as I wanted to, but I hoped you read my heart's secret."

Blushing delightfully, she opened the dainty box of violet velvet, lined with pure yellow satin, in which was a magnificent gold inkstand, encased with violets, in the heart of each was a pearl.

"Ireton!" she cried in an awed voice. "I never saw anything so lovely. The color of my hair and eyes, combined with my name! How you must love me to think of that!" and she gave him the sweetest kind of a kiss.

"And now mine," he cried, but she held his hand, saying:

"Mine is nothing, compared to yours," but he quietly smiled, and went stolidly ahead, unfastening the yellow ribbons about his red box, the colors he wore whenever engaged in any athletic sport, red and yellow, and found within a fine piece of bronze as a paper-weight. For an instant he looked at it, his pleasure breaking out all over his face, and then he caught her in his arms!

"My blessed girl! Am I a 'Lion-hearted' man to you?"

Rosalie's face was crimson with blushes, as she said softly:

"I found it a few days ago. Until then I had been in despair, for nothing seemed to suit you. I had heard you say that you had lost your paper-weight, and then I knew you liked bronzes."

"Very sweet, dear, but how do you explain the choice, this exquisite 'Richard the Lion-hearted'?" and again he kissed her.

"Because, my dear, nothing so well suited you in my heart, for I knew very well that I loved you, and hoped with all my heart that you did me," and from that happy beginning, their love affair had progressed to their wedding eve, and they had known no trouble, and Ireton had almost finished their home in the Ireton Addition, on the site of the old family home of the Iretons, a somewhat unsightly pile. For nearly three months, Ireton had lived with his father, at the latter's club, but for the past day or so, both of them had been at the Palace Hotel.

Ireton Kensington was a wealthy young man, having inherited his mother's property, and the Ireton estate, and was a first-rate lawyer as well.

Truly, upon the evening of the seventeenth of April, 1906, reflected nothing but happiness for all parties interested.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

It was long before Rosalie dropped into slumber that night of the seventeenth of April, when she had been so gloriously happy, and looking forward toward her wedding the next day.

The thought of her father's love in preparing so delightful a surprise for her, also kept her awake, and she could feel her face blushing in the scented, darkened room, but at last her heavy lids finally closed and a dream came to her, such a wonderfully strange, mystical dream, that she was startled, frightened, and roused to a sitting posture, to discover that reality was worse than the dream itself.

It seemed to her that she was walking up to the altar, her long, white satin train, heavily trimmed with pearls, flowing out behind her. Standing, awaiting her was Ireton Kensington, and his best man, Lawrence Felton. She felt it was strange that Felton was there, for it was Gerald Phayeton who should have been there according to their arrangements.

As she looked at her lover's face, it suddenly changed, an expression of agony coming over it, and he staggered, and would have fallen had it not been for Felton's supporting arm. On and on, through great aisles of grinning faces, some set with the rigidity of death, she almost flew, her costly gown becoming stained with an ugly red something, which instinctively she knew was blood, but still she could not reach her darling. Suddenly she heard a voice unknown to her cry:

"We are lost," she could feel everything totter, and then there was a crash, and she fell at Ireton's feet, all blood-stained, and dodging those twenty-dollar gold pieces. Then it was that she awoke, in the middle of her room, standing, awaiting her was Ireton Kensington, and his best man, Lawrence Felton. She felt it was strange that Felton was there, for it was Gerald Phayeton who should have been there according to their arrangements.

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"What does this all mean?"

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AND THE EARTH QUAKED, THE SKIES FELL AND ALL WAS CHAOS.

After leaving the stately Bronson mansion, Ireton Kensington walked rapidly toward the lower part of the town, for he and his father were living at the Palace Hotel until his marriage, but his thoughts were elsewhere, with his bride of tomorrow, and his heart sung with joy.

"Thank God! there is nothing really wrong in my life. To be sure I've not always done exactly as I ought, but I can look into her dear eyes without shame, and if I die tomorrow, I can go forth with a reasonably clear conscience," and he paused to take a look at the beautiful city lying in the moonlight. Surely if ever a city personified solidity and everlasting strength, it was upon that night between the late hours of the seventeenth and the early hours of the eighteenth.

"The Golden West," he muttered. "John Bronson is right it is, and it holds my treasure, the fruit of that wonderful West."

Probably he said the words aloud, at any rate his sentimental attitude betrayed him, for two athletic young men clasped from either side, and mocking voices rang out.

Ireton turned sharply, then laughed too, for he saw first the handsome face of Gerald Felton, and then the face of Lawrence Felton.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

If you will kindly hop up in my lap, Toby will put a few logs and a couple of barrels of kerosene on the fire and we'll sit around the blazing hearth and chin awhile. Maria will hand round the coffee and cake and we'll forget that it's blowing a blizzard outside. The temperature here has been falling and falling until finally it fell in the cellar. Billy is in the cellar sitting on the thermometer in the hopes that it will rise again. I'm afraid he won't have much success, as most things with Billy go down instead of up. I forgot to tell you that Billy is suing the Chicago Meat Trust for a million dollars for poisoning him. It's a million dollar suit, and it's the first suit we've ever had in the family and we're very proud of it. I'm wearing the suit now.

I'm exceedingly grateful to you all for the lovely greetings you sent me on my birthday. I've got almost a mile of postal cards, which I'm arranging in different states—a state of order and a state of disorder. A great many cousins—hundreds in fact—are sending their addresses on slips of paper, or writing me letters and telling me where they live. Now, dears, that is useless, unless I copy your address onto cards, and that means days of labor, and I just can't do it. I wonder why it is that some people always take a great deal of pains to do a thing the wrong way. If you prefer to put your postals in an envelope, that's all right, but do write your addresses on either a postal or a card the size of a postal, as the League contains over 20,000 members, and I've got to have a card cabinet to keep track of you all, for it takes hours to search through the books for a single name, unless you know the cousin's number, and half of you won't give your numbers. Write your own names and addresses on postal cards, and put a little greeting up in each card corner, and then I'll have a message from each of you, and that will make my League cabinet a thing of joy forever, as well as an invaluable record of a swell bunch of lovely girls, boys, and other wild animals.

A cousin has written to ask how she can protect herself from mice, while sleeping, as she objects to cats and the mice are too foxy to eat poison or go into traps. In reply I would state that an excellent way would be to lie flat in the bath tub and let the boiling hot water run until it's three feet over your head. No mouse will trouble you, if you do this.

Another cousin wants to know how to secure protection from mosquitoes while camping. There are two methods: Build a large log camp fire and sit in the middle of it, or go to the nearest river, jump in, pull the river in on top of you and sleep on the river bed. This is never known to fail, and those who have tried these remedies assure me they were most efficacious.

I have a good deal of trouble in the summer-time with Toby and Billy the Goat. Billy says Toby steals his fleas, while Toby swears Billy swipes his. Probably the fleas change their boarding houses of their own volition, but there is always a wordy wrangle between Billy and Toby in the heated term on this subject. "There's one of my fleas sitting on your nose, Toby!" says Billy. "Yes," replies Toby, "and there's a bunch of mine holding a prayer meeting on your ear; chase 'em back where they belong, you darned thief!" Then there's a regular oldtime mix up, and I have to order the fleas to go back to their respective owners to keep peace in the family. Each of my pets try to accumulate all the fleas they possibly can. Every flea that sees Toby says, "Get on to the dog!" and they do. Around July, Toby and Billy sit on the porch and beat a regular tattoo on their ribs and then Toby sings "Flea as a bird to you mountain!" Then Billy butts in with "Fleating moments quickly passing." Well, anyway, if you want to get on in this world you've got to keep scratching. Toby's mother told him he would have to get out and scratch for himself and the Lord knows he's done it.

Now we'll read some of those lovely letters.

A little Southern girl wants to say a few words.

HOLLYWOOD, Miss., Aug. 13, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I will tell you about our town; it is not a temperance town; it has several blind tigers, but the temperance people are working hard against them to shut them up and wipe them out. There is no enjoyment here for young girls; there is only two girls here, one nineteen years old, and one sixteen years old. They are both pretty girls and they take all my fellows away from me. I wrote to one of the cousins, but didn't get an answer. I have light hair, blue eyes five feet high, weigh one hundred and eight pounds, and am full of meanness. I go to Memphis every other Sunday and, Uncle Charlie, I wish you were here to go along. We would ride the figure eight if the wind did not blow your wig off.

I go to the ball game some time to Tunica; do you play ball? If so come down and join the crowd. There is lots of cotton here; if you are very hard up come down and we will pay you fifty cents a hundred.

I have two beautiful twin sisters, six years old. Well, Uncle Charlie, I hope I will see my letter in print. I am the dish-washer and will see that your dishes are clean.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I beg to remain your loving niece,

LENA THAYER (No. 13,305).

Lena, I am very much excited over the first part of your letter. Whatever are the temperance people thinking about? Shutting up poor blind tigers. It's a scandalous outrage. Animals should be treated kindly, especially blind animals, poor things. It's strange, but nearly all the tigers in the South are blind. What makes them lose their eyesight poor things? Maybe if some expert oculist operated on them they'd be able to see. Anyway, Lena, I hope you'll see that the temperance folks let the poor tigers loose at once, as they are quite harmless when they're blind.

I don't wear a wig, Lena—I let Rockefeller do those foolish things, but not for this chicken. I don't want a lot of dead men's feathers

sprawling on my cocoanut, besides when I tried to put a wig on, my own hair got nearly suffocated and I had to give it six quarts of hair tonic before it revived. It was a close call for that immortal hair.

Lena has blue eyes five feet tall! My, Lena, you ought to be able to see a good deal with a couple of lamps that size. You ought to loan out one of your eyes to the blind tigers, they would surely be able to see quite a lot if you did.

Harking back to the subject of wigs, I'll make a confession. I once, for a short time, some years ago wore what the French call a toupee. It's a sort of false front that fits in and covers the spot where your thatch is worn off—a sort of baby wig. You have to stick it on with cosmetics. I wore mine to a dinner party, and sat next to a young lady, I was very much enamored of. The soup had just been served, when the heat of the room began to melt the cosmetics and my toupee felt wobbly and my heart was in my mouth. The young lady I admired so, said: "Uncle Charlie, your hyperion looks look particularly beautiful tonight." "I'm glad you admire them, Miss Imogene, I, too, think them beautiful, they were ever my joy and pride!" Then I leaned over to bow graciously to the young lady, and take a mouthful of bouillon at the same time, and oh, Heaven! my toupee slid off my head and went flop into the soup. The guests screamed and I ran. I've never worn a false hair front since. That was here, I mean hair soup for fair.

I'm not much at playing ball, but when I went to sea once I was in a storm and I was pitching for ten days. A lady-love I threw down once, told me I was the first base man she'd ever met. I took her to a ball and she thought I was caught, but I dropped her in centerfield and she struck out and I made a home run. No, I'm not much of a bawl player,



WILLIAM T. HARRIS AND FAMILY, BACKUS, W. VA.

though my mother told me I could howl better than any kid she ever struck and she struck often. I was engaged to a Miss Ball once, and I went to her father and tried to play ball, but he wouldn't stand for my game. I'll stop or I'll get all balled up.

I should like to see your twin sisters. I have a twin brother but he's three years older than me. Well, ta, ta, Lena, and mind you're kind to the blind tigers.

A little boy from far Oregon will hop into our middle regions, and tell us all about hop culture.

PARKERS, OREGON, Sept. 22, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I live in the Northwestern part of Oregon, in the Willamette valley. There are a great many hop fields in this part of the country. I am just fourteen, but I make quite a lot of money during the hop season. This Spring, I made about fifty-five dollars, by tying strings, training, and cutting suckers, and I expect to make about thirty-five dollars in hop picking.

In tying strings, a person has a large bunch of strings about nine feet long wound around them. They tie a string on a trellis wire, then they walk to the next hill of hops and tie another string, and so on until the field is tied. Where I worked there were two wires to every row of hops. Each person ties strings on two wires, then they take off what is left of the bunch of strings, and tie down the strings that they tied to the wires, two strings go to each hill of hops. Then the trainers come along after the strings are all tied, and train up the four best young hop vines at each hill, up the two strings which are at every hill. Then the sucker cutters come along and cut off the remaining vines. The hopmen are going to pay fifty cents for picking nine bushels of hops this year.

Please tell the cousins to write to me as I will answer every letter. COMFORT is the best paper going, and the best part of it is the Cousins' League.

ERNEST EWING.

Ernest, your disquisition on hop culture is lucid and exquisite, and you certainly have caught us all on the hop this time. But, my dear boy, with my usual lack of perspicacity I've got all tangled up, and don't seem to get the matter right at all. From what I understand, the Oregon hop culturists spend millions of dollars to raise and cultivate hops. Now,

surely (and I think no one will gainsay or dispute this fact), the chief reason for a hop field's existence is that it will raise hops. Now, the farmers spend stacks of masumas cultivating the hops, and when the hops have arrived, you and a lot of other bad boys like you, go to work with long strings, and tie the hops so that they can't hop. Now, what in thunder is the use of a hop if it's tied down, and can't hop. It's preposterous, it's ridiculous, it's an outrage. A poor little hop tied on a wire so it can't hop, oh! that's simply wicked. Ernest, I think you're trying to string us as well as the hops. I heard of a man who made beer out of frogs' hops, but the frogs were allowed to hop, they weren't tied. Ernest, you can hop off before we all get hopping mad. Hops that can't hop, what nonsense.

A remarkably bright letter from a little Texas cowgirl will now entertain us.

CHAPEL, TEXAS, Aug. 30, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

After an absence of quite a while I am again with the cousins. I know we are not in the habit of writing on subjects. I'm not a gifted writer, but if Uncle Charlie will allow me I will say a few words on "Self-culture."

No one will deny that a large and important part of mental and physical training is furnished by parents and teachers. If the schoolmaster and professor had no hand in forming mind and character, the doors of our schools and academies might as well be shut and nailed up. But what can others do for us compared with what we can do for ourselves? Books are our teachers, and the printer's type rules the world.

It has been said by a recent writer: We all have two educations, one from others, and another which we give ourselves.

It is this last education which determines our standing in society, and our actual condition in life, and our fate hereafter. All the professors and teachers in the world would not make you a wise or good man without your own co-operation, and if such you are determined to be the want of them will not cause you to fail. We are to make the most of ourselves.

It should be the duty of education to make men first, and noble deeds will follow. The educated man is the one who wears the crown.

Every manufacturer, and every other employer knows the vast difference between an educated and uneducated workman.

Let two men come soliciting work. One is boorish in appearance, ungrammatical in speech, dull in comprehension because his faculties have never been sharpened, he seems to be little less than a machine, and with scarcely more comprehension. The other is bright, quick, speaks correctly, gives evidence of self-training and capacity. By his side the other presents a pitiable spectacle. This is something occurring around us every day, and within the commonest observation.

In all education a knowledge of men and things is indispensable. For this reason the cultured classes of Europe, and to some extent of our own country, have considered it essential for the boy or girl who has passed through the schoolroom and mastered the courses of study, to seek information from other sources, to take a trip through the outside world, and lay in a fund of such knowledge as

original and aggressive views of self-culture. I'm full of culture; agriculture, horticulture, dollarculture and jackass culture. My father told me I was a born ass, so I didn't need much culture before I had a pair of ears that looked like bedslats on moving day. I began self-culture early. I tried to raise whiskers when I was nine days old, and I kept trying, and in twenty-four years I had the dandiest crop you ever saw. That's what I call self-culture. I raised Cain directly I was born, that's more self-culture. In fact I was usually so all-fired dirty I could have raised enough corn on my own individual carcass to have fed every hog in the United States for several hundred years. There was a big lake back of our town, seventeen miles long. That lake bred skeeters and malaria, and the town wanted to fill it up, so they threw me in the lake, and I shod enough real estate to fill that lake solid, and left enough over weight to start a range of mountains that made Pike's Peak look like an ant hill. That's what I call culture. I raised a crop of bunions on my teeth that have taken a prize in every dental show in the land. I've cultivated the acquaintance of six millions of America's best people, more self-culture, for I've got the image of each one growing in my heart. When Chesterfield said that a man could make himself anything and everything but a great poet. 'Chess' was right, for there never were but two great poets, Bill Shakespeare and myself. We are the only two great Potes the world has or ever will know. Bill died early, as he was afraid if he lived I should insist on reading one of my poems to him. Bill died—Bill was wise. Self-culture is fine. I've cultivated a wart on my nose, a mole on my cheek, freckles on my teeth, and other characteristics of greatness.

Ethel says we are to make the most of ourselves and that's no merry jest either, it's good horse sense. I was out in the Bitter Root Valley some years ago and Chief Joseph and a band of Nez Perce bucks came over the Lo Lo trail on a raid. I built a sod fort with one hundred and sixty holes in it, forty on each side. When the bucks began to gather for the attack I stuck my head through each window as fast as I could, giving a yell as I bobbed my nut out of each opening. One hundred and sixty times I shoved my bald spot through those holes in the wall, one bob for each, and the Indians thought there were one hundred and sixty men in that fort and skiddooed for their lives. The bunch is still running. Now that's what I call making the most of yourself and that's self-culture brought down to a science; any man that can self-culture himself to look like one hundred and sixty men, holds all the medals as a self-culturist. Ethel, I hope your essay will bear good result. Read, think and study to improve yourself all you possibly can. The world has no use for the slobs, the drunks, or the ignorant. An uncultured man is like an uncultured piece of ground, he yields nothing but rank weeds, he's rocky, sterile and barren. He wants plowing up with the plow of knowledge and fertilizing with education, manners, and culture. Then that man will be a man instead of an animal and yield a harvest of good actions and noble deeds that will enrich the world, benefit man, and please God.

Connecticut's handsome young vice-president will now wag his chin for our edification.

130 CAROLINE STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Aug. '06.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for the past five years, and find a great deal of interest and pleasure in the cousins' letters, also in your witty replies.

I am eighteen years of age, five feet two inches tall, have dark hair and gray eyes. I live in Bridgeport, one of the finest cities in Connecticut.

Letters from everywhere have taken up a great deal of my time lately. On my being appointed Vice-president of the Connecticut League, I received over five hundred letters of congratulation, and I sincerely appreciate their unbounded tokens of love, and if I had as much leisure time as a United States Senator, I would employ a typewriter, and for the next four months I would do nothing but dictate letters.

I will now give you a few facts concerning the city of Bridgeport, which I have been requested to do by some of the cousins. Bridgeport has a population of about ninety thousand, and is the most rapidly growing city in New England. New building construction last year was over one million three hundred thousand dollars. This year will exceed two million dollars, one half of which will be in factory enlargements. Has a grand list of sixty-eight million dollars.

Bridgeport is the largest city in Western Connecticut. Second largest in the state, and has eleven miles of water front dredged, two steamboat lines, fine trolley and train service, a custom house with domestic commerce aggregating one hundred thousand dollars, is the county seat, has over three million dollars in municipal property, splendid school facilities, two hospitals, and a state armory.

Bridgeport has a larger proportion of skilled labor than any other city in the country, and is the center of gun and ammunition manufacture, automobiles, graphophones, silverware, cutlery, electrical supplies, corsets, milling machines, heavy casting, forgings, and the home of the Lake Submarine boat.

The annual pay-roll of Bridgeport's industries is between ten and eleven million dollars, according to the U. S. Bureau statistics.

The deposits in the National banks show six million six hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars; savings bank, sixteen million dollars.

Bridgeport has one hundred and fifty miles of streets, seventy-three of which are macadamized and ten permanently paved, five National, five savings banks, one Trust Company, two banks with state charters, waterworks with reservoirs having a storage capacity of three billion two hundred gallons of water, forty-five churches, thirty-three public schools, a High School, a training school, seven private and parochial schools, the greatest circulating library in the state, good hotels, a million-dollar railroad station, splendid stores, a paid fire department, two theaters, elevated railroad tracks, and is but one hour and fifteen minutes from New York, and twenty-five minutes from New Haven.

Bridgeport is often called the Park City on account of its extensive park system. Seaside Park, on Long Island Sound, being one of the finest in the country.

Thanking the cousins again for their kind tokens of love I remain, Your loving nephew,

GEORGE H. O. KAM (No. 2,003).

George, you have a very high opinion of Bridgeport, and so have I. It was on the stage of your opera house that I first faced an audience in a professional capacity, and as a memento of that occasion I have a half of a decayed egg embedded in my left eye, and an ossified cabbage and half a brick in my phonograph tube. Every time I cough the brick pokes half way out between my teeth and says "Cuckoo;" but before the doctors can grab it, it bobs back under the tonsorial region of the appendicitis. I was appearing in Romeo and Giblets, I was playing the latter part, the Giblets, with great fervor and intense dramatic power, when the Bridgeport audience said "Skiddoo, 23 for yours!" and then I got mine, and I'm still holding the souvenirs of Bridgeport's appreciation in my left optic. You say (CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



# A STOLEN PROPOSAL

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Leighton, rector of St. Marks, is in love with Anna Ruthven. He re-reads a letter, received the day before from Thornton Hastings, his college classmate, and opens to the second page. He will spend the summer at Saratoga, where Mrs. Julia Meredith takes her place, Miss Anna Ruthven. He's expected to fall in love and marry her, but he has presentiments that Arthur is interested in Anna Ruthven and he promises to treat her as brotherly as if she were already his wife. Arthur Leighton determines the matter shall be settled before Anna leaves Hanover with Mrs. Meredith. He writes a letter, asking her to be his wife. Mrs. Julia Meredith arrives at the farmhouse. She and Anna go down to the Glen. Cunningly the aunt talks; she hopes to see her well settled in life. Whatever she leaves at her death goes to Anna and she expects her to make a brilliant match. There is no one in Hanover whom she, as a Ruthven, would care to marry, and as she asks the question, the rector comes around a rock where they are sitting. Previous to this he calls at the farmhouse to leave a book for Anna, and slips the letter into it, and trusts to faithful Esther, who takes it to Anna's room. Mrs. Meredith suspects something, and finding the letter in the book, partially unsealed, thinks it her duty, as the sister of Anna's dead father, not to let her throw herself away, and Anna little suspects how near she has been to the great happiness she hopes for, or dreams of how fervently Arthur Leighton prays that night that God will grant him the priceless gift of Anna Ruthven's love. The following Sunday the rector listens to Anna Ruthven, as she sings, "Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord," and he cannot think she means to darken his life. The Hethertons, with Dr. Bellamy, arrive late at church. Anna Ruthven is introduced to Fanny Harcourt and Lucy Harcourt, the latter telling Colonel Hetherton how she had met Mr. Leighton among the Alps, and afterward had traveled with him until the party returned to Paris. Anna wonders what could have brought the rector and Lucy into such familiar relations. Lucy Harcourt invites the rector to a picnic. Miss Ruthven is to be there. If his answer to her letter does not come before he will ask her for it. He receives a forged letter from Mrs. Meredith, in which Anna, though she has great regard for him, cannot be his wife, and hopes when they meet, it may be exactly as heretofore. He will find Anna appearing very natural. In the meanwhile he writes Thornton Hastings that he is free to press his suit. He goes to the picnic. Anna, unconscious of her aunt's treachery, expresses sincere regret at her recent illness, and wishes he would go to Saratoga. Later in the afternoon he finds himself alone with her. She does care whether she is misjudging the parish poor and by him. He does not know how often she will think of him, or how sorry—She does not finish the sentence, and he asks if she has repeated her decision. Thinking he means about going to Saratoga, she tells him Aunt Meredith, and so do I think it best. She talks blindly, her thoughts upon one subject—the rector's upon another. She would have given worlds if she had staid at home. Anna grieves that she has harbored a feeling of bitterness against Lucy Harcourt and will take her to see the Widow Hobbs—it will give her some idea of the duties of a rector's wife. There is nothing but distressing poverty everywhere—The rector appears—he does not expect to find two ministering angels—he is sure of one. Lucy asks Anna if Arthur has ever—Anna, guessing what is coming, tells her he never did, and never will, but some day he will ask her to become his wife. Lucy is an heiress and would give every dollar for Arthur Leighton's love. Thornton Hastings goes to Newport instead of Saratoga. Mrs. Meredith leaves Saratoga for Newport. Thornton Hastings is away when she arrives—on his return he finds her card in his room. Arthur's letter affects him strangely, while added to this is a fear that Anna is influenced by what may result in an acquaintance with him. Mrs. Meredith is too wise to mention Thornton Hastings' name and Anna is totally ignorant of his presence at Newport. She looks at him in unfeigned surprise when Mrs. Meredith presents "my niece." Anna does not dance, and Thornton Hastings talks to her, as he seldom talks to women, and when he leaves her he realizes how keenly Arthur Leighton must have felt at her refusal.

## CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

"BUT why did she refuse him?" he wished to know, and ere he slept he had resolved to study Anna Ruthven closely and ascertain, if possible, the motive which prompted her to discard a man like Arthur Leighton.

The next day brought the Hetherton party, all but Lucy Harcourt, who, Fanny laughingly said, was just now suffering from clergyman on the brain, and, as a certain cure for the disease, had turned my Lady Bountiful and was playing the pretty patroness to all Mr. Leighton's parishioners, especially a Widow Hobbs, whom she had actually taken to ride in the carriage, and to whose ragged children she had sent a bundle of cast-off party dresses; and the tears ran down Fanny's cheeks as she described the appearance of the elder Hobbs, who came to church with a soiled pink skirt, her black, tattered petticoat hanging down below, and one of Lucy's opera hoods upon her head.

"And the clergyman on the brain? Does he appreciate the situation? I have an interest there. He is an old friend of mine," Thornton Hastings asked.

He had been an amused listener to Fanny's gay badinage, laughing merrily at the idea of Lucy's taking old women out to air and clothing her children in party dresses. His opinion of Lucy, as she said, was that she was a pretty, but frivolous plaything, and it showed upon his face as he asked the question that he did, watching Anna furtively as Fanny replied:

"Oh, yes, he is certainly smitten, and I must say that I never saw Lucy so thoroughly in earnest. Why, she really seems to enjoy traveling all over Christendom to find the hovels and huts, though she is mortally afraid of the smallpox, and always carries with her a bit of chloride of lime as a disinfecting agent. I am sure she ought to win the parson. And so you know him, do you?"

"Yes, we were in college together, and I esteem him so highly that, had I a sister, there is no man living to whom I would so readily give her as to him."

He was looking now at Anna, whose face was very pale, and who pressed a rose she held so tightly that the sharp thorns pierced her flesh, and a drop of blood stained the whiteness of her hand.

"See, you have hurt yourself," Mr. Hastings said. "Come to the water pitcher and wash the stain away."

She went with him mechanically, and let him hold her hand in his while he wiped off the blood with his own handkerchief, treating her with a tenderness for which he could hardly account himself. He pitied her, he said, suspecting that she had repented of her rashness, and because he pitied her he asked her to ride with him that day after the fast days, of which he had written to Arthur. Many admiring eyes were cast after them as they drove away, and Mrs. Hetherton whispered softly to Mrs. Meredith:

"A match in progress, I see. You have done well for your charming niece."

And yet matrimony as concerned himself, was very far from Thornton Hastings' thoughts that afternoon, when, because he saw that it pleased Anna to have him do so, he talked to her of Arthur, hoping in his unselfish heart that what he

said in his praise might influence her to reconsider her decision and give him a different answer. This was the second day of Thornton Hastings' acquaintance with Anna Ruthven, but as the days went on, bringing the usual routine of life at Newport, the drives, the rides, the pleasant piazza talks, and the quiet moon-light rambles, when Anna was always his companion, Thornton Hastings came to feel an unwillingness to surrender even to Arthur Leighton, the beautiful girl who pleased him better than anyone he had known.

Mrs. Meredith's plans were working well, and so, though the autumn days had come, and one after another the devotees of fashion were dropping off, she lingered on, and Thornton Hastings still rode and walked with Anna Ruthven, until there came a night when they wandered farther than usual from the hotel, and sat down together on a height of land which overlooked the placid waters, where the moonlight lay softly sleeping. It was a most lovely night, and for a while they listened in silence to the music of the sea, and then talked of the breaking up which came in a few days when the hotel was to be closed, and wondered if next year they would come again to the old haunts and find them unchanged.

There was witchery in the hour, and Thornton felt the spell, speaking out at last, and asking Anna if she would be his wife. He would shield her so tenderly, he said, protecting her from every care, and making her as happy as love and money could make her. Then he told her of his home in the far-off city, which needed only her presence to make it a paradise, and then he waited for her answer, watching anxiously the limp, white hands, which, when he first began to talk, had fallen so helplessly on her lap, and then had crept up to her face, which was turned away from him, so that he could not see its expression, or guess at the struggle going on in Anna's mind. She was not wholly surprised, for she could not mistake the interest, which for the last two weeks, Thornton Hastings had manifested in her. But now, that the moment had come, it seemed to her that she had never expected it, and she sat silent for a time, dreading so much to speak the words which she knew would inflict pain on one she respected so highly, but whom she could not marry.

"Don't you like me, Anna?" Thornton asked at last, his voice very low and ten-

ing to shield Anna from her displeasure, he preferred stating the facts himself to having them wrung from the pale, agitated girl who, bidding him good night, went quickly to her room; so, when she was gone, and he stood for a moment alone with Mrs. Meredith, he said:

"I have proposed to your niece, but she can not answer me now. She wishes for a month's probation, which I have granted, and I ask that she shall not be persecuted about the matter. I wish for an unbiased answer."

He bowed politely and walked away, while Mrs. Meredith almost trod on air as she climbed the three flights of stairs and sought her niece's chamber. Over the interview that ensued that night we pass silently, and come to the next morning, when Anna sat alone on the piazza at the rear of the hotel, watching the playful gambols of some children on the grass, and wondering if she ever could conscientiously say "yes" to Thornton Hastings' suit. He was coming towards her now, lifting his hat politely, and asking what she would give for news from home.

"I found this on my table," he said, holding up a dainty little missive on the corner of which was written "In haste," as if the contents were of the utmost importance. "The boy must have made a mistake, or else he thought it well enough to begin at once to bring your letters to me," he continued with a smile, as he handed Anna the letter from Lucy Harcourt. "I have one too from Arthur, which I will read while you are devouring yours, and then perhaps you will take a little ride. The September air is very bracing this morning," he said, walking over to the far end of the piazza, while Anna broke the seal of the envelope, hesitating a moment ere taking the letter from it, and trembling as if she guessed what it might contain.

There was a quivering of the eyelids, a paling of the lips as she glanced at the first few lines, then with a low, moaning cry, "No, no, oh, no, not that," she fell upon her face.

To lift her to his arms and carry her to her room was the work of an instant, and then, leaving her to Mrs. Meredith's care, Thornton Hastings went back to finish Arthur's letter, which might or might not throw light upon the fainting fit.

"Dear Thornton," Arthur wrote, "you will be surprised, no doubt, to hear that your old college chum is at last engaged—

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der, as he bent over her and tried to take her hand.

"Yes, very much," she replied, and, emboldened by her reply, Thornton lifted up her head, and was about to kiss her forehead, when she started away from him, exclaiming:

"No, Mr. Hastings, you must not do that! I can not be your wife. It hurts me to tell you so, for I believe you are sincere in your proposal; but it can never be. Forgive me, and let us both forget this wretched summer."

"It has not been wretched to me. It has been a very happy summer, since I knew you at least," Mr. Hastings said, and then he asked again that she should reconsider her decision. He could not take it as a final one. He had loved her too much, had thought too much of making her his own to give her up so easily, he said, urging so many reasons why she should think again, that Anna said to him at last:

"If you would rather have it so, I will wait a month, but you must not hope that my answer will be different from what it is tonight. I want your friendship, though, the same as if this had never happened. I like you, Mr. Hastings, because you have been kind to me, and made my stay in Newport so much pleasanter than I thought it could be. You have not talked to me like other men. You have treated me as if I, at least, had common sense. I thank you for that; and I like you because—"

She did not finish the sentence, for she could not say "because you are Arthur's friend." That would have betrayed the miserable secret tugging at her heart and prompting her to refuse Thornton Hastings, who had also thought of Arthur Leighton, wondering if it were thus that she rejected him, and if in the background there was another love standing between her and the two men to win whom many a woman would almost have given her right hand. To say that Thornton was not a little piqued at her refusal would be false. He had not expected it, accustomed as he was to adulation; but he tried to put that feeling down, and his manner was even more kind and considerate than ever as he walked slowly back to the hotel, where Mrs. Meredith was waiting for them, her practiced eye detecting at once that something was amiss. Thornton Hastings knew Mrs. Meredith thoroughly, and wish-

positively engaged—but not to one of the fifty lambs about whom you so jocosely wrote. The shepherd has wandered from his flock, and is about to take into his bosom a little, stray ewe-lamb—Lucy Harcourt by name—"

"The deuce he is," was Thornton's ejaculation, and then he read on.

"She is an acquaintance of yours, I believe, so I need not describe her, except to say that she is somewhat changed from the gay butterfly of fashion that she used to be, and in time will make as demure a little Quakeress as one could wish to see. She visits constantly among my poor, who love her nearly as well as they once loved Anna Ruthven."

"Don't ask me Thorne, in your blunt, straightforward manner if I have so soon forgotten Anna. That is a matter with which you have nothing to do. Let it suffice that I am engaged to another, and mean to make a kind and faithful husband to her. Lucy would have suited you better perhaps than she does me; that is, the world would think so, but the world does not always know, and if I am satisfied, surely it ought to be. Yours truly, "A. Leighton."

"Engaged to Lucy Harcourt? I never could have believed it. He's right in saying that she is far more suitable for me than for him!" Thornton exclaimed, dashing aside the letter and feeling conscious of a pang as he remembered the bright, airy little beauty in whom he had once been strongly interested, even if he did call her frivolous and ridicule her childish ways.

She was frivolous, too much so by far to be a clergyman's wife, and for a full half hour Thornton paced up and down the room, meditating on Arthur's choice and wondering how upon earth it ever happened.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

Lucy insisted that she did not care to go to Saratoga. She preferred remaining in Hanover, where it was cool and quiet, and where she would not have to dress three times a day and dance every night until twelve. She was beginning to find that there was something to live for besides consulting one's own pleasure, and she meant to do good the

rest of her life, she said, assuming such a sober, nun-like air, that no one that saw her could fail to laugh, it was so at variance with her entire nature.

But Lucy was in earnest; Hanover had a greater attraction for her than all the watering places in the world, and she meant to stay there, feeling very grateful when Fanny threw her influence on her side, and so turned the scale in her favor. Fanny was glad to leave her dangerous cousin at home, especially after Dr. Bellamy decided to join her party at Saratoga, and, as she carried great weight with both her parents, it was finally decided to let Lucy remain at Prospect Hill in peace, and so one morning in July she saw the family depart to their summer gayety without a single feeling of regret that she was not one of their number. She had too much on her hands to spend her time in regretting anything. There was the parish school to visit, and a class of children to hear—children who were no longer ragged, for Lucy's money had been poured out like water, till even Arthur had remonstrated with her and read her a long lecture on misplaced charity. Then, there was Widow Hobbs, waiting for the jelly that Lucy had promised, and for the chapter that Lucy read to her, sitting where she could watch the road, and see just who turned the corner, her voice always sounding a little more serious and good when the footsteps belonged to Arthur Leighton, and her eyes, always glancing at the bit of cracked mirror on the wall, to see that her dress and hair and ribbons were right before Arthur came in.

It was a very pretty sight to see her there and hear her as she read to the poor woman, whose surroundings she had so greatly improved, and Arthur always smiled gratefully on her, and then walked back with her to Prospect Hill, where he sometimes lingered while she played or talked to him, or brought the luscious fruits with which the garden abounded.

This was Lucy's life, the one that she preferred to Saratoga, and they left her to enjoy it, somewhat to Arthur's discomfiture, for, much as he valued her society, he would a little rather she had gone when the Hethertons had gone, for he could not be insensible to the remarks which were being made by the curious villagers, who watched this new flirtation, as they called it, and wondered if their minister had forgotten Anna Ruthven. He had not forgotten Anna, and many a time was her beloved name on his lips, and a thought of her in his heart, while he never returned from an interview with Lucy that he did not contrast the two and sigh for the olden time, when Anna was his co-worker instead of pretty Lucy Harcourt. And yet there was about the latter a powerful fascination, which he found it hard to resist. It rested him just to look at her, she was so fresh, so bright, so beautiful, and then she flattered his self-love by the unbounded deference she paid to his opinions, studying all his tastes and bringing her own will into perfect subjection to his, until she could scarcely be said to have a thought or feeling which was not a reflection of his own. And so the flirtation, which at first had been a one-sided affair, began to assume a more serious form; the rector went oftener to Prospect Hill, while the carriage from Prospect Hill stood daily at the gate of the rectory, and people said that it was a settled thing, or ought to be, gossiping about it until old Captain Humphreys, Anna's grandfather, conceived it his duty as senior warden of St. Mark's, to talk with the young rector and know "what his intentions were."

"You have none?" he said, fixing his mild eyes reproachfully upon his clergyman, who winced a little beneath the gaze. "Then if you have no intentions, my advice to you is, that you quit it and let the gal alone, or you will ruin her, if she ain't spilt already, as some of the women folks say that she is. It don't do any gal any good to have a chap, and specially a minister, gallyvanting after her, as I must say you've been after this one for the last few weeks. She's a pretty little creature, and I don't blame you for liking her. It makes my old blood stir faster when she comes purring around me with her soft ways and winsome face, and so I don't wonder at you; but when you say that you have no intentions, I blame you greatly. You orter have—excuse my plainness. I'm an old man who likes my minister and don't want him to go wrong, and then I feel for her, left alone by all her folks—more's the shame to them, and more's the harm for you to tangle up her affections, as you are doing, if you are not in earnest; and I speak for her just as I should want some one to speak for Anna."

The old man's voice trembled a little here, for it had been a wish of his that Anna should occupy the rectory, and he had at first felt a little resentful against the gay young creature who seemed to have supplanted her, but he was over that now, and in all honesty of heart he spoke both for Lucy's interest and that of the clergyman. And Arthur listened to him respectfully, feeling, when he was gone, that he merited the rebuke, that he had not been guiltless in the matter, that if he did not intend to marry Lucy Harcourt he must let her alone.

And he would, he said; he would not go to Prospect Hill again for two whole weeks, nor visit at the cottages where he was sure to find her. He would keep himself at home; and he did, shutting himself up amid his books, and not even making a pastoral call on Lucy when he heard that she was sick. And so Lucy came to him, looking dangerously charming in her green riding-habit, with the scarlet feather sweeping from her hat. Very prettily she pouted, too, chiding him for his neglect, and asking why he had not been to see her, nor anybody. There was the Widow Hobbs, and Mrs. Briggs, and those miserable "Donelsons"—he had not been near them for a fortnight. What was the reason, she asked, beating her foot upon the carpet, and tapping the end of her riding-whip upon the sermon he was writing.

"Are you displeased with me, Arthur?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

Bridgeport has a grand list of sixty-eight million dollars. It seems to me that's a lot of money to pay for a list of anything. What kind of a list is it that costs all that money? I had a seventeen-cent laundry list once, and I've still got it framed, for it was the only one I ever had. A wealthy uncle died and left me a full dress evening shirt, and I had it ostracized at the laundry, and they rendered me a weekly bill for seven years, but I never had the price to get the shirt, until one day I found a quarter, I mean twenty-five cents, and I rushed to the laundry with throbbing heart to get my shirt, for which I'd waited seven years, and when I got there I'll da binged if the darned place hadn't burned down. George, you must explain the mystery of that list. Also tell us about your circulating library. Who pushes it round? What's the good of having a circulating library? When you go down town to get a book you find the darned library has circulated itself the other side of the state, and you have to chase all over creation in the middle of a story, to get the second volume, to find out whether Imogene married the rich man with the glass eye, or gave him the mitt and froze to Archibald Montague, the poor young man with the Greek God face and rubber conscience. No siree, I want a library that stands still, none of your circulating libraries for me. Bridgeport has eleven miles of water front. That seems to be a pretty good front for any city to put up. Bridgeport has two steamboat lines. George fishes with one line, and hangs his clothes on the other. Bridgeport has one hundred and fifty miles of streets, seventy-three of which are macadamized, we'd like to know what's doing on these other streets. Toby says they are probably paved with corsets and graphophones, and most likely they're paved with big holes and plain dirt. Never mind, George, Bridgeport is all right and so are you.

Here is a lovely letter from an Iowa lassie.

GERMANIA, IA., July 29, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my membership card and button all O. K., and will now thank you for them. They are just fine, and I think if those simple little rules were only complied with this whole world would be better off, for, my dear Uncle, I do believe our happy family covers a great share of this large globe.

I suppose you have forgotten all about little me, as you have such a grand, large family. I am a little girl from Northern Iowa. I have brown hair and eyes, light complexion, five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and am sweet sixteen.

I put in three months last spring at Tilford's Academy, at Vinton, Ia., about 180 miles southeast of here. It is a lovely country and a good school. I live in a beautiful part of Iowa, with my father and sister, as my mother died almost five years ago. We live on a large farm about half way between the prosperous little towns of Germania and Buffalo Center, or Bison Middle, as it is sometimes called, which are about ten miles apart. They are both thriving little towns.

Buffalo Center has a brick and tile factory, a cigar factory, four large elevators, one flour mill, two lumber-yards, one electric plant, a park and several stores, etc.

Our farm is just nicely rolling. We have all kinds of fruit and more than we can use. We have a very large plum crop this season, but apples are not as plentiful as other years.

The crops are fine and prosperous-looking here and will yield well if nothing destroys them. You can raise almost anything here you can think of except flies, and you don't have to stop to raise them, they just grow. If you have none in Maine, I will send you some.

The weather is lovely, the winters are mild, while the summers are very seldom sultry.

We have lots of stock to take care of, and my sister and I have about four hundred little chicks, which keep us busy.

Haying is over here and harvesting is the rule nowadays.

As I was never gifted with a brother, I am compelled to help in the field a great deal. But, Uncle, don't be discouraged by that, for I can also keep house. Hoping to hear from all the cousins, I am your affectionate niece,

LOLA SMITH.

Yes, Lola, if our rules were complied with this world would be a better world, but few of the cousins keep the rules. We have quite a family, Lola, and it keeps me hustling to look after it, and my large family doesn't help me much. When I ask my boys and girls to do some simple little thing they all try and do it just the opposite way to what I want it done. Lola, if you will sit in my lap awhile I'd like to ask you about that farm of yours. You say your farm is rolling. How in thunder can you work a farm if it's rolling? Do you sleep on that rolling farm and if so, how ever do you manage to keep in bed with the farm constantly revolving? What with circulating libraries and rolling farms I should think the whole country was going crazy. Lola says she can keep house, but I doubt it. Who could keep house on a farm that was nicely rolling?

Lola says that they can raise anything in her section and I don't wonder at it, for a country that couldn't raise things with four elevators in the middle of it, must be on the bumsy. I'm sorry you have to work in the fields, Lola, unless it is for exercise and amusement. Field labor for women is un-American, it's a man's work.

Buzz-z-z-z! Hello, Uncle Charlie, can I butt in?

Why, cert, little girl, always glad to hear from the Hellos!

IPAVA, ILL., August 3, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you admit to cousin from Illinois into your happy circle? I received my League button and membership card some time ago, and thank you very much for them.

I am just eighteen years old, am five feet and three inches tall, weigh about one hundred and eighteen pounds, have black hair and black eyes.

I love books, flowers and music, but as I am a telephone operator, I don't get much time to enjoy such pleasures. I have one sister and five brothers, but there are only myself and two younger brothers living at home just at present.

We live out in the country. My father is a blacksmith, two of my brothers are farmers; my oldest brother is working in Kansas at the present. My home is near the western part of Illinois in ten miles of the Illinois river.

Agriculture and stock-raising are the chief occupation of the people. Wheat, oats, corn and rye are the principal grains, and fruits of nearly all kinds are raised in abundance in this part of the country. There is a good deal of coal mined in this section also. We have hot summers and cold winters, but this summer was unusually cool, until in the last three or four weeks. Everything is suffering for the need of rain just now because it is so dry and hot.

Uncle Charlie, I wish you would send some of the cousins over to help me as I am kept busy at the switch most of the time. I enjoy being a "Hello girl," but it is tiresome sometimes during this warm weather.

How are Toby and Maria? There is going to be a

boat show on the river tomorrow night. The name of it is "The Sunny South." Uncle, bring all the cousins and go. We'd sure have a fine time if we didn't sink the boat. All the cousins please write to me. I will answer all I possibly can.

Lovingly your niece,

FANNY BLAIR.

Fanny, I've been just dying for months to tell you that I had a phone installed in my hencoop last week, and oh, what a time I had with that old phone. But alas, I have the phone no longer. It lasted just one day, and then the phone folks decided a phone wasn't a good thing for me to have around, and so they cut it out; but gee! while it lasted things were doing. The phone man, after he'd put the business in in good shape, said, "Now, Uncle Charlie, you can call up the fire department, the hospital ambulances, the police and central as often as you like and it won't cost anything."

I waited until evening came and then I called up the fire department and said, "Say, Chief, we've got a fire up here." "All right, we'll be up in three seconds." Then every old fire bell from Maine to New Orleans began to bang, and soon there were three thousand wild-eyed people, seventeen fire engines, twenty-four hose carts, three chemical engines, four hook and ladder crews palpitating outside our mansion. It was magnificent. I popped my bald head out of the window and said, "Thank you, gentlemen, thank you; your promptness is remarkable, your efficiency marvelous. I'm delighted at the entertainment you've given me, good night!" There was a yell from the assembled multitude. "Where's the fire?" "Fire, why, in the stove of course, where the blazes do you think it would be?" Then a yell of anger went up from the multitude. "Uncle Charlie," said the fire chief, "this will cost you dear!" "It won't cost me a red cent, Mr. Chief," said I. "The phone man said I could call you up whenever I wanted to, and it wouldn't cost a cent. If you want to collect anything go to the telephone company." With a shriek of execration the multitude moved away.

In ten minutes more I rang up every ambulance in the city and had 'em all ranged under my window. "Where's the sick man?" gasped the surgeons. "In the hospital, of course," said I. Then the sawbones said things. "We must make out a report before we can return," said the doctors. "Oh, if that's the case," said I, "just put down that Toby's sprained his bark, Maria's got a compound fracture of the corsets, and Billy, the goat, got influenza of the appetite, and I've got a pain in my imagination." "One hundred dollars for false alarm," said the surgeons. "The phone company told me I could call you up and it wouldn't cost anything, and you can collect from them." The doctors cursed me and retired. Next I had the police up, and then I got the fire department up again, as I thought I saw flames in the house opposite, but it was only Mr. Jones walking around in a suit of red underclothes. Oh, you bet, I had lots of fun with my phone while it lasted, but the trouble is it didn't last long enough.

So, Fanny, your home is in ten miles of the Illinois river, eh? You must have a long home and a wet home, girlie, if it's under ten miles of river water. So you're busy at the switch, eh? A lady sent me a switch of horse hair and I've been busy with the darned thing trying to give it a Marcelle wave, but there isn't enough water in the bucket to give it a wave. The boys won't understand this, but the girls will. Well, ta, ta, Fanny, I'm sorry I can't ring you up, but it's more than my life's worth to go near a phone.

Here's a letter from a brave cheery shut-in, who laughs and works, though his back is broken.

BACKUS, WEST VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been hurt nearly six years. I have no use of myself from my hips down, and no feeling. I once was a strong and healthy man, and have spent my all trying to get some relief, but all to no good. All we have is our little home, and my wife works and supports us. The people here don't seem to care whether we live or die.

Uncle, I have got a good wife and four sweet children. My wife is a small woman and her health is not good, she has nervous headache a great deal, and the work she does is enough to kill half a dozen women. She has cultivated an acre of corn, half an acre of potatoes, and two large gardens this year, and also done her housework.

I have had bad sores all the time, but I work at needlework a lot. I make pillow tops but can't sell very many of them, and can't make more than twenty-five cents a day at it, and work hard all day.

There were about thirty of the cousins wrote to me, and I got a few nice books and my wife and the children got a few useful articles, but the most I got were papers and magazines, and dozens of them were the same numbers that we no use to me, and a lot of them were over weight, and I had to pay extra postage on them, and got several notices from the postmasters about them, that I had to send postage, and when I sent stamps and got the article, it was a bundle of old papers. I got a few stamps and six dollars in money. I have four of the sweetest children you ever saw.

Now, dear Cousins, I would love to hear from you all, and would love to answer all letters that have stamps inclosed, if my health permits me to do so. I am going to ask as many as possibly can to remember my little boy on the 24th of Dec., as that is his birthday and he will be six years old.

I would love to get souvenir postal cards as I have an album, and would love to have it filled. Or dear cousins, just send anything that would bring sunshine to our home.

As ever your nephew and shut-in brother,

WILLIAM T. HARRIS.

When I read this letter of William's and looked at those lovely children, and that pale, worn little wife, and thought of his sufferings and her heroism, I had to put the letter down, as my eyes filled with something that I don't allow to come there often. William wrote me two letters; one to print and a private one. I've used the private one as it is infinitely more interesting and I wanted you all to know the inside facts of a shut-in life and not the brave front they put on for you to see. I also want to beg you to never send old newspapers to invalids at any time. It's only clogging the mails with clutter that isn't needed and both God and the sick despise a person who'd send old mouldy stuff that ought to be in the stove or an ash barrel to invalids. This stuff never has proper postage on it, and the postmaster where it is shipped sends the invalid a card requesting him to send extra postage, if he wants the package forwarded. The postage is always sent as the invalid is afraid he might miss something worth having and then when he gets it he wouldn't be human if he didn't cuss a blue streak. Remember what Christ said about asking for bread and getting a stone. I'd rather have the stone than the old newspapers, as I could fire it at the head of the person who sent it or give it to Billy the Goat to eat. Even Billy won't eat a magazine or newspaper more than two years old.



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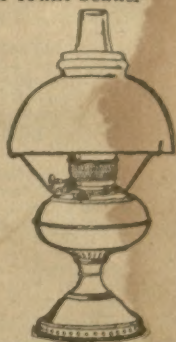
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Mrs. Harris, I want to thank you, in behalf of the COMFORT League of Cousins and its six million readers, for your magnificent and beautiful devotion to your sick husband and family. You are a heroine, and deserve a place in history with Joan of Arc, Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale and other angels of your sex. I believe if President Roosevelt, Carnegie, Helen Gould, and other famous persons and philanthropists knew of your beautiful and noble work, they would tell the whole world about you and give you a sum to keep the wolf from the door forever. Never mind, Mrs. Harris, God sees and we don't need to care about anyone else. The six million people can now gaze at you and admire your heroism and applaud you for keeping those dear children so neat, clean and healthy looking. Now, cousins, write this brave brother and sister of yours, fighting for an existence on the rocky, barren mountainsides of West Virginia, and for pity's sake weigh your letters and packages and cut out the ossified papers. Feed them to the goat.

Below you will find a list of your sick and suffering cousins. There are twenty-six of them and I don't want a single one neglected. If all the League members write a letter each to these poor souls, they will get on an average nearly 1,000 letters apiece. I must insist that each of the members of the C. L. O. C. write one sunshine letter per month to the shut-ins of our League. Thousands never write a single letter. I am going to print another rule on our club card. "I solemnly promise to write one sunshine letter to a sick cousin every month!" This League was started to do good, as well as to have fun. Now mind, I want you to make a record this month. I suggest the cousins take care of those shut-ins residing in their own states, and let's see which state makes the best record. Remember, you can't please God better than by helping these poor souls and brightening their lives. Cut the ossified newspapers out, they only exasperate. Let your work be helpful. You may be on your back yourself some day, and then you'll be pleading for others to come to your aid. I know, I've been there.

## League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for November.

Henry S. Bent (25), Turbine, Tenn. Wants cheer and good reading. Henry is a grand writer, a refined, nice boy, and a great sufferer. Please make life brighter for him. Mrs. Phelps Anthony, Liberty, R. I. Poor and paralyzed—a shut-in—needs your sympathy and cheer. Wm. H. Crasser, Clarkston, Wash. Kicked by a horse, is helpless. Nice, jolly boy. Robert Tape, Ridgetown, Ont., Canada. Robert has been paralyzed from waist down for six years. He writes exquisitely, is a man of refinement and education, wants cheery letters only. Jas. C. Shirah, Mineral Wells, Tex. Jolly boy (27), crippled with rheumatism, hasn't touched his toes in ten years. Wants all the cheer you can send him. Mrs. Edgar F. Evans, Cochituate, Mass., Miss Lucy Partridge, Orlando—two shut-in cousins—want reading and postals. Virginia Moon, Cody, Va., sold over three hundred handkerchiefs, and sends you all her love and gratitude. James Wall, Oxford, N. C. Jim wants your help and cheer. The crop failed in his section and his winter outlook is desperately bad. He is utterly helpless, you remember. Willie Sheppard, Wedowee, Ala., has a little booklet—35 cents—that tells of her trials and sufferings. It's well worth getting. Annie Condra (21), Dunlap, Tenn. Helpless five years, charming girl, needs your love and cheer. Virginia Lovett, R. F. D., 2, Bells, Tenn. Charming girl, lovely writer, shut-in. Write her, please. Wants letters, postals and cheer. William J. Sleighter, Alcove, Albany Co., N. Y. William is a terrible sufferer, hasn't been able to lie down for two years. Has two children (boys, 9 and 5), is helpless and destitute. All need clothing and assistance. William Wiley, Jap., West Va. Head nearly drawn into lap from rheumatism, wants to undergo an operation, has no means. Writes fine letter. Here's a case that needs your love and cheer. John Gordon, Home of Industry, Perth, Ont., Can.

John broke his back, helpless from waist down. Makes the dandiest shawls and slippers, etc. Send postage for his price list. Fine boy and deserving your help as he tries to help himself, and God loves a man of that stamp. Homer Hoover, Walt, Ohio. Young man, crippled with rheumatism, dandy writer, nice boy, wants cheery letters. Edith Flisheigh (27), 159 Fourth St., Wyandotte, Mich. Has spinal trouble, wants a wheel chair. Is raffling a mandolin to raise funds to buy one. Help this incurable girl, please. Selmer Anderson, Spring Valley, Wis. Wants reading. Jennie Simmons, Weippe, Idaho. Wants silk and velvet pieces for a quilt; is crippled. Lovely worker, charming girl. Mrs. Gormley, Colchester, Conn., an invalid, wants silk pieces for a quilt. Mrs. W. F. Lawrence, Price, Rd 1, N. C. Mrs. Lawrence and husband are both sufferers and needy. Have two small children. Grateful for any cheer. Mrs. Dora Dickens, 348 Grand Ave., San Diego, Cal., is a shut-in, has two small children, and supports them by painting little pictures. Butt in and get some at once. Mrs. Dickens is a fine writer. Eddie Poits, McCreary, Ala. Poor Eddie is hopelessly crippled with rheumatism. Who will makelife brighter for him? M. Lillian Perkins (30), Hunlock Creek, Luzerne Co., Pa. Helpless and bedridden thirteen years, poor and friendless. Mattie Beverage, Dabney, Ark. Poor young girl, helpless, hopeless shut-in. Mattie has a little book of her life; 12 cents. Bessie Parker (21), Irving, N. Y. Hasn't stood on her feet in fourteen years. Fine writer. Lella E. Tinsley (15), North Wilkesboro, N. C. Invalid from babyhood. Can't feed herself or use her hands or speak. Mary E. Willis (26), Yatesville, Ga. Mary has a book of her life, telling of her trials and sufferings; 50 cents. Myrtle Poole, 687 E. Temple St., Washington Court House, Ohio. Myrtle is hopelessly bedridden, a patient, beautiful, Christ-like character is hers. You cannot get nearer to heaven while on earth than by writing her and helping her.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also, COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

## How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

the chain prayer on to quote from a recent paper, "Bishop Lawrence of Boston never wrote it and knows nothing about it; it is the work of some demoted or malicious person. Inquiries concerning the chain prayer and comments on it, which have been received by Bishop Lawrence, and by church and secular papers indicate that the fears of many ignorant and superstitious persons have been so worried up by the mention of 'dreadful accident' as the penalty for failing to comply with the conditions of the scheme, that they have not only aided in the spread of the prayer, but have felt great terror lest they might meet with misfortune. The affair has become such a nuisance that the Bishop concluded that it could be only stopped by giving the widest publicity to his official denial." I like many others no doubt, have received several of these letters, and when I saw the above article I thought I would let you all read it. In my last mail I received two, and they have been coming for some weeks past.

Mrs. Hall. I trust you heard from Mrs. Griffiths regarding her rupture cure. Mrs. Hall gives me two very valuable helps which I wish you all to benefit by. When bitten by a poisonous animal or insect apply a cloth that has been dipped in turpentine and sprinkled over with sugar; it removes the danger of blood poison. When burned severely, whip the white of an egg and apply. Thank you, Mrs. Hall, come again.

Mrs. Linden. Find recipes requested in another column. I am giving mock cherry pie, which I am sure has been in twice this past year. Why do you not cut out these true and tried recipes?

Mrs. Linden has sent me her catnip recipe, also a tried way to put up blackberries, which I am going to keep if she will allow me, and give them to you next summer in time for the canning season. I am afraid if I send them in now, you would all lose them before you needed them, so I am saving them for you.

Our dear little Cincinnati friend has sent me a beautiful gift, a linen handkerchief. I wish you could see it, such lovely drawwork, and handsome lace edge, all her own work, too. Thank you very much, Mrs. L. I am sending the only Goulash recipe I have.

Mrs. Hattie Cowen. I thank you very much for the beautiful postal, but I cannot exchange. I should be obliged to have the pocket of a Vanderbilt, as I receive so many. The name of your town brings back recollections of Burlington, Iowa (which is not far from you) way back in the days when Burlington had no bridge across the "Father of Waters."

Mrs. Turner. I have not the rupture cure; write to Mrs. B. F. Griffiths, Beaverton, Oregon, inclosing stamped directed envelope.

Miss Gilpin. Card received, thanks, but I cannot reciprocate. I will send in recipes for "Fricandelles" and "Leftovers" next month. I am afraid the publisher will say "ring off, J. A. D." I have so many this month. "American Goulash" has been sent in by Mrs. Linden since beginning this letter, that also will appear next month, watch out for it, it is fine, like all Mrs. Linden's recipes.

H. O. Stiles. Have you tried washing the overalls in wood alcohol, or gasoline?

Mrs. J. L. Robbins. Write to Keuffel and Esser, New York City, for information regarding making tracing paper.

Mrs. Mary Larkins. Find requested recipes in another column. Why can sweet potatoes? Did you ever see any? They are so delicious in their natural state. There may be some way of doing them up, but I never heard of it. Please let us know.

Miss Van Welden. Find pickled red cabbage recipe in another column. When yours is ready please let me know, as I have a weakness for it. It is fine, freshened and cooked like fresh cabbage; make a sauce of drawn butter, and pour over it after cooking.

Sister Nellie Rogers. Shake. I certainly hope our Eastern Star people will respond to your appeal. I will endeavor to in the near future.

Mandy Smith. God bless you; pity there were not more like you in this world, how much better it would be, "seventeen children and all living," who can best that in our corner? I, too, lived in St. Louis once upon a time. Are you a member of the Eastern Star?

Mrs. Amanda Whitney. Your letter was certainly amusing, poor little Mary. I have seen and met that fragrant little animal. I think I shall have to come down and spend the winter with you, shall I?

Mrs. Koons. Bless the children. I see you are teaching them to work and help "Mamma."

Mrs. Remington, Mrs. Kellogg. Do come again both of you, your ideas are so regarding children, such mothers will rear grand men and women.

Miss Handy. We are neighbors, did you know it? Those handkerchief cases must be dainty and neat, and not costly.

Mrs. Smith, Tyler Co., Va. Write us through the corner any time; such letters as yours do us all good. Mrs. Belle Tracy is just the very dearest and best woman. Yes, I can rubarb in cold water always. So brother Henry calls out "Enough!"

You see, brother, we are a numerous family, and when a request is sent in, it is answered with a vim. We are good, kind people, and mean well; but did not intend to smother you with letters; have you struggled out from under them yet?

Mrs. Trevillion. How handy that footstool would be to keep one's slippers in. Sit down, pull up the stool, remove shoes, and there are your slippers. Thanks for the suggestion.

So we have a bride among us, hats off, congratulations if it is not too late Mrs. Wahl.

My Dear Christoro. Glad to see you in our corner with so many useful suggestions. Girls and friends, this little girl would be glad to hear from some of our band, write her, Miss Christoro Brice, Brutus, Michigan. Please do not forget the stamp, and a half dozen if you can afford it. They are needed. I have not forgotten you.

Mrs. Berlin. Where have you been so long?

Mrs. Eva Collins. How are you?

Mrs. Carrie Phelps. Rock Creek, Ohio, would be glad to hear from some of our readers wishing fancy cards, etc. Please do not forget stamps, as Mrs. Phelps is an invalid, and a widow with one dear little baby.

W. G. Marshall, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Lydia Roesch, Mrs. Telleson. I have forwarded letters to Mrs. Griffiths. All of these ladies inclosed ample stamps etc., for replies, from Mrs. Griffiths and myself, I trust Mrs. Griffiths will hear from all those she has and will benefit with her rupture cure, we should certainly be very grateful to us and our dear woman for what she has done for us and our dear ones, and a stamp is a small thing to let her know we have at least received the remedy. There are no many dear little children suffering with this dread disease.

Mrs. M. Gilpin. Card received, thanks, but I cannot possibly comply. I have given your address to others who will exchange.

Let me say to A. B. and others. Why not make the dear old people blanket wrappers? Buy two pair of woolen blankets, and a kimono pattern, follow directions that come with the pattern, and you will have a warm, soft, comfortable garment for each; then, make, knit, or crochet each a pair of slippers with soft, thick lamb's wool soles. Oh! how warm and cozy they will be, these cold nights and mornings, if they wish to get up in the night, are restless and nervous, cannot sleep, they can slip these on, and let the dear old souls sleep in them if they wish to. These dear ones will soon be laid to rest, let us make them comfortable and happy while we may. I heard a lady say once: "Poor mother always wanted a blanket wrapper, but never felt as though she could afford it;" the mother had gone where she did not need one; that same lady used to make the most beautiful fancy work, and give the poor old mother at Christmas time, wouldn't the wrapper have been more acceptable?

A pair of thick Turkish towels, with wash cloth to match is a nice useful gift to one of our own family. Towels can be crocheted, and wash cloths too, for that matter, if one wishes, tie fringe in the ends of the towels, but not in the wash cloth. Let us use discretion and judgment in the selection

and making of our gifts; as for me, I am sending Comfort to many, thus giving pleasure all the year through.

Cleopatra. Yours truly received, and glad to hear from you again.

Wishing you all a pleasant and joyous Thanksgiving, and that we will meet another year, I am yours lovingly,

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE), Orange, Mass.

**Don't fail to promptly renew your subscription to COMFORT while the present low 15-cent yearly rate is in force. We may be obliged to advance at any time, but if you send 25 cents now, it will pay for and extend your subscription for two years from the time of its expiration.**

## DEAR SISTERS:

If you have never tried the rhubarb pie plant, you don't know what you have missed as it comes on at a time when everything is scarce, with which to furnish one's table. A few of these plants sown on a rich spot in the garden will afford an abundance of material for all the pies an ordinary-sized family will need, as it will be large enough to use in February and will continue until May. I have a nice lot of the rhubarb seed that I will cheerfully send to any housekeeper free, provided a self-addressed, stamped envelope is sent. Plant the seed at any time in July or August. Send for the seed and have it ready to plant.

Mrs. HUNT, Palm, Ala.

## Medicinal Wine of Dandelion Flowers

Take three quarts of dandelion flowers, four quarts of boiling water and pour over them. Let stand twenty-four hours, then drain off, strain through cheesecloth and add three lemons sliced, three and one half pounds of sugar. Set on the back of the stove until the sugar is melted, then put in a stone jar, cover over and put in a warm place for fourteen days; then strain and put in bottles, but do not cork until fermentation is done, then cork tightly and keep in a dark place.

Mrs. E. KATS, 9019 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read the paper ever since I can remember, and I am now twenty years old. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh about one hundred and eighty pounds, have brown eyes and hair, and have been married two years the twentieth day of last March.

Mrs. K. S. Heath of Goodwin, Okla. I know you, do I not? Wasn't your name Ida Taylor before you married? If so, please write me, for I would be glad to hear from you, and also others.

I wish some of the sisters would send me samples of drawwork and also samples of cross-stitch suitable for working dresses or aprons; just a very small piece, just so I can see how it is done is all I care for, and I will return the favor in any way possible. I hope I shall get some samples soon for I am very anxious to do some drawwork at once.

How many of you sisters know that to put camphor gum in a cupboard that it will keep red ants out? Those who are bothered with seed warts try rubbing them three or four times a day with sweet oil until they turn dark and then they will soon disappear.

Sisters, try this for mending glassware: Take white of an egg and beat lime in it until it is a thick paste. Put it on edges of the dish, tie with string to keep together and set in a shady place for a few days before using or until dry. With best wishes to COMFORT and all the sisters, especially the shut-ins.

Mrs. GERTIE HAMILTON, Box 54, Willow, E. F. D., 2, Okla.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live in sunny Kansas. Of late we have had some bad storms which destroyed many crops. Kansas is considered a great wheat, corn and fruit country.

Do the sisters know that if sweet milk is used instead of water for paste, the paper on white-washed walls will stick better? I will close by sending a recipe:

## The Secret of Frying Potatoes

The fat must be very hot, if not actually boiling, before potatoes are put in; must be dry, for if still damp, will not be crisp. When browned must be taken out and placed on paper before fire to dry; scatter some salt on and serve. Cold potatoes may be sliced and floured thickly before frying in deep fat.

Mrs. MAGGIE WINSON, Mola, Stafford Co., Kans.

## DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Here comes another sister from the land of sunshine and flowers, and if I am permitted I will join this happy band. What a grand paper COMFORT is and how I do enjoy reading the sisters' letters! Many a responsive chord has been touched in my own heart, and my sympathy has gone out to those dear shut-ins.

Dear Sisters, how happy our homes would be if we could only avoid the hasty words; words spoken in anger that can never be recalled; words that sink deep into the heart, and though the wound heals the scar will remain.

When my cake burns I always use the potato grater to trim the burned off, and that better than using a knife. Ink stains on white goods can be removed by soaking in water, and then covering the spots with pounded salts of lemon, bleach in sun for half an hour, wash in suds, rinse and dry. I will be pleased to receive letters from any of the sisters.

Mrs. O. A. INGRAM, El Dorado, Cal.

## Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for so kindly responding to the request for cards; they came from most of the states, and one from far-away Vancouver, B. C. Besides these I received many letters, loving sympathetic messages which cheered and helped me much. Even the gift of flowers was not lacking as the lovely violets from Connecticut testify. The editor is to be congratulated on publishing a magazine which brings all its readers into such a close bond of sympathy.

How gladly would I write to each one of you, my dear sisters and brothers, too, but as that is impossible, I ask that you each one will consider this a personal letter of thanks for all your kind thoughts of me. To those who have spoken of their own peculiar sorrow or trouble, I extend my deepest sympathy. How often do I wish I could help all shut-ins, or those in trouble, but what a comfort to know that in Heaven where we will all meet some day the will is recorded as the deed.

Let us strive to be patient in all our afflictions, trusting that God knows best and his purpose is in all that comes into our lives.

"He chose this path for thee. No feeble chance or hard relentless fate, But love, His love hath placed thy footsteps here, He knew the way was rough and desolate, Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear; Yet how tenderly He whispered, 'Child, I see This path is best for thee.'"

"He chose this path for thee. What needest thou more this sweeter truth to know? That along these strange bewildering ways, O'er rocky steps and where dark rivers flow, His loving arms will bear thee 'all the days; A few more steps and thou thyself shall see This path is best for thee.'"

May Heaven bless you all is the fervent wish of your shut-in sister,

THIRTY WHEELER, Box 557, Berlin, N. H.

## DEAR SISTERS:

Allow me through COMFORT to thank all of you who have written to me and sent recipes for consumption. I appreciate your sympathy, and will keep your letters, so will not forget your advice. I may some day need it again, or I may find some one who will be glad to hear of some of your remedies, but I am almost well now as I ever was in my life. When my letter was written I was very sick and suffering severely, but since March I have been improving rapidly, and I am glad to get well again, for I feel now that life is worth living, and the months of pain and suffering taught me much needed lessons, one I shall remember all my life.

Sister E. Conner. Your life has been and indeed, I sympathize with your sorrow. God grant you a happier future than your past.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I saw the queries about vine peaches. I have raised them for five years, preserved and canned them. They grow on vines like muskmelons and are about the size of and look like an orange, but when peeled and cut in half they look a great deal like a peach.

I have some seed which I can spare, and will send it those wanting them will write and pay postage.

Mrs. L. M. MOORE, Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Have you room for a bride of one year who writes to all of you from her home in the "dreary South"? I am a bride because the honeymoon has not yet waned, neither does it seem likely to and I hope

Sister Anderson (Texas). Thanks for the pretty, fragrant flowers you sent me. I will keep them as a souvenir of a "lone star" sister.

Sister Jane Sonogies of Wisconsin. Accept my thanks and best wishes.

Sister Hattie White. Your letter was a cheery bit of yourself, and I am sure I feel grateful for your brightly expressed good wishes, and recipes.

Ada Meeks. Your letter was interesting. I will try to write you a personal letter by and by. I hope you will recover your hearing. But you have much to be thankful for. Many others who possess the five senses would gladly exchange places with you.

Ada Cove. You made me laugh. You must be a happy girl.

I would name you all, but I can't, for it would take lots of space in the sisters' corner.

Wishing you all every blessing, and hoping our "Comfort Sisters" may really be "comforters" to all the sorrowing, I am your friend,

ADA HUDGENS, Box 50, Ashland City, R. F. D., 1, Tenn.

## MY UNKNOWN FRIENDS:

My heartiest thanks to you all. Not the strength nor the time do I possess to write to you all. My stampbox is too empty also, in comparison to the letters. Many thanks also for the canceled stamps, and the other tokens of goodwill. And—last but not least—I thank the editor for so kindly giving my unworthy letters space. Thankfully yours,

EFFIE J. ZWIER, Maxwell City, N. Mex.

## DEAR EDITOR:

I want to return thanks to you and the dear sisters for all your kindness to me. I have tried to answer all; if any have been overlooked please pardon me. I hope I will be answered from time to time with letters and pieces for patchwork.

Now, dear sisters, one and all, accept my sincere thanks. Wishing you each long life, success and happiness,

Mrs. NELLIE NYSEN, Coldwater, R. F. D., 9, Mich.

## DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I am very grateful to you for your letters and souvenirs, and have tried to return favors, but some of you have neglected to give name and address. I would like to know who sent the petrified wood and where it came from.

The East responded most generously. I would also like mementos of the West, especially Indian relics.

Here in De Kalb, Uncle Sam has just built us one of the finest postoffices this side of Chicago. It's a beautiful building. This is a nice city, and a great manufacturing place for its size. We have a number of different manufactures here, a shoe factory, a piano factory, and factories for making nails, barbed wire, and woven wire, and other large factories making all kinds of farm implements; and we also have good schools. We have the Northern Illinois State Normal, and it is a fine building, it is built outside of the city, one mile from all saloons, as it is the state law to build state schools that distance. We also have a new Township High School, and four other large school buildings.

This part of Illinois is fine farming land. Illinois is my birth state so I think it is a nice place in which to live.

Mrs. EMMA ROBERTS, 607 Haish Ave, DeKalb, Ill.

## DEAR SISTERS:

As the Christmas season draws nearer each day, we will have to bestir ourselves and begin to plan for the usual interchange of gifts.

I suppose there are many people who, like myself, have only limited means, but enjoy giving and wish to remember quite a number. This is possible if one begins early to make some of the many dainty little things which are sure to be appreciated and still are not expensive.

A pen wiper made of several thicknesses of felt or flannel cut the shape of a leaf and tied with a ribbon; or shaving balls made of many circles of tissue paper caught together in the center to form balls and strung on ribbon make appropriate gifts for gentlemen.

Dolls made from figures cut from colored fashion plates; pasted on cardboard and dressed in pretty bright colors, tied to the Christmas tree with a bow of baby ribbon will delight the little folks.

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 215 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

A handkerchief made of a scrap of lawn finished with hemstitching and a frill of lace; also a bag for pieces made of patchwork; several pockets on the inside for holding them; a draw-string in the top; a square on the center of front with inscription worked "All the year round, a comfort I'm found," will make useful presents.

Just for a family Christmas tree, a good substitute may be made of an old umbrella frame. Wind the ribs with red cheesecloth. Suspend or wind ribbon of every color from the top center to end of each rib; fastening with a red or silver star, which are easily made. When properly lighted it is very pretty. The light-weight presents may be hung upon the umbrella and the heavier ones placed on a table beneath.

I trust some sister may get good suggestions from the above. Several years ago I made a New Year's resolution to scatter sunshine into lives as I passed along life's highway, and more than once have I felt rewarded by being called "Hilda Sunshine."

Sisters, come along with your ideas and experiences, we appreciate them.

HILDA FRANTZ, Box 58, Henderson, Tex.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am eighteen years of age and have been married one year and three months, and, like many other young housekeepers, find that COMFORT is indeed a grand help to me. I dearly love fancy work of all kinds, but don't know very much about it, but expect to learn.

Will some one please send in the songs, "Always in the Way," and "My Mother Was a Lady," for publication in our Song Column.

Will some of the sisters send directions for making picture frames of thread? I have seen them, but do not know how they are made. I wish someone who understands crochet would explain what kind of stitches are the roll stitch and block stitch.

I am going to give the sisters a true and tried recipe for curing cancer; dissolve copperas in a little water and apply often. I have seen this tried and know it is a sure cure.

Here is a recipe for a hair tonic which is certainly fine: Ten cents' worth of red Peruvian bark boiled in one quart of rain-water, let settle and pour off, then bottle and add one tablespoonful of powdered borax and five drops of oil of Eucalyptus, shake well, it is then ready for use. Apply to the scalp once a week, rubbing it in with the finger tips.

Will someone tell me a remedy for chickens that are dying with a sore throat?

I live in the grand old state of Arkansas, where the big red apple grows. Cotton and corn are its chief productions, and we have the pine trees.

I guess there are lots of sisters who never saw a pine; they are large trees which are as green in winter as in summer. If any of the sisters would like to have a small pine, write me.

I wish more of the sisters in Arkansas would write.

Mrs. E. A. BURRIS, Moreland, R. F. D., 1, Ark.

## DEAR SISTERS:

I saw the queries about vine peaches. I have raised them for five years, preserved and canned them. They grow on vines like muskmelons and are about the size of and look like an orange, but when peeled and cut in half they look a great deal like a peach.

I have some seed which I can spare, and will send it those wanting them will write and pay postage.

Mrs. L. M. MOORE, Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Have you room for a bride of one year who writes to all of you from her home in the "dreary South"? I am a bride because the honeymoon has not yet waned, neither does it seem likely to and I hope

that all the sisters can say the same. I was married in Kansas and came away with my husband to his own home, a suburb of the city of Columbus, Georgia; it is a really beautiful city; whose chief industry is its numerous cotton mills.

Ada Hudgens. I liked your letter. I am very fond of poetry and am making a scrapbook. I hope you will soon be well.

I wonder if all the sisters know that boiling water may be poured in a glass without danger of breaking it if they will put a spoon in it, and that camphor and whiskey well shaken and applied to blackheads once or twice a week will remove them?

Mrs. Alice Day. I want to procure a vine that will be green all winter. Will you please tell me if the Mexican vine grows all the year round?

Mrs. L. S. Heath. I was twenty-one in September and I weigh about one hundred and twenty-nine pounds, and am five feet six inches in height. I would like to correspond with you if you will write to me; my husband is twenty-six.

Sisters, is not this quotation splendid? "If the road be the right road that we travel, what matter that the city we seek is far off?"

Now I wonder how many have found the "Way." With best wishes to all,

Mrs. W. C. EASON, Phoenix City, Ala.

## DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Would you like to hear from sunny Southern California and especially Orange Co., one of the most productive counties in the world for its size? We are situated near the famous "Celery lands" of this county, of which we are very proud. Also the Los Alamitos sugar factory fifteen miles from wonderful Long Beach and thirty-two miles from Los Angeles, now connected by electric car line to that city.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters and especially those interested in flowers.

Mrs. J. G. DUNN, Santa Ana, R. F. D., 2, Cal.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT since January, but that is time enough to fall in love with it and the sisters' corner, too. I read that first; the fancy work is my favorite department.

There are a great many COMFORT readers here, but I haven't sent a letter from this town. I agree with the sisters and I think we ought to send a pen picture of ourselves.

I am short five feet four inches high, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. I have a dark complexion, big gray eyes, brown wavy hair and a round face. I am twenty-four years old, and have been married two years. I have a fine baby boy nearly one year old, and, like most of the sisters, I have the best husband on earth. Baby's name is Doyle; he can walk and run everywhere, speaks a few words, and has six teeth, big blue-gray eyes, brown curly hair, he was born tongue tied and the doctor cut last month and cut it loose. My husband and I were both tongue tied. I will give an idea or two.

Now we all know a baby always wants new playthings. This is my way of doing: I save all the pretty little boxes and books or anything that is bright and he will not hurt himself with, and put them in a box and set it handy for me, but not for him. When I put him down to play I lay out two or three things where he can get them. When he is tired of them, he goes back and lay out some thing else he hasn't had for a day or two. I don't give them to him if he is ill-natured, for ten times out of a dozen he'll throw them down and cry, so I lay them where he can see them and he will be sure to want them and be good-natured. When a baby cries there is usually something wrong somewhere, maybe a pin unfastened, or the dress rubbing under the arms or chin, or maybe he is thirsty or hungry. So don't get provoked, or scold, but try to find the trouble and mend matters with gentleness and kindness. It is hard sometimes, but keep trying and do your best. If baby is fretful get the looking-glass and put it in a place where he can see himself, but can't get it nor hit it with anything, and see how he enjoys laughing and making faces at the baby. They will jabber at the little fellow in the glass for a long time.

When my baby, or any of the family has a cold on their lungs, I make a mixture of two teaspoonfuls of goose or chicken oil, one teaspoonful of camphor, coal oil, and turpentine. Mix well, and rub on the forehead and nose, then behind the ears and throat, and down over the body to the hips, rub freely over the back and sides. I warm soft woolen cloth and pin around him, cut out arm holes and pin on the shoulders, and put a small piece around the neck. This is done every night until cold is well, then begin to pin the flannel looser, and leave out a pin now and then; at last leave all the pins out and let him sleep out of the cloth, and there is no danger of catching a new cold.

When a child gets red and sore, wash the parts with a soft rag, warm water, and fine soap. Dry by pressing a soft towel on the flesh and don't rub; put on fresh butter, lard or tallow, and sit on fine starch. Do this every time you change their clothes until they are well.

In a future letter I will tell how I made some furniture out of store boxes. I fell in love with the dressing-table in the March number. I made a chair and some other things. I will close with a request.

My mother is a shut-in; she lives in the country and hasn't much company. She passes most of her time piecing quilts, and caring for house plants. Will a few of COMFORT sisters please send her pieces of any kind? Her address is Mrs. IDA FOULS, Springdale, R. F. D., 2, Ark.

I don't think she takes COMFORT now, she did before I married. She doesn't know I am asking this of the sisters, but she will be greatly pleased and will send thanks to all who will send her a stamped envelope with full address.

I sent E. E. Zwier a lot of canceled stamps in remembrance of her birthday, April 23.

I want to know if any of the sisters can crochet the Oak Leaf and Acorn lace? I have full directions. Write me if you want to try it.



# Comfort Recitation Club

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the sixth article in this department and we invite you all to read the introduction appearing in January issue where first article appeared.

THE selections which I send you this month may be rendered by either sex, from nine years old to ninety, so I feel sure they will be welcomed by a great number. Of course, you all understand that the ability to express thought and feeling with the voice must be developed and cultivated. That is why you practice your pieces aloud, that you may try the different tone effects. You also realize by this time that it requires a great deal of careful study to give the right facial expressions, and so you practice your selections over several times before a mirror (at least, I hope that you do). But it is not so quickly and generally recognized that Physical Culture is a necessary concomitant of education in the art of elocution. Yet this is none the less true, and I hope no one of you will neglect the opportunity, when you have it, to take up this study. No matter how well the mind may be trained, nor how agile the thought, if the body, its medium of expression, be uncultivated, with stiff inert muscles, which are unable to respond quickly to the mental impressions. The result will almost inevitably be stiff, awkward, weak and inaccurate in gesture. "Objects appeal to the mind, the mind acts, the body expresses." Therefore, cultivate your physical being. Practice sweeping, graceful motions. Teach your muscles to obey your will for "the basis of oratory is to train the body to respond to the thought." Nothing is better for this than physical culture exercises. After a time gestures will come naturally and gracefully, almost unconsciously. As you become conscious of this ease and grace you will find that you will have self-confidence, something which will help you in every walk of life.

And now once more let me urge you to study your selections over very carefully before you commit one line to memory.

COUSIN HAL.

## Popping Corn

And there they sat, a popping corn,  
John Styles and Susan Cutter—  
John Styles as fat as any ox,  
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,  
And raked and stirred the fire,  
And talked of different kinds of care,  
And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,  
Then John he shook the popper  
Till both their faces grew as red  
As sauce-pans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,  
All kinds of fun a-poking,  
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,  
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—  
John's mouth was like a hopper—  
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,  
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,  
And still the corn kept popping;  
It struck eleven and then struck twelve,  
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—  
The corn did pop and patter—  
Till John cried out, "The corn's afire!  
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;  
You'll die of indigestion;  
I'm sick of all this popping corn—  
Why don't you pop the question?"

Come before your audience with a pleasant expression on your face. You are not about to recite a dirge, but a selection brimful of droll humor. Your manner should be lively and animated. Do not attempt this recitation until you yourself feel amused. Like all humorous pieces, its success depends upon the amount of individuality the reader throws into it. A glance, a shrug, the mere raising of the eyebrows, with a little knowing nod and droll expression will frequently "bring down the house," as the saying is. Commence in a bright conversational tone. Indicate the position of John and Susan. If you wish, you can indicate John's size by placing the hands a little to each side near the waist line. The hands would be slightly in front of the body, palms in. Make a slight pause after the third line. The second verse must not be hurried. Indicate how they shelled the corn, raked the fire, etc., and lay special stress on the last line, hitching once or twice to the right. In the fourth verse the gesture is given in Fig. 26 for John's loud laugh. You could put your fingers in your mouth and glance down for Susan's "tee-hee". Glance toward the clock as it strikes nine. Show a little more concern when it strikes ten. Emphasize the word "still" in the next line. Look and point toward the clock as it strikes eleven. Make a slight emphatic pause, then, with the words "and then struck twelve," turn toward the audience.



FIG. 26. "WHILE HE HAW-HAWED." FIG. 27. "AND THEN STRUCK TWELVE."

Hence with concern written on your face, and the right hand also partly raised, as in Fig. 27. You are taking the audience into your confidence, and lean slightly toward them. Emphasize the words "ate" and "thought." Susan's patience is being tried to the utmost limit and, in the last verse, you must bring out her thorough exasperation at John's "bashful backwardness."

## The Heights of Lintagath

With muffled hoofs the horses bore their riders into night.  
Oh! rugged, rugged was the path, and stormy was the night!  
And ragged, ragged in the sky the lightnings fierce and keen  
Lit up the woman's features, and the men she rode between.

And it lighted up the path  
Leading down to Lintagath.

Fair Lintagath, in silence slept profoundly on the hill,  
With naught but that slight woman 'twixt her and Britain's will.

Her tired people slumbered without a dream of fear.  
They could not see the riders; their steps they could not hear.  
Stealing down the mountain path,  
Stealing down to Lintagath.

## Lesson Talk

The effect produced by this selection will depend upon the reader's power to vividly imagine the scene and then present the word picture to the audience in a clear and sympathetic manner. The selection is dramatic, and both mind and body must be thoroughly awake. In the first verse we have a very good opportunity for vocal description. Let the voice show the qualities indicated by the



FIG. 28. "AND JAGGED, FIG. 29. "AND PIERRED JAGGED IN THE SKY." INTO THE NIGHT."

descriptive adjectives. Indicate the direction from which the riders come toward the left, the storm to the right, as it gives a more dramatic effect to have them ride toward the storm rather than away from it. The next verse is given in a quiet, descriptive tone. Lintagath will lay opposite the path by which the riders are coming. The storm, in itself symbolic of hidden danger, hangs over the town. I would suggest emphasizing the words "dream" in the third line, and "they" in the fourth. Follow the word "stealing" to show how they crept down the mountain path. In the third verse you describe the girl's mental suffering. Imagine yourself in her place. Fig. 29 shows the gesture for the third line. Still imagining yourself in this girl's position, give the fourth verse with deep feeling, as she would have done. Put strong emphasis on "yet," in the next to the last line. Plan your gestures in the fifth verse so that, when she "turned them toward the right" it will turn

But long as deed, heroic the soul of man shall prize,  
Tears for the Maid of Lintagath shall dim remembering eyes;  
And aged grandsires tell the tale, where Kenner's waters flow,  
Of one who died to save her home, two hundred years ago.  
Still, still she treads the path—  
Evermore—to Lintagath.

—Evelyn Phinney.

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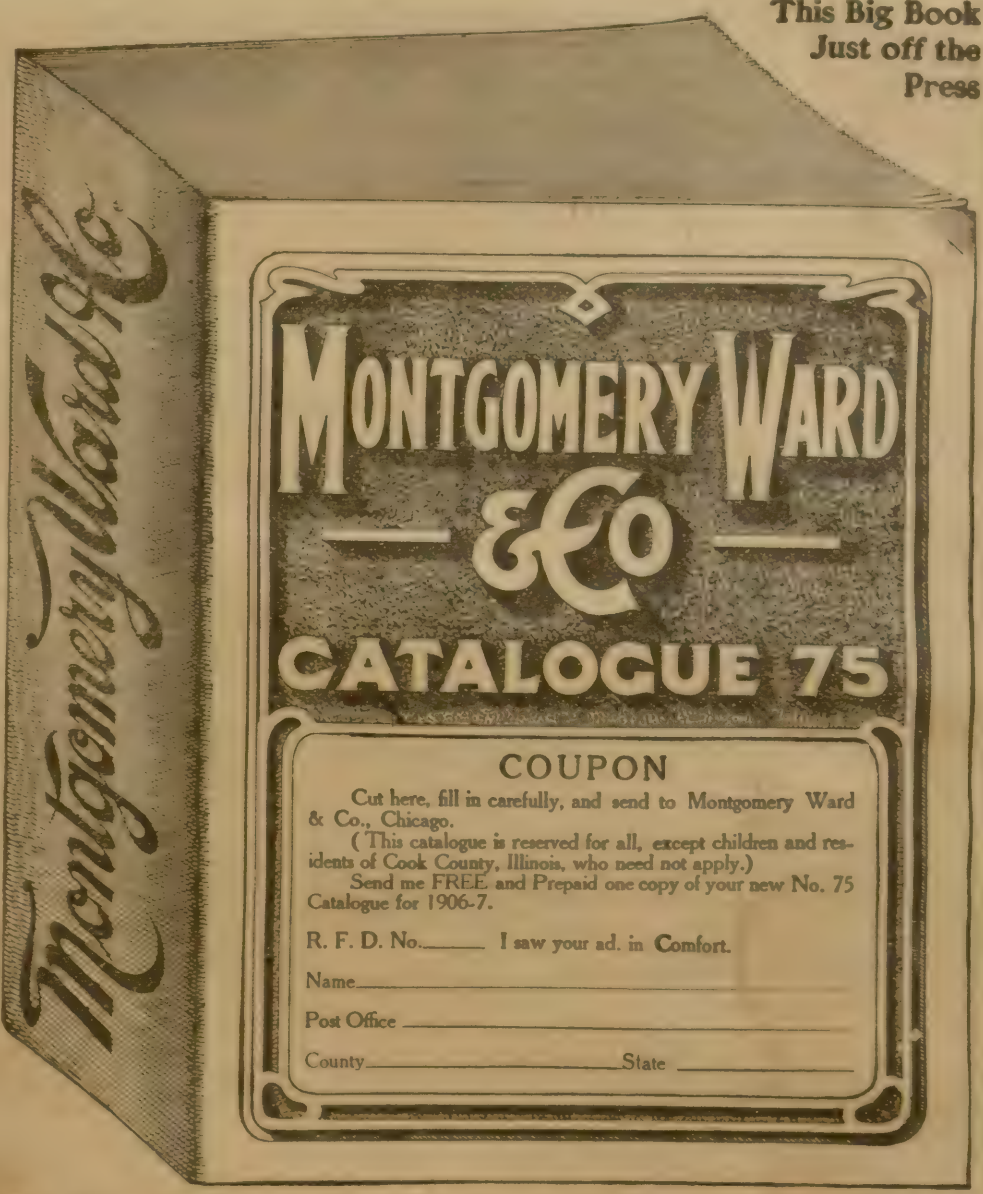
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toward the audience, and "Devil's Leap" will be almost in front of you, but a little to the right. There is a good chance for dramatic effect here. Emphasize the word "thought." Give the next two verses with much sympathetic feeling. Show how anxiously the little brother and sister watch for her, gazing, of course, toward the left. The last verse is given rather slowly in a strong descriptive style. Do not turn squarely either to left or right, but rather to the left or right front. Address all letters for this department to COUSIN HAL, care of Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

### Requests from Shut-ins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

DEAR SISTERS:

I am writing in behalf of a poor little cripple girl, who cannot hold her head up. Kindly remember her with letters, scraps of any kind will be appreciated; her address is:

MISS KATE GARRETT, Benhur, Va.

### Miscellaneous Requests

I would like seashells, minerals, fossils, Indian relics or curios, suitable for a cabinet; will return all favors.

Mrs. LEVI W. HAM, East Mercer, Maine.

Will some of the sisters send me ripe cotton and rice on stem, and also inform me how to extract oil from peppermint.

Mrs. J. KROOK, Hilliards, Mich.

Mrs. Adam Mackenzie, Strathcarroll Area, East Canada, would like to hear from sisters interested in or having crazy quilts.

Will some kind contributor send me directions with illustrations, if possible, for crocheting a baby's little hood in roll stitch.

MISS ANNA REHOB, Wilber, Neb.

Will some of the sisters kindly send me Comfort for 1906, beginning with May number; will return kindness in any way that I can.

EURA M. PIERCE, 511 Chicago Ave., Galena, Kans.

Will some sister send me a few Job's tears. I will refund postage.

Mrs. BOND WALLACE, Quincy, E. F. D., 54, W. Va.

Will some sister send me directions for making apple jam and apple butter.

Mrs. MATTIE RAY, Prattville, Ark.

Have any of the sisters ever colored velvets. If so will you kindly send directions to this corner.

Mrs. J. A. LASH, Auburn, E. F. D., 3, Ind.

Will some kind friend please send me either

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



# The Mystery of the Coiled Asp Or, Princess of His Heart

By Davoust Stanislas Romantsof

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### "REFUSAL IS DEATH."

**A** BEAUTIFUL girl, sunny haired, blue-eyed, charming, but madly angry, sat upon the side of a common white-iron cot, and beat with her little fists, as she cried again and again:

"Let me out, I say, let me out. How dare you keep me here? I will not stay, let me out, and yet she had been a prisoner for over a fortnight."

"I haven't seen one, except him," she thought, "and so I cannot tell who is detaining me. Oh, if I were only free. My poor darling, how I want to relieve your mind!" a burst of tears followed this, then the young lady once more began her plea for help.

Suddenly the door opened, and a be-whiskered face peeped in.

"You are making a noise, yes," he remarked quite simply.

"Of course I am," sobbed the girl. "Let me out and send me home. Those who love me must be perishing for news of me."

"You no longer belong to them, no," asserted the man, looking down upon her.

"Why not?"

"You must take the oath you promised," he said sternly.

"What oath?" she sobbed, although she knew only too well, and wanted to die because of that knowledge.

"THE OATH OF THE COILED ASP."

"I will not take it," she sobbed wrathfully.

"I have you taught as to the alternative," muttered the man.

"Yes," the lips of the girl trembled, but her answer was firm.

"Well?" he asked.

"I prefer the alternative. You have poisoned my mind with your wonderful stories of freeing Russia. What can such a band as you do? Men who prey upon defenceless women until you get them bound by false oaths? I loathe you, and I hope that you may be punished sometime for your wickedness."

A smile rested upon the dark face of the Russian, but he said nothing, and the girl continued:

"I have left a happy home and loving man for you and your false oaths. My reputation is ruined, and if I do not take that fearful oath, you will make me die a horrible death. Then, I'll die the death, but I will not take the oath," and she glared at him wrathfully, then as his face was withdrawn, she began to sob and wring her hands.

With him gone, everything seemed so silent, that she was frightened.

"Even he would be better than this suspense," she cried, going about the room uneasily.

"I wonder how it comes. It is easy enough to defy the world, but it is terrible to be thus, not knowing from what the terrible thing may come," and she shuddered.

Above her bed was a rude effigy in plaster of a COILED ASP, its scales clearly shown; upon the wall upon the opposite side was a splendid portrait of the same. Shut in this small room alone with these two representatives to gaze upon it was a wonder that the poor girl had not lost her reason.

Slowly her eyes seemed drawn toward the plaster cast. She was trembling horribly, yet she knew that from it would come her death. With her heart in her mouth, she drew nearer and nearer, every sense absorbed in the terrible fascination which held her.

She did not hear the door open, or see a stalwart young man, and another, whose face she knew well, following. She did not hear the faint whisper of the first man in the ear of the other:

"Is this the one?" nor the reply of the second:

"Indeed it is."

She was deaf to the further admonition of the first man:

"Keep perfectly quiet, for we must have plenty of evidence of this foul thing," was his companion's reply.

"Must we wait long?"

The first man shook his head and advanced step by step, until he stood almost beside the girl, who with strained eyes, was watching the horrible image. She was dead to his presence as though he were a hundred miles away.

Suddenly a hollow voice sounded in the room:

"One more chance is given you. Will you swear the OATH OF THE COILED ASP?"

"No," she returned, in stirring tones.

"Then the death of the COILED ASP will come upon you within the moment."

iron bed on which lay the remains of a once handsome and gallant man.

"My wife," the man said in a voice that sounded far off.

"Dear Michael," she returned gently.

"And you do not regret?" he asked in an agonized tone.

The beautiful woman paused a moment. She remembered many things and it was difficult to reply.

"I know I have wronged you from the moment I first met you," he said, with a sob in his throat.

"No, no," she cried quickly, remembering his reverent courtship.

"Ah, but yes. I knew that as a member of the order of the COILED ASP I had no right to think of you, or of a wife of any kind."

"Tell me what was your pledge?"

"Never mind what it was. I have paid with my life for my rebellion."

"Then you were injured by some of your order?" she cried, a furious light coming into her eyes.

"Yes. I was obedient, and remained away from you for a year, but I could not stand it any more. So I sent for you, thinking I could serve two, my order and you."

Gently the young wife poured a cordial down his throat.

"They discovered me, and sent someone out to find you and murder you."

The man's voice was very weak, but his clutch on his wife's hand, where now gleamed the wedding ring of her proper rank, and not the flat-faced monogram ring she had worn so long, was steadfast.

"Listen! They tracked another woman, one of our own, who had foolishly taken the oath. She was chased into a gloomy old house. Knowing that the mother of male children is exempt, provided they are born to women married at the time of taking the oath, she stole the child of a neighbor, a tiny little chap, and fled with him, the avengers on her path."

The weak voice grew low.

"She and the child were murdered horribly," the man said slowly.

"How?" asked the wife gently.

"An asp was let loose, and allowed to feast upon their poor bodies. A poor creature kept at starving point."

Little wonder the wife sobbed bitterly, as she sat, her hand in that of her husband, although sorrowful as it may seem, her heart was with another.

"And you joined such an order?" she asked slowly.

"When I was nothing more than a boy. I did not understand, but on account of my rank, I was placed high in the order. They felt they dared not allow me to marry, and when they found I had without exacting the oath, they were wild with fury."

"Why?"

"It was a rule of the order, since its inception over a hundred years ago, that all women, married at the time of taking the oath, who bore women children were exempt for a year; those who bore men children, under the same conditions, were exempt forever. They did not dare change this provision, inserted no one knew why, except that the founder and his wife were married, and so they tried to induce young girls to take the oath, and then when they had them sufficiently frightened, to marry them to Russians, filled with what we all believed was patriotic enthusiasm."

"What do you know it is now, Michael?" the wife asked gently.

"Murder," was the quiet answer. "My love for you taught me that. Still, let us leave all this alone, my Princess. I will be dead soon. No, I am certain. A slow poison, of which we of the order alone know, has been injected. That is why the physicians have been able to do nothing with me."

The sweet, grave face sank lower, the beautiful eyes brimmed with tears.

"I did not care so very much, loved one, why should I? You have never loved me, dear, and I hope you love someone else?"

"Michael!"

"Dearest wife, tell me, is it not so? Remember you are not speaking to a live man, but one who is already just vanishing. I do not deserve any of your tenderness and sweetness which I have always had, for I took advantage, shameful advantage, of your youth and inexperience. Forgive me by telling me."

"My husband, my dear, I never want to hear of other love, I just must live to remember you, who die in your youth and helplessness, just when our life stretches out before us. If you are taken, I will only live for you."

A rarely sweet expression came over the dying man's face, as he whispered:

"Tell me, darling:

The lovely face flushed terribly, the dear eyes drooped, then the wife whispered:

"Michael, I am still so young. I scarcely knew what I was doing, but there will never be anything again with which to reproach ourselves. You shall live."

"I wanted you to tell me, for I feared something of this kind. I have done you so much harm already, that I want to be that you will only think of me as one who had much more than he ever deserved in that he was able to call you wife for a time. Remember to you I have been but the man you loved, but these hands, stretching out the long, slender, tapering fingers which could evoke such delightful harmony, are stained with human blood."

The wife shuddered, but conquering herself, caught them in her own warm ones, and covered them with kisses.

"My love and devotion will take all that away. You have been an ideal husband, and I WILL LOVE YOU."

How pathetic the dying face looked, as the man hungrily drank in each feature, then he once more shook his head:

"A man who induces a fifteen-year-old girl to consent to a secret marriage, makes her his wife when she knows nothing of the sacrifice she is making; leaves her alone for a year, and then returns only to die in her arms, is scarcely an ideal husband for anyone, and least of all for you, my Princess."

"I do not care for that, I just want to be your wife," she sobbed.

"Bear the title until you exchange it for another's name, darling, just to show that the man you chose in your girlish ignorance was not a beggar picked from the streets, promise."

"I promise."

"Then promise that you will marry the man you really love."

"I cannot, I cannot do it!"

"Darling, the man's voice was so faint that its tones barely came to her, 'I'm dying, promise,' and as she bent over him, she whispered:

"I promise," and as Michael Aronskoff's eyes closed in death, his wife, Sweetheart, looked up to find her father and Orfield Jamison bending over her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AS THE NEWSPAPERS SAW IT.

The current newspapers had several items which interested various characters who have appeared in former pages.

The day following the death of Michael Aronskoff, this bit of news was given after the dead man was given his full name and title:

"Dearest Michael gave up his life in an attempt to disrupt one of the most dangerous of the many Russian secret societies undermining the public welfare. While a member himself, he did not approve of certain practices and refusing to live up to what he believed was a wicked oath, he bravely met death in the arms of his wife, the Princess Sweetheart, formerly Miss Sweetheart Kingston of this city."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A HUSBAND'S GENEROSITY.

"Is there no hope?"

"No, your highness."

"Please remember I am an American and that I do not care for any titles. Is there none at all?"

"The best physicians in the city have given their opinion," returned the surgeon.

"Poor man," she sighed, turning to the nat ow

Another paper gave a bit of news, only interesting to the intimate friends of the young couple:

"Harry Wilson and wife are going to Alabama, where Harry has accepted a new job. Mrs. Wilson has been rather under the weather for some time, the result of a fright she must have had a short time ago. Of course the baby goes with them."

Brave young wife, she had never told her husband, but she was not happy until a new home had sheltered her, and old fears melted away in the smiles of her loved ones.

Those who had known Eugene Layton, the news of her marriage to one of their associates took a heavy burden from poor Sweetheart's heart, but perhaps after all the item which occasioned the most stir was this:

"Married, Thomas Billings and Wanda Howard," and directly following it the notice of the formation of the new partnership of "T. & W. Billings, detectives."

"I don't deserve what you've given me, Mr. Jamison, indeed I don't, and I won't take more than I said, which is principally pay."

Orfield, his heart light, the mystery solved, only laughed, and deposited to the credit of the junior member of the new firm, the sum of ten thousand dollars. He did not dare give more for fear he hurt these staunch friends of his.

Under the same tree which shelters the tiny babe whom she had tried to shield, even after she had taken it to save her life, lies the body of the woman once thought to be that of Sweetheart Kingston. A simple stone marks her grave on which is carved:

"IN THE HEREAFTER ALL WILL BE KNOWN."

## PROLOGUE.

Two years later, a lady and gentleman stood together beside a rippling brook on the country estate of Mr. Kingston, and the latter's face showed traces of tears. The man was worried, but finally he said gently:

"My dearest, I will not bother. If his terrible death has killed your love, I dare not complain, although it breaks me all up."

The lady turned, her lovely eyes shining through her tears, the sun catching the gold of her hair.

"I have loved you so long, holding out her hands, 'I just had to remember, you know?'"

Yes the noble soul did know, and loved her all the better for her tenderness for the memory, who according to our American standards had treated her so dastardly, and yet who was so fascinating and pure-minded a man according to his lights.

Suddenly the man asked:

"Have you realized that when you marry me, you cease to be a Princess?" but she crept into his arms, and he knew by her whisper how much she did love him?

"I would rather be princess of your heart than to wear all the titles the world can bestow."

## THE END.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

### Miscellaneous Requests

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

some seed or some berries called poke berries. I will return the favor if possible.

Miss CARRIE K. NIELSEN, Box 43, Minden, R. F. D., 1, Neb.

Mrs. D. W. Kirby, Whelen Springs, R. F. D., 1, Ark., requests directions for making apple marmalade.

Will some one please send me cotton on the stem, rice on the stem, China berries, coffee beans and a large weed bulb or weed with two horns and I will return all favors in the way you like it possible. I will also send reading matter to anyone sending postage.

Mrs. F. G. PHASE, Dolores, Colorado.

Mrs. John A. Perry, Box 129, Williamstown, Vt. Pieces of silk, satin or velvet.

Mrs. Eva Grove, Delina, Okla. Pieces of any kind for patchwork.

Miss Tina Ellison, Lincoln, Ark. Pieces of any kind for patchwork, also directions and patterns for painting pillow shams.

Sarah L. Ellison, Lincoln, Ark. Calico pieces, books and papers.

Mrs. Henry Scheel, Stuttgart, Ark. Pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or worsted goods.

Mrs. John DeGraff, 112 14th Ave., Newark, N. J. Pieces of silk, or satin three by four inches, with name and address of sender worked in silk.

Miss Leona V. Callen, Beckwith, Cal. Pieces of silk, satin, or velvet.

Mrs. S. L. Bond, Bremen, R. F. D., 1, Ga. Quilt blocks, eight inches square, worked with name and address of sender in red cotton.

Mrs. Leslie H. Combs, Houlton, Oregon. Patterns for cross-stitching.

Miss Ruth Ritter, Box 62, Cameron, R. F. D., 5, Mo. Blocks of calico, eight inches square.

Mrs. Nancy M. Souther, Box 109, Columbus, Ward Co., N. D. Pieces of calico.

Mrs. M. H. Guntle, Colfax, Ind. Pieces of silk, velvet and calico.

Mrs. Geo. W. Wilson, Rockford, Iowa. Different patterns for quilt and cross-stitch designs.

Miss Myrtle Tanner, Box 25, R. F. D., 3, Gladys, Va. Blocks, twelve by twelve inches like the Williams Star which appeared in June, '06, of blue and white cotton goods.

Mrs. Lizzie Rippel, Hollis, Okla. Calico pieces six by eight inches. Letters also appreciated.

## Comforting Hints from the Sisters

**TO REMOVE INK STAINS.** On paper or cloth, apply with a small camel's-hair brush, a solution of oxalic acid, in the proportion of one ounce to one half pint of water; the ink stains will immediately disappear. This will also remove iron rust spots on clothing.

**TO MEND CHINA.** Takes very thick solution of gum arabic cast into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of the proper consistency; apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china ware, and stick them together, and if possible wrap a string tightly around the article, thus binding the parts firmly together, and do not disturb until thoroughly united, which will require several days or a week.

**TO REMOVE FINGER-MARKS.** On a highly polished piano, wipe with a cloth wet in pure cold water. It does not injure in the slightest if wiped dry, and restores the new look at once.

**TO REVIVE WITHERED FLOWERS.** Plunge the stems in boiling water, and by the time the water is cold, the flowers will revive; the ends of the stems should then be cut off, and the flowers should be put to stand in cold water, and they will keep fresh for several days.

**TO RESTORE A CANE CHAIR BOTTOM.** Turn the chair, bottom upward, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty use soap; let it dry in the open air, and it will be as tight and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken.

**TO REMOVE BRUISES FROM FURNITURE.** Wet the bruised spots with warm water, soak a piece of brown paper of several thicknesses in warm water, and lay over the place, then apply a warm salton until the moisture is gone. Repeat if necessary, and the bruises will disappear.

**TO CLEAN OSTRICH FEATHERS.** White or light-tinted ones can be laid on a plate and scrubbed gently with a tooth-brush, in warm soapsuds, then well shaken out and well dried either by the sun or a hot stove. At first the feather will have a most discouraging appearance, and one is apt to think it nearly spoiled. But after it is perfectly dry it should be carefully curled with a penknife or scissors' blade, and it will recover all its former plump softness.

**TO MAKE SHOE POLISH.** Mix the white of an egg with soap, and then polish with a brush; this is a good polish and will not rub off.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

**SEND NO MONEY**

No. 123 Medium size, hand-made over buckram frame. Is made entirely of richly shirred black excellent quality imported velvet. Trimming consists of a bunch of three fine quality black Genuine Ostrich Plumes, caught on left side crown, with a rich ornament. Extending from side crown over left side entirely around the rim is richly shirred, wide good quality black satin taffeta ribbon. Another pretty ornament adorns left side.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## Winter Feeding

**E**IGHT empty barrels from your grocery man cost ten cents each. Square lids, to cover the tops, are easily made. A coat of tar on the outside makes them so slippery that rats and mice can't run up them. Anyway, rodents dislike tar so much they won't eat through it; therefore the tarred barrels make safe, inexpensive bins to store the different grains in. With a white distinguishing number, they look quite tidy and business-like, even if they have to be kept in the summer kitchen. Wherever they stand, put bricks, or blocks of wood under them, so that the air can circulate between the bottom of the tarred barrel and the floor; that prevents damp causing the contents to mildew.

All being ready, buy bags of ground feed (oats and corn), white middlings, bran, linseed meal, animal meal, whole corn, wheat, oats, millet seed, and a bale of clover hay.

Start operations by putting, in a dry dish-pan, two quarts each of ground feed and bran, and a quart of animal meal. Mix thoroughly with your hands, and empty into barrel No. 1. Repeat that till the materials are all used up. This is to form the foundation of mash No. 1.

Start the next by placing two quarts of middlings and a quart of linseed meal in your dish-pan. Mix thoroughly, and put it in barrel No. 2, and go on till full. This is mash No. 2.

Now you need a saucupan with a close-fitting lid, that will hold from five to ten quarts, according to the number of hens you have.

To prepare mash No. 1: Take from barrel No. 1, one quart of the mixture for every ten birds. Put it in a saucupan, and just moisten with boiling water, really boiling. Cover, and stand behind the stove until the morning.

For mash No. 2: One quart of clover hay, cut into half-inch lengths. Place in the saucupan, and pour over a quart of boiling water. Cover, and stand to steam for two hours. Mix a pint of barrel No. 2, and again let it stand in a warm place till morning.

All mashes must be moist, never wet; fed just warm, never hot.

Long, V-shaped troughs, are best to feed mashes in. They are easily made by taking two pieces of planed pine, three feet long, and one four inches wide, the other three and a half. Nail them together lengthwise. Next take two pieces, a foot long and five inches wide, and nail on to each end to close up the trough, and make it stand firm. This plan enables each hen to get her share of feed, and prevents the birds from trampling dirt into the mash, as they will if flat dishes are used.

## Bill of Fare

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.—Morning, mash No. 1, and half a pint of millet seeds scattered in the leaves, straw, or whatever is on the floor as scratching materials. Night, one pint of whole corn, one pint of oats.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.—Mornings, mash No. 2. Noon, cut green food, and half a pint of kaffir corn to scratch for. Night, one pint of wheat, one pint of corn.

Sunday.—Morning, mash No. 1, and half a pint of barley. Noon, cabbage cut in half, or turnip. Night, corn and oats.

The noon meal may be omitted sometimes on Sunday. On Monday morning, wheat, and cracked corn or barley, may be used instead of mash, so as to save mixing on Sunday night. Plenty of sharp grit must invariably be accessible to the birds, and fresh water night and morning.

Hens, like all other stock, demand regular hours. In fact, punctuality in all matters concerning birds or animals saves time, for they are always ready and waiting once they get used to the hours.

In feeding hens, cultivate the habit of noticing them. See that all have a fair share. As with human beings, there are in every flock two or three greedy, selfish creatures, who will push timid ones to the wall unless watched.

The question is often asked, How much food per hen? This can only be answered approximately, for about every breed differs, and almost every hen has individuality. The best thing a beginner can do is to put the mash into the trough, see how much they will eat in ten or fifteen minutes, and thereafter give about half that quantity; for their crops should not be filled in the morning, so that they will be busy all day scratching and hunting food. At night a good feed is all right; it has to last until breakfast, and keep them warm and comfortable. All potatoes and apple peelings can be boiled up and mixed with bran for a change. It saves feed, as will any other garden produce, and if only a few fowls are kept, table scraps are excellent.

This month and next is the time to gather up all the leaves you can find, from the woods; also the nuts, for smashed up, they make a good noon feed now and then, besides amusing the birds for hours.

Skim milk is good, either to scald and mix mash with, or given as drink.

If you are where it is impossible to get meat scraps or green bone, buy beef scraps by the bag, and add to No. 1 mixture—one quart to each four quarts of grain.

## Winter Troubles

Roup is an infectious disease, and can be brought into your yard by some strange bird. Therefore, whenever you make a fresh purchase, keep the newcomer, or newcomers, in separate places, as far removed from your regular runs as possible, until you are sure. Adopt a chicken quarantine in fact.

Usually, however, you can find the cause of a roup outbreak right on your own farm. A neglected cold is nearly always the start. The simple cold develops into the deadly roup, in no time at all. It at once becomes contagious if passed along, spreading like scandal, right through the flock. You can't watch your birds

too closely, especially at morning feed. Eager eating indicates sound health. If at night a bird looks dumpy and sneezes, take it out of the run and place in a dry coop, where it will get plenty of sun.

What is very puzzling is that the symptoms of common cold and roup are at first identical—watery eyes, sloughing at the nostrils, sometimes diarrhoea. At first a thin, slight discharge, then abundant, finally thick, drying on the surface. If it is roup, the odor is dreadful. The victim's strength rapidly fades. If the head swells, the attack is at its worst, perhaps; probably incurable. Examine the throat. You will find small, irregular patches of gray or yellow at the back. These patches increase rapidly, finally running together, thus forming a tough membrane, almost closing the throat. If you try to remove it, blood oozes. If there are no spots, no bad odor, and the membrane comes away easily, the trouble is only catarrh, but happily not contagious.

Bronchitis, canker, pneumonia and influenza are all more or less alike in symptoms, and are constantly mistaken for roup. They are kindred diseases anyway; all spring from cold. My advice is, don't wait to diagnose the case. At once start to destroy the embryo germs, without waiting to determine the particular family they belong to.

Having quarantined the suspected bird, start treatment. If there is any discharge anywhere, thoroughly scrub with some antiseptic solution night and morning. Dr. Woods recommends hydrogen dioxide with fifteen drops of tincture of phytolacca root in each pint of drinking water. Food to be light and nourishing. For all forms of colds he gives: Tincture of aconite, ten drops; byronia, ten drops; tincture of spongia, ten drops; alcohol enough to make one fluid ounce. One spoonful of this to be added to every quart of drinking water.

My own personal supply of drugs for self, family, poultry, pets and livestock consists of permanganate of potassium. It comes in little flaky, deep-lake colored crystals, and cost next to nothing. Dissolve a thimbleful of these in a quart of water, and you have an A.1 disinfectant. A dessert-spoonful of that mixture, diluted with half a pint of water, becomes an antiseptic solution that meets every requirement for internal or external use. Fifty cents' worth will last a year, even if generously used, as a purifier in and out of the house. It has also the added advantage of being easily sent through the mail without fear of breakage. If kept in a tin with a close-fitting lid, or a wide mouthed bottle severely corked, it will last indefinitely.

When we have a bird with a cold, it goes into a coop with plenty of straw on the bottom, and it is kept all the time in the sun. At night a curtain of bags insures warmth. Mouth, eyes and nostrils are swabbed with water, to which the permanganate mixture has been added; half a teaspoonful goes down the sick bird's throat.

Food consists of stale bread moistened with milk, in which onions have been boiled. If the diarrhoea is bad, a thimbleful of poppyseed is added, or water in which mullein has been boiled is given as a drink. A change of food is arrived at by boiling rice, mixing it with chopped parsley and green sprouts of onions, chopped fine, and charcoal mixed in, once a day. If we have milky puddings for dinner, some of it goes to the patient—in short, any of the nourishing food you would give a child, will serve.

This "homey" doctoring has always answered with my poultry; it's much easier than doctoring with medicine, often not on hand and, on a farm, not easy to get.

## Correspondence

E. B.—Why must I have two brooders? Why do you advise outdoor ones?

A.—If you have an incubator hatching eggs, the second lot would be twenty-three or four days after the first. Unless you had two brooders, there would be no mother for the second lot. Outdoor brooders were advised, because they can be set outside in the coldest weather. Indoor ones, as the name implies, must be kept in the house.

C. F.—What will prevent chickens from pulling out the feathers?

A.—It is a bad habit to break them of when once acquired. If you can locate the hens who do it, remove them from the flock before the habit becomes general. Feed more animal meal. Hang up a piece of salt pork where they can get it.

A. H.—First I will describe my chickens, then ask a few questions about them. Their combs are pale, and they do not seem to digest their food. Their crops seem to stay full for twenty-four hours, and their droppings are of a greenish-yellow color. I don't get any eggs. I feed corn, oats, and ground oats, making a porridge of the latter, and put in red pepper. They also have about four quarts of warm, skim milk. House is warm. They are on a free range. I warm the feed. The last four nights I lost fourteen fowls. They eat all right at night, and are dead in the morning.

A.—Your birds are in a very bad condition. Indigestion, caused in all probability by the red pepper, and too many oats with the hulls on. Warm food and warm milk are both dangerous commodities. For every ten hens, steam one pint of chopped clover hay over night, then mix through it half a pint of ground feed (oats and corn mixed). At noon feed some meat scraps or green bone; at night, as long as the weather is cold, whole corn. Before commencing this change of diet, starve for twenty-four hours. See that the birds have a good supply of sharp grit. In their water there must be a tablespoonful of rice boiled for every quart.

M. V. H.—What ails my poultry? Have lost several young chickens and turkeys from a disease that affects the eyes. The eye gets pink, swells, and they droop around for a few days, then die. It seems contagious.

A.—Your description would suggest Keratitis, which is an inflammation of the outer membrane covering the eye. This usually arises from cold, or rather, draught. It can be cured by removing the bird to a small, well sheltered, and bathing the eye three or four times a day in a wash made by dissolving sufficient permanganate of potassium in water to turn it a rose-pink, or say the fourth of a thimbleful in half a pint of water. Unfortunately, the fact that your birds die makes me think that you have not given all the symptoms. If the nostrils are closed up with sticky matter, and throat inflamed, or yellow spots are visible, the birds have roup or canker, both such dangerous infectious diseases that it is best to kill the affected victims. If you wish to treat them use the wash and then, holding the mouth open, scatter a little of the following powder down the throat. Equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid and subnitrate of bismuth, well mixed.

V. C. D.—Which do you think best for market eggs, Leghorns or Brahmas? Or can you tell me any better than these?

A.—Leghorns need very good housing to get winter eggs. Brahmas fatten almost too easily. White Wyandottes come between the two and are, I think, better than either. The Rhode Island Reds are also good.

M. H.—My young ducks seem to be unsteady on their legs. There are ten of them which I have hatched out under a hen. They are thoroughbred and I take great care of them. They have a quart of corn meal, made into a mash, night and morning. They are three weeks old.

A.—You are over-feeding. Use a pint of bran

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and one cup of corn meal, one tablespoonful of bone meal, and meat meal, and a pinch of salt. If yarded, add vegetables. Three times a week use ground oats instead of corn.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

A cousin writes to ask why it was the July calendar, on the front page of COMFORT for that month, had but 30 days. That's easy. The thirty-first of July asked us for a vacation, so we gave it a day off to go to Coney Island, New York. This is the first time in thousands of years July 31st has laid off, so I trust you will not object to us giving it a day off. It isn't right to work the calendar so hard; give it a rest up once in a while. Give a day a day off once in a while. Now hustle round and bring me in some new League members. I want 20,000 new cousins by April first next. The one who brings in the most new members will receive an autographed copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems as a token of appreciation. Now remember the shut-ins, and be good girls, and other things, until we meet to eat the Christmas turkey next month.

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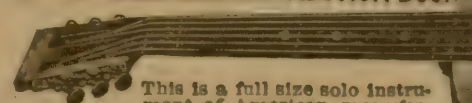
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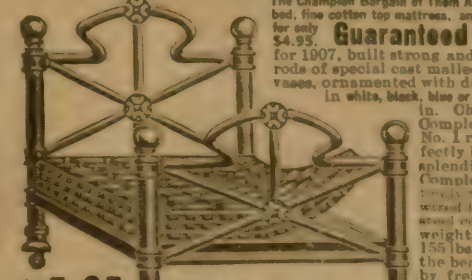
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## WANTED







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# ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl sings "He stood and measured the earth and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills—There the report of two pistols and Edna witnesses a duel where "honorable satisfaction" is obtained, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Harry Dent's wife arrives; she falls senseless, dying the next day, and husband and wife sleep side by side. Edna, walking to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, is startled by a harsh voice. "Are you stone deaf? Is there a blacksmith shop near?" Edna points in the direction, and when she arrives there sees the stranger, who is impatient at the delay, and who curses her grandfather. The horse is vicious. The work finished, the man tosses a gold coin, which Aaron Hunt will not accept. Edna may have it. In his haste the stranger drops a copy of Dante. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She is cared for by Mrs. Wood, who tells her her grandmother died during her illness. Edna decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory. She boards the train at Chattanooga. The day wears away, night comes on, and she falls asleep. She is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds; there is a scramble, then a shock and crash, and all is chaos.

Edna is severely injured; she is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, and tenderly cared for by Haver, a colored nurse, who uses her influence in behalf of Edna. Mrs. Murray will educate her, exacting certain things; she will be displeased if she talks to the servants, or encourages them to talk to her. Mrs. Murray's son, St. Elmo, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval concerning her, his mother's misplaced charity and Mrs. Murray's promise that you will not only snarl and sneer at her religion. A ringing laugh is his only answer and Edna recognizes the owner of the lost Dante—the man who once was her grandfather. Haver wants her to keep out of Mrs. Murray's path. By the aid of crutches Edna can walk, and she explores the house, entering all rooms except two. Mrs. Murray explains they are her son's. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog snuffing at her hands and feet. His voice thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him back. She pleads for the dog, and matches the stick from his hand, refusing to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. Edna returns the lost Dante. St. Elmo walks up and down his elegant rooms filled with rare curios from foreign lands. On a slab is a miniature tomb about four feet tall, the richly carved doors of which is opened only by a curiously shaped key which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain. He ponders on his lost manhood and Edna's abhorrence of him.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond, the minister of the largest church in the county, as Edna's instructor, and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. Mrs. Murray cautions Edna never to refer to her domestic afflictions—years ago he lost his family. St. Elmo starts on his long journey to Oceania. He intrusts a key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone—not even his mother; secondly that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years, and she has good reason to consider him dead. She will not betray the trust. Mrs. Murray has daily family prayers. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth and high social standing, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister, gives a party on his birthday. It is Edna's and Mrs. Inge sends her an invitation by Gordon. He gives Edna a curious ring with characters meaning, "Peace be with thee." Edna hesitates in accepting it. Gordon asks Mrs. Murray to decide. She did right in not accepting it, but with Mrs. Murray's advice and consent she may wear it. Edna declines to go to the party, but Mrs. Murray insists. Edna overhears criticisms and sneers concerning her station, and Mrs. Murray's and Mr. Hammond's scheming to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Mrs. Murray receives a letter. St. Elmo will not return for one year. Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. The echo of her voice seems sepulchral and Edna walks up to the tomb; a spider has woven his drapery over the entrance to it. She takes the key from her pocket, and puts it far enough in to eject the intruder. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence. Edna refuses an invitation to dine at Mrs. Inge's and gives Mrs. Murray her reasons. Going to the library she is absorbed in study, when suddenly looking up she sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He tells her he doubts her. His suspicions are unjust and insulting. If she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed; he has tempted her and she stands firm. Mrs. Murray returns. She places a bouquet in Edna's hands by request of Gordon Leigh. Mrs. Murray promises him that Edna will go to meet him. She promises him that Gordon will go to meet him. Edna conducts family prayers. St. Elmo buys a ring in Naples, and asks Edna to accept it in token of her care of the golden key; she refuses the gift and St. Elmo drops it on the glowing coals. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglass G. Manning, and St. Elmo's eyes seem to glitter on the page.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna Earl; she refuses him. He confides his sorrow to Mr. Hammond. Estelle Harding impugns, to Mrs. Murray, the motive of winning St. Elmo's hand as reason for Edna's refusal to become Gordon Leigh's wife. Mrs. Murray is indignant. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. She demands the letter. He places it in Edna's hand. The coming of Clinton Allison is announced. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna he may send the manuscript as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word. Reluctantly Edna shows Mr. Manning's signature. To Mrs. Murray she declares she loves no one better than Gordon Leigh. She does not acknowledge Clinton Allison's salutation. In him she recognizes the player of Harry Dent and his wife. St. Elmo exacts an apology and Edna remains firm in her conviction. Estelle and St. Elmo engage in an argument, in which Mrs. Murray and Clinton join.

Mr. Hammond has unwelcome visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. Mrs. Powell sends a letter to Estelle Harding by Edna. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. A sobbing prayer trembles on Edna's lips for St. Elmo. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo ridiculed and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo gazes on the scene and yearningly extends his arms to the two who are unconscious of his presence.

The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave Le Bocage. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Mr. Hammond offers her a home; her decision is unalterable. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Haldah Reed and he finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming charity in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wretched life.

## CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

SOME months after my recovery, while I was out on a camp-hunt, you were brought to Le Bocage, and the sight of you made me more vindictive than ever. I believed you selfishly designing, and I could not bear that you should remain under the same roof with me. I hated children as I hated men and women. But that day when you deduced me in the park, and told me I was sinful and cruel, I began to notice you closely. I weighed your words, watched you when you little dreamed that I was present, and often concealed myself in order to listen to your conversation. I saw in your character traits that annoyed me, because they were noble and unlike what I had believed all womanhood or girlhood to be. I was aware that you dreaded and disliked me; I saw that very clearly every time I had occasion to speak to you. How it all came to pass I can not tell—I know not—and it has always been a mystery even to me; but, Edna, after the long lapse of years of sin and reckless dissipation, my heart stirred and turned to you, child though you were,

and a strange, strange, invincible love for you sprang from the bitter ashes of a dead affection for Agnes Hunt. I wondered at myself; I sneered at my idiosyncrasy; I cursed my mad folly, and tried to believe you as unprincipled as I had found others; but the singular fascination strengthened day by day. Finally I determined to tempt you, hoping that your duplicity and deceit would wake me from the second dream into which I feared there was danger of my falling. Thinking that at your age curiosity was the strongest emotion I carefully arranged the interior of the Taj Mahal, so that it would be impossible for you to open it without being discovered; and putting the key in your hands, I went abroad. I wanted to satisfy myself that you were unworthy, and believed you would betray the trust. For four years I wandered, restless, impatient, scornful myself more and more because I could not forget your sweet, pure, haunting face; because, despite my fears, I knew that I loved you. At last I wrote to my mother from Egypt that I should go to Central Persia, and so I intended. But one night as I sat alone, smoking, amid the ruins of the propylon at Philae, a vision of Le Bocage rose before me, and your dear face looked at me from the lotus-crowned columns of the ancient temple. I forgot the hate I bore all mankind; I forgot everything but you; your pure, calm, magnificent eyes; and the longing to see you, my darling—the yearning to look into your eyes once more took possession of me. I sat there till the great, golden, dewless dawn of the desert fell upon Egypt, and then came a struggle long and desperate. I laughed and swore at my folly; but far down in the abysses of my distorted nature had kindled a little, feeble, flickering ray. I tried to smother it, but its flame clung to some crevice in my heart, and would not be crushed. While I debated, a pigeon that dwelt somewhere in the crumbling temple fluttered down at my feet, cooed softly, looked in my face, then perched on a mutilated red granite sphinx immediately in front of me, and after a moment rose, circled above me in the pure, rainless air and flew westward. I accepted it as an omen, and started to America instead of to Persia. On the night of the tenth of De-

seemed to stand still, as I watched the light streaming over your beautiful, holy face and warm, crimson dress; and when you put the key in your pocket and turned away, my groan almost betrayed me. I had taken out my watch to see the hour, and in my suspense I clutched it so tightly that the gold case and the crystal within all crushed in my hand. You heard the tingling sound and wondered whence it came; and when you had locked the door and gone, I raised one of the windows and swung myself down to the terrace. Do you remember that night?"

"Yes, Mr. Murray."

Her voice was tremulous and almost inaudible.

"I had business in Tennessee, no matter now, what, or where, and I went on that night. After a week I returned, that afternoon when I found you reading in my sitting-room. Still I was sceptical, and not until I opened the tomb, was I convinced that you had not betrayed the trust which you supposed I had placed in you. Then, as you stood beside me in all your noble purity and touching girlish beauty—as you looked up half reproachfully, half defiantly at me—it cost me a terrible effort to master myself—to abstain from clasping you to my heart, and telling you all that you were to me. Oh! how I longed to take you in my arms and feed my poor, famished heart with one touch of your lips! I dared not look at you, lest I should lose my self-control. The belief that Gordon was a successful rival sealed my lips on that occasion; and ah! the dreary wretchedness of the days of suspense that followed. I was a starving beggar who stood before earth, and saw it labelled with another man's name and beyond my reach. The daily sight of that emerald ring on your finger maddened me; and you can form no adequate idea of the bitterness of feeling with which I noted my mother's earnest efforts and manoeuvres to secure for Gordon Leigh—to sell to him—the little hand which her own son would have given worlds to claim in the sight of God and man! Continually I watched you when you least suspected me; I strewed influential books where I knew you must see them; I tempted you more than you dreamed of; I

tions? Oh, my darling—"

He paused and leaned over her, putting his hand on her head, but she shook off his touch and exclaimed:

"But Gertrude! Gertrude!"

"Be patient, and you shall know all; for as God reigns above us, there is no recess of my heart into which you shall not look. It is, perhaps, needless to tell you that Estelle came here to marry me for my fortune. It is not agreeable to say such things of one's own cousin, but to-day I deal only in truths and facts sustain me. She professes to love me! has absolutely avowed it more than once in days gone by. Whether she really loves anything but wealth and luxury, I have never troubled myself to find out; but my mother fancies that if Estelle were my wife, I might be less cynical. Once or twice I tried to be affectionate toward her, solely to see what effect it would have upon you; but I discovered that you could not easily be deceived in that direction—the mask was too transparent, and beside, the game disgusted me. I have no respect for Estelle, but I have a shadowy traditional reverence for the blood in her veins which forbids my flirting with her as she deserves. The very devil himself brought Agnes here. She had married a rich old banker only a few months after Murray's death, and lived in ease and splendor until a short time since when her husband failed and died, leaving her without a cent. She knew how utterly she had blasted my life, and imagined that I had never married because I still loved her! With unparalleled effrontery she came here, and trusting to her wonderfully preserved beauty, threw herself and her daughter in my way. When I heard she was at the parsonage, all the old burning hate leaped up strong as ever. I fancied that she was the real cause of your dislike to me, and that night, when the game of billiards ended, I went to the parsonage for the first time since Murray's death. Oh! the ghostly thronging memories that met me at the gate, trooped after me up the walk, and hovered like vultures as I stood in the shadow of the trees, where my idol and I had chatted and romped and shouted and whistled in the far past, in the sinless bygone! Unobscured I stood there, and looked once more, after the lapse of twenty years, on the face that had caused my misery and ruin. I listened to her clear laugh, as lively as when I heard it chiming with Murray's under the apple-trees on the night that branded me and drove me forth to wander like Cain; and I resolved, if she really loved her daughter, to make her suffer for all that she had inflicted on me. The first time I met Gertrude I could have sworn my boyhood's love was restored to me; she is so entirely the image of what Agnes was. To possess myself of her home and property is all that brought them here; and whether as my wife or as my mother-in-law I think Agnes cares little. The first she sees is impracticable, and now to make me wed Gertrude is her aim. Like mother, like daughter!"

"Oh! no, no! visit not her mother's sins on her innocent head! Gertrude is true and affectionate, and she loves you dearly."

Edna spoke with a great effort, and the strange tones of her own voice frightened her.

"Loves me? Ha, ha! just about as tenderly as her mother did before her! That they do both 'dearly love'—my purse, I grant you. Hear me out. Agnes threw the girl constantly in my way; the demon here in my heart prompted revenge, and, above all, I resolved to find out whether you were indeed as utterly indifferent to me as you seemed. I know that jealousy will make a woman betray her affection sooner than any other cause, and I deliberately set myself to work to make you believe that I loved that pretty cheat over yonder at the parsonage—that frolicsome wax-doll, who would rather play with a kitten than talk to Cleero; who intercepts me almost daily to favor me with manifestations of devotion, and shows me continually that I have only to put out my hand and take her to rule over my house, and trample my heart under her pretty feet! When you gave me that note of hers a week ago, and looked so calmly, so coolly in my face, I felt as if all hope were dying in my heart; for I could not believe that, if you had one atom of affection for me, you could be so generous, so unselfish toward one whom you considered your rival. That night I did not close my eyes, and had almost decided to revisit South America; but next morning my mother told me you were going to New York—that all entreaties had failed to shake your resolution. Then once more a hope cheered me, and I believed that I understood why you had determined to leave those whom I know you love tenderly—to quit the home my mother offered you and struggle among strangers. Yesterday they told me you would leave on Monday, and I went out to seek you; but you were with Mr. Hammond, as usual, and instead of you I met—that curse of my life—Agnes! Face to face, at last, with my red-lipped Lilliput! Oh! it was a scene that made jubilee down in Pandemonium! She pleaded for her child's happiness—ha, ha, ha!—implored me most pathetically to love her Gertrude as well as Gertrude loved me, and that my happiness would make me forget the unfortunate past! She would willingly give me her daughter, for did she not know how deep, how lasting, how deathless was my affection? I had Gertrude's whole heart, and I was too generous to trifle with her tender love! Edna, darling! will not tell you all the sad—yes, would blush for your sisterhood. But my vengeance was complete when I declined the honor she was so eager to force upon me; when I overwhelmed her with my scorn, and told her there was only one woman whom I respected or trusted; only one woman upon the broad earth whom I loved; only one woman who could ever be my wife, and her name was—Edna Earl!"

His voice died away, and all was still as the dead in their grassy graves. The orphan's face was concealed, and after a moment St. Elmo Murray caught his arms, and said in that low, winning tone which so many women had found it impossible to resist: "Come to me now, my pure, noble Edna. You whom I love, as only such a man as I have shown myself to be can love."

"No, Mr. Murray; Gertrude stands between us."

"Gertrude! Do not make me swear here, in your presence—do not madden me by repeating her name! I tell you she is a silly child, who cares no more for me than her mother did before her. Nothing shall stand between us. I love you; the God above us is my witness that I love you as I never loved any human being, and I will not—I swear I will not live without you! You are mine, and all the legions in hell shall not part us!"

He stooped, snatched her from the chair as if she had been an infant, and folded her in his strong arms.

"Mr. Murray, I know she loves you. My poor little trusting friend! You trifled with her warm heart, as you hope to trifle with mine; but I know you; you have shown me how utterly heartless, remorseless, unprincipled you are. You had no right to punish Gertrude for her mother's sins; and if you had one spark of honor in your nature, you would marry her, and try to atone for the injury you have already done."

"By pretending to give her a heart which belongs entirely to you? If I wished to deceive you now, think you I would have told all that hideous past, which you can not abhor one-half as much as I do?"

"Your heart is not mine! It belongs to sin, or you could not have so maliciously deceived poor Gertrude. You love nothing but your ignoble revenge and the gratification of your self-love! You—"



THE PARTING WAS PAINFUL. MRS. MURRAY FOLLOWED THE ORPHAN TO THE FRONT DOOR.

ember, four years after I bade you goodbye at the park gate, I was again at Le Bocage. Silently and undiscovered I stole into my own house, and secreted myself behind the curtains in the library. I had been there one hour when you and Gordon Leigh came in to examine the Targum. Oh, Edna! how little you dreamed of the eager, hungry eyes that watched you! During that hour that you two sat there bending over the same book, I beat came thoroughly expected to love any one, you as I never loved you, and intended if possible to make you his wife. I contrasted my sallow, haggard face and grayish locks with his, so full of manly hope and youthful beauty, and I could not doubt that any girl would prefer him to me. Edna, my retribution began then. I felt that my devil was mocking me, as I had long mocked others, and made me love you when I was tempted to spring upon and throttle you both before he tri-umphantly called you his. At last Leigh left, and I escaped to my own rooms. I was pacing the floor when I heard you cross the rotunda, and saw the glimmer of the light you carried. Hoping to see you open the little Taj, I crawled behind the sarcophagus that holds my two mummies, crouched close to the floor, and covered them. My eyes, I have often been told, possess magnetic or mesmeric power. At all events, you felt my eager gaze, you were restless, and searched the room to discover whence that feeling of a human presence came. Darling, were you often peeped at you same way, looking into the dark corner where the mummies lay? Presently you stopped the spider-web, and took the key from your pocket, and as you put it into the lock I almost shouted aloud in my savage triumph! I absolutely panted to find Leigh's future wife as unworthy of confidence as I believed the remainder of her sex. But you did not open it. You merely drove away the spider, and rubbed the marble clean with your handkerchief, and held the key between your fingers. Then my heart

teased and tormented and wounded you whenever an opportunity offered; for I hoped to find some flaw in your character, some defect in your temper, some inconsistency between your professions and your practice. I knew Leigh was not your equal, and I said bitterly, 'She is poor and unknown, and will surely marry him for his money, for his position—as Agnes would have married me.' But you did not! and when I knew that you had positively refused his fortune, I felt that a great dazzling light had broken suddenly upon my darkened life; and for the first time since I parted with Murray Hammond, tears of joy filled my eyes. I ceased to struggle against my love—I gave myself up to it, and only asked, How can I overcome her aversion to me? You were the only tie that linked me with my race, and for your sake I almost felt as if I could forget my hate. But you shrank more and more from me, and my punishment overtook me when I saw how you nated Clinton Allison's blood-smear hands, and with what unforgotten horror you regarded his career. When you declared so vehemently that his fingers should never touch yours—Oh! it was the fearful apprehension of losing you that made me catch your dear hands and press them to my aching heart. I was stretched upon a rack that taught me the full import of Isaac Taylor's grim words, 'Remorse is man's dread prerogative!' Believing that you knew all my history and that your aversion was based upon it, I was too proud to show you my affection. Douglass Manning was as much my friend as I permitted any man to be; we had travelled together through Arabia, and with his handwriting I was familiar. Suspecting your literary schemes, and dreading a rival in your ambition, I wrote to him on the subject, and covered all I wished to ascertain, and requested him, for my sake, to reconsider and examine your MS. He did so to oblige me, and I insisted that he should treat your letters and your MS. with such severity as to utterly crush your literary aspirations. Oh, child! do you see how entirely you fill my mind and heart? How I scrutinize your words and ac-



# "Cordalia Malone."

WORDS BY WILLIAM JEROME.

MUSIC BY JEAN SCHWARTZ.

1. Sweet me heart's in a whirl through a street I - radi - ant, Sweet Cor -  
2. As the car speeds a - long I keep sing - ing a song of the

*Tempo di Valse.*

da - lia Ma - lone is her name; . . . And young sul - tors ga - lore night - ly flock 'round the door, Since her sis - ter Be - de - lia won fame. . . . But her  
charms of my beau - ti - ful queen; . . . The ma - chine it was blue, but be - tween me and you, Just to please her I paint - ed it green. . . . When I

smiles don't you see, they are on - ly for me, So they might as well leave her a - lone, . . . For she seems to re - joice at the  
have to de - part, boys, it punc - tures my heart, To go back to the sta - ble a - lone, . . . But there will come a day, when I

CHORUS.

sound of my voice, When I sing through the bell tel - a - phone: . . . Hel - lo, hel - lo, sweet Cor - da - lia, Put on your Sun - day re -  
won't have to say, When I ring up Cor - da - lia Ma - lone: . . .

ga - lia; Come out, the wea - ther is fine for a lark. And I'll au - to - mo - bile ye' all o - ver the park. Bring your sis - ter Be - de - lia, I'll

dine ye' and wine ye' and ale ye'; For - get ev - 'ry trou - ble, come out, love, and bub - ble, Cor - da - lia, Cor - da - lia Ma - lone. . . . Hel - lone. . . .

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"Take care, do not rouse me. Be reasonable, little darling. You doubt my love? Well, I ought not to wonder at your scepticism after all you have heard. But you can feel how all my heart throbs against your cheek, and if my heart looks into my eyes, you will be convinced that I am fearfully in earnest, when I beg you to be my wife to-morrow-to-day--now if you will only let me send for a minister or a magistrate. You are--"

"You asked Anne to be your wife, and--"

"Hush! hush! Look at me, Edna, raise your head and look at me."

She tried to break away, and finding it impossible, pressed her face against his shoulder and hid it against his shoulder.

He laughed, and whispered:

"My darling, I know what that means. You

dare not look up because you cannot trust your own eyes! Because you dread for me to see something there which you want to hide, which you think it your duty to conceal!"

He felt a long shudder creep over her, and she answered feebly:

"Do you think, or that I could love a murderer? A man whose hands are red with the blood of the son of my best friend?"

"Look at me then."

He raised her head, drew down her hands, took them gently in his, and placing the other under her chin, lifted the burning face close to his own.

She shuddered at power of his lustrous, masculine eyes, and luxuriantly her long silky lashes swept her flushed cheeks.

"Ah! you dare not! You can not look me

steadily in the eye and say, 'St. Elmo, I never have loved--do not and never can love you.' You are too truthful; your lips can not dissemble. I know you do not want to love me. Your reason, your conscience forbid it; you are struggling to crush your heart. You think it your duty to despise and hate me. But my own, Edna, my darling! my darling! you do love me! You know you do love me, though you will not confess it! My friend, darling!"

He drew the face tenderly to his own, and kissed her quivering lips repeatedly, and at last a moon of anguish and love, she was wrestling with her heart.

"Do you think you can hide your love from my eager eyes? Oh! I know that I am too worthy of you. I feel it more and more every day, every hour. It is because you seem so

noble--so holy--to my eyes, that I revered while I love you. You are so far above all other women, so glorified in your pure, constant love--that you only have the power to make my future life--from the wretched and selfish past--I tempted and tried you, and when you proved so true and honest and womanly, you kindled a forest beam of hope that, after all, there might be truth and saving part after power in religion. Do you know that since that church was founded I have most ardently until a month ago, when I found you here and dropped down--under the kindling rays of the altar, and heard your sweet voice, and knew so far of ground--so full of peace, that I could not even think my tears were I rested. Since then I have come every Saturday afternoon.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)





Above Shows the Cover Design of "St. Elmo."

The above illustration gives but a faint idea of the cover to the wonderful book, "St. Elmo." This book has heretofore sold for not less than \$1.50 to \$2.00 per volume, but to make it possible for any of Comfort's subscribers to own this complete story without the outlay of even a penny, and by only doing a very slight service, we secured a trial thousand books, bound up in an artistic and serviceable manner that we decided to offer as Premiums free to club raisers who would secure only seven yearly subscribers to Comfort at 15 cents each. Only from the fact that we paid so large a price for the rights to publish this great story exclusively in Comfort could we now be able to offer it free in book form to the comparatively limited number of subscribers who care to now send in these small club lists to secure the book without cost. We would like to have it go into every Comfort subscriber's home, it is such a high moral tale, but only those among you who feel to take advantage of this extremely favorable opportunity now—at once—just as soon as you can get out and secure your club, can expect to get this 566-page great prize book, for they certainly cannot last long. Why, do you know what a simple little thing it means to secure only seven subscribers to a great big 12-page Monthly like COMFORT, at only 15 cents per year? Why, COMFORT is filled clean full of choice articles and stories, any one of which is worth more than the price of the paper to you or any other subscriber. If you cannot get all new subscribers, get part renewals. All those now interested in reading "St. Elmo," and the other new and old continued stories and departments, will certainly desire to renew. If their subscription is not quite "run out," why, it will expire in a very few months, and we extend it for a full year from the time of its present run. To those who are not regular subscribers, you can easily set forth the good points in Comfort, and make them see that it is greatly to their benefit to subscribe now while the low rate of 15 cents per year is in force. We print the club offer here as it appears in another part of the paper. See to it that you get your club at once and send it in.

#### "ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM

So many have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the famous story "ST. ELMO," in book form to preserve, or for the library, that we secured a trial thousand copies to give away as premiums, of an excellent 566-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive half-tone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

and during the hour spent here my unholy nature was touched and softened as no sermon ever touched it. Oh! you wield a power over me—over all my future, which ought to make you tremble! The first generous impulse that has stirred my callous, bitter soul since I was a boy, I owe to you. I went first to see poor Reed, in order to discover what took you so often to that cheerless place; and my interest in little Huldah arose from the fact that you loved the child. Oh, my darling! I know I have been sinful and cruel and blasphemous; but it is not too late for me to atone! It is not too late for me to do some good in the world; and if you will only love me, and trust me, and help me—

His voice faltered, his tears fell upon her forehead, and stooping he kissed her lips softly, reverently, as if he realized the presence of something sacred.

"My precious Edna, no oath shall ever soil my lips again; the touch of yours has purified them. I have been mad—I think, for many, many years, and I loathe my past life; but remember how sorely I was tried, and be merciful when you judge me. With your dear little hand in mine to lead me, I will make amends for the ruin and suffering I have wrought, and my Edna—my own wife, shall save me!"

Before the orphan's mental vision rose the picture of Gertrude, the trembling coral mouth, the childish wistful eyes, the lovely head nestled down so often and so lovingly on her shoulder; and she saw, too, the bent figure and white locks of her beloved pastor, as he sat in his old age, in his childless, desolate home, facing the graves of his murdered children.

"Oh, Mr. Murray! You can not atone! You can not call your victims from their tombs. You can not undo what you have done! What amends can you make to Mr. Hammond, and to my poor little confiding Gertrude? I can not help you! I can not save you!"

"Hush! You can, you shall! Do you think I will ever give you up? Have mercy on my lonely life! my wretched, darkened soul. Lean your dear head here on my heart, and say, 'St. Elmo, what a wife can do to save her erring, sinful husband, I will do for you.' If I am ever to be saved, you, you only can effect my redemption; for I trust, I reverence you. Edna, as you value my soul, my eternal welfare, give yourself to me! Give your pure, sinless life to purify mine."

With a sudden bound she sprang from his embrace, and lifted her arms toward the Christ, who seemed to shudder as the flickering light of fading day fell through waving foliage upon it.

"Look yonder to Jesus, bleeding! Only his blood can wash away your guilt. Mr. Murray, I can never be your wife. I have no confidence in you. Knowing how systematically you have deceived others, how devoid of conscientious scruples you are, I should never be sure that I too was not the victim of your heartless cynicism. Beside, I—"

"Hush! hush! To your keeping I commit my conscience and my heart."

"No! no! I am no viceregent of an outraged and insulted God! I put no faith in any man whose conscience another keeps. From the species of fascination which you exert, I shrink with abhorrence, and would almost as soon entertain the thought of marrying Lucifer himself. Oh! your perverted nature shocks, repels, aston-

ishes, grieves me. I can neither respect nor trust you. Mr. Murray, have mercy upon yourself! Go yonder to Jesus. He only can save and purify you."

"Edna, you do not, you can not intend to leave me, Darling—"

He held out his arms and moved toward her, but she sprang past him, down the steps of the gallery, out of the church, and paused only at sight of the dark, dull spot on the white steps, where Annie Hammond had lain insensible.

An hour later St. Elmo Murray raised his face from the mahogany railing where it had rested since Edna left him, and looked around the noble pile which his munificence had erected. A full moon eyed him pityingly through the stained glass, and the gleam of the marble pulpit was chill and ghostly; and in that weird light the Christ was threatening, wrathful, appalling.

As St. Elmo stood there alone, confronting the picture—confronting the past—memory, like the Witch of Endor, called up visions of the departed that were more terrible than the mantled form of Israel's prophet; and the proud, hopeless man bowed his haughty head, with a cry of anguish that rose mournfully to the vaulted ceiling of the sanctuary: "It went up single, echoless, 'My God! I am forsaken!'"

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. HAMMOND PLEADS FOR ST. ELMO.

The weather was so inclement on the following day that no service was held in the church; but, notwithstanding the heavy rain, Edna went to the parsonage to bid adieu to her pastor and teacher. When she ascended the steps Mr. Hammond greeted his pupil with a degree of mournful tenderness very soothing to her sad heart.

Leading the way to his study, where Mrs. Powell sat with an open book on her lap, he said gently:

"Agnes, will you be so kind as to leave us for a while? This is the last interview I shall have with Edna for a long time, perhaps forever, and there are some things I wish to say to her alone. You will find a better light in the dining-room, where all is quiet."

As Mrs. Powell withdrew he locked the door, and for some seconds paced the floor; then, taking a seat beside his pupil, he said eagerly: "St. Elmo was at the church yesterday afternoon. Are you willing to tell me what passed between you?"

"Mr. Hammond, he told me his melancholy history. I know all now—know why he shrinks from meeting you, whom he has injured so cruelly; know all his guilt and your desolation."

The old man bowed his white head on his bosom, and there was a painful silence. When he spoke, his voice was scarcely audible.

"The punishment of Eli has fallen heavily upon me, and there have been hours when I thought that it was greater than I could bear—that it would utterly crush me; but the bitterness of the curse has passed away, and I can say truly of that 'meekest angel of God,' the Angel of Patience:

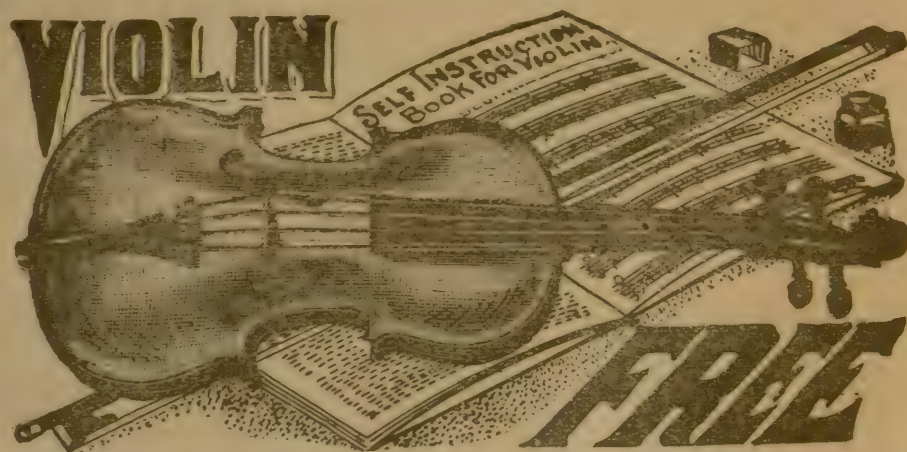
"He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, Be resigned;  
Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell,  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

"I tried to train up my children in the fear and admonition of the Lord; but I must have failed signally in my duty, though I have never been able to discover in what respect I was negligent. One of the sins of my life was my inordinate pride in my only boy—my gifted, gifted, handsome son. My love for Murray was almost idolatrous; and when my heart throbbed with proudest hopes and aspirations, my idol was broken and laid low in the dust; and, like David mourning for his rebellious child Absalom, I cried out in my affliction, 'My son! my son! would God I had died for thee!' Murray Hammond was my precious diadem of earthly glory; and suddenly I found myself uncrowned, and sackcloth and ashes were my portion."

"Why did you never confide these sorrows to me? Did you doubt my earnest sympathy?"

"No, my child; but I thought it best that St. Elmo should lift the veil and show you all that he wished you to know. I felt assured that the time would come when he considered it due to himself to acquaint you with his sad history; and when I saw him go into the church yesterday I knew that the hour had arrived. I did not wish to prejudice you against him; for I believed that through your agency the prayers of twenty years would be answered, and that his wandering, embittered

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)



THIS is not a toy violin, but a LARGE and BEAUTIFUL TONED instrument. It is made of highly polished, perfectly seasoned wood, beautifully varnished. The pegs, finger-board and tail-piece are ebony finished. The violin is complete, with one silver and three gut strings, long adjustable bow of white horsehair and box of resin. We also give you a VERY VALUABLE Self-Instruction Book Free. Write today for only two dozen pieces of our new Sewell Art Jewelry Novelties to sell at 10 cents each. These are GENUINE GOLD-PLATED ARTICLES and everybody will be very glad to buy from you, as our goods are worn by the very best people. Return our \$2.40 and we will immediately send you the violin and complete outfit just as described. Write today. Address

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18 SIZE

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# Dangerous Hair Dyes!

## How to Test "Hair Dyes" Containing Sugar of Lead (Poison) and Sulphur.

I FEEL it is my solemn duty, as an analytical chemist, to sound a note of warning to users of hair dyes. The market is flooded with dyes that are not only injurious to the hair, but endanger the health of every person who uses them.

These preparations are in the majority of cases solutions containing nothing more nor less than Sugar of Lead and Sulphur.

And Reader, Sugar of Lead is—Poison!

In justice to the public, every bottle of hair dye containing these substances should bear the poison label and the poison emblem—the skull and cross bones!

Thousands of people, who have no idea that they are playing with fire, are using these preparations, and not knowing of anything better, are slaves to them!

Now I am going to tell you how you can detect the presence of Lead and Sulphur without going to the expense of a chemical analysis. The manufacturer of every Sulphur and Lead preparation gives emphasis to the directions—"SHAKE BOTTLE BEFORE USING!"

Why? Simply because the Sulphur and Lead settle to the bottom of the bottle, forming a thick sediment, and you must shake the bottle and stir up this sediment, for it's the sediment that does the work! Here is the test: Don't shake the bottle!

Just try to dye the hair with the clear liquid at the top and the stuff will fall absolutely to color the hair.

Lead and Sulphur make the hair sticky and greasy, and the stuff rubs off on everything.

There's another "old-timer"—the "two-bottle" dye. No one but an expert can use this properly. Then, in a very short time, the gray hairs at the roots must be retouched (by the expert) and another fee paid.

The hair then takes on two and sometimes more colors, and the effect is startling. Then the victim awakens to the shame of the situation.

## Don't Dye Your Hair—Restore Its Color Naturally

If your hair is starting to turn or is already gray and faded, don't make matters worse by dyeing it!

There's only one way that you can restore gray or faded hair, and that is to assist nature by giving new life to the hair roots and increasing the secretions of the pigmentary glands.

For Nature, in these minute laboratories, forms the coloring or pigment which alone can give you a handsome head of hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer is the true scalp stimulant and hair food.

It is as clean and pure as water and contains no thick, heavy Lead and Sulphur that must be shaken up.

It does not give the hair a "died" appearance.

It makes the natural color come back in from seven to ten days!

Now, listen! Allow me to send you free a full size \$1.00 bottle of my Restorer to prove every claim I make.

If the hair is not restored to its original color in from six to fourteen days, it will be the first time in many thousands of similar tests that my remedy has failed. But it will not fail!

It is absolutely harmless.

My Gray Hair Restorer is sold by druggists everywhere.

There are many thousands of men and women using my preparation. This offer is only for those who have not used Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer. Every bottle is sent by express, prepaid, as the bottle is too large to mail. The following must be filled out in full or no attention can be paid to letter.

Mary T. Goldman, 140 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn. Send me full-sized \$1.00 bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer. I enclose 25c in stamps or coin to cover express charges. I solemnly swear that I desire the Restorer for my own use that I will not sell or give it away, and that I have never used or purchased Mary T. Goldman's Gray Hair Restorer.

Sign Full Name.....

Nearest Express Office.....

The original color of my hair before it started to fade or turn gray was .....

(Inclose sample if convenient.)



# Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner



A WOMAN who cares to do so can easily make her own hats, and those of her sisters, big and little, by carefully reading the instructions, which Comfort will give in a series of Articles on Millinery. If she is still in one ambitious, and wishes to become a milliner for others than her own family, she can do so, as all the equipment she needs is to be able to sew well, and to have a good eye for color, as the full instructions which we shall give will cover the entire course given at the millinery colleges in the cities, and when she has carefully studied these instructions, and practiced with whatever she may have at hand, calico, cloth of any kind, or even soft, pliable paper, she will then only need experience with the real millinery materials to fully equip herself for expert work.

The articles will go fully into details, and will be illustrated by cuts to further make the descriptions clear. Everything pertaining to millinery will be described, which covers the preparation of frames for coverings of all kinds; how to apply plain material; folds, shirings and bands of all the material used in millinery; how to make snap bands, folds, milliners' folds, petal edge, ribbon flowers, rosettes, bows, gauze wings and butterflies; how to sew straw; how to make foliage hats, flower hats, lingerie hats, babies' bonnets and mourning bonnets. The making of bandeaux, and finally the linings.

The working materials needed are milliners' needles, which are much longer than the ordinary sewing needles; it is best to buy a paper of assorted sizes. They cost the same as ordinary needles, and if difficult to obtain, ordinary needles can, of course, be used, coarse ones being used for everything except the hemming and catch-stitching of bands and folds.

Milliners' thread, which is a soft strong thread that does not cut the material—No. 50 in black and white. If this cannot be obtained use ordinary thread No. 30 or 40. Stiff buckram in black and white; thin covering muslin in black and white; milliners' wire in black and white, which comes by the roll, and "tie" wire which comes by the spool. This wire is fine, like thread, and is used for fastening the heavy wires where they cross. A pair of wire cutters are a great convenience, but not an actual necessity, as an old pair of shears can be used for cutting wire, which is being used all the time. A tape measure is also a necessity.

In general, the first thing to be considered is frames and coverings. Until quite recently, everything has been what is known as "made" hats, that is, every hat starts with a frame, which is then covered with straw, velvet, cloth, lace, chiffon or flowers, according to the style of hat being made. Within a year, however, we have been able to buy hats of straw and felt, all ready to trim—which of course, simplifies the work of the milliner somewhat. But there is still a large demand for "made" hats, and at any time the fashion may change back to where it was previous to a year ago, and only "made" hats will be considered in the best taste.

Frames can be bought in almost every possible variety of shape and style, but even so it often happens that one wants something a little different than can be bought at the time, and when this is the case, all one has to do is to get a frame the nearest like what one has in mind, and then alter it. This is done by taking off some from the outer edge of brim, if too wide—by bending the supporting wires of the crown like a Z, if too high, or by adding to the brim with more wire, or with a circular strip of buckram, if it is desired to make the brim wider in any part. In this case always put a heavy wire on outer edge. If possible, use buckram frames when they are to be covered plain, as the wires are apt to show, after some wear, if a wire frame is used; if, however, a wire frame is used, cover both sides of brim, top and under, with covering muslin before putting on the outer covering. Wire frames are much lighter than buckram, and should always be used for everything except plain material. The underside of brim must be covered with muslin, to give a foundation upon which to sew folds, straw, flowers, foliage, or whatever is to be used. As will be noticed by offer below, Comfort will furnish material for making a complete hat so that it will not cost one a penny more than the material. Weight should always be in mind, when making a hat, as there is nothing so unsatisfactory and uncomfortable as a heavy hat.

To cover a wire frame with muslin, lay it onto the muslin with the front toward a corner; this gives the necessary bias. Hold frame firmly in place, and cut the muslin one half inch larger all around, than the frame. Draw the edge up over outer wire of frame, keeping flat on table all the time, and being very careful not to stretch the muslin; pin every inch, and when finally perfectly smooth across the whole of underside of frame, (head hole and brim) sew it firmly close to outer wire, and remove pins. Turn frame over, and pin closely through the muslin to the wire around head hole; then cut out muslin across head hole to within one half inch of wire where pins hold it. Snip muslin with shears every inch around head hole, and turn in edge and pin. When perfectly fitted sew firmly where pins were. Never cut out material across head hole until the outer edge of brim is firmly basted; this applies to all kinds of plain covering. The frame is now ready for whatever it is to be covered with.

After the consideration of the preparation of frames, comes the making of the bands and folds constantly used. Of course, everything is cut on the bias, and all selvages cut off. The bands used around the outer edge of brims and crowns are called "snap" bands; they are made by cutting a bias strip as long as desired (usually two widths of brim), one end and one fourth yard black velvet are needed for the outer edge of brim, and three times as wide as the band is to be when finished and on the hat; that is, if it is desired that a band show an inch in width on both upper and under edge of the brim, then the band should be cut three inches wide. After seaming the two widths together, turn in each edge one half inch and catch-stitch with same color of silk. To catch-stitch, begin at what is usually considered the "wrong end," and take a small stitch in the turned over edge, and then one fourth inch from the turned over edge, and then one fourth inch from the wrong side of the band, and continue to do this, working away from yourself, until the entire edge is caught down. No stitches must show on right side. Do the other edge of band in same way, and the band is ready to stretch over the edge of brim, as will be explained in a later article on the covering of frames with velvet.

A milliners' fold is made by making a band exactly as a snap band is made, but the band is cut only an inch in width, and the edges are turned over only one fourth inch. After both edges are catch-stitched, the lower edge is laid up to within an eighth of an inch of the top edge, and blind-stitched to hold it there. Several rows of milliners' folds on the edge of a brim covered plain, makes a very rich finish, and is used a great deal on mourning hats.

MILLINERS' FOLD.

When a frame is covered with folds, or has folds on underside of brim, which is an effective treatment where the top of brim is covered plain, the folds used are simply bias strips cut about two inches wide, and after seams are sewed, the two edges are placed together and basted with rather short stitches, the edges being left raw—as, when folds are applied, they overlap sufficiently to cover edge. To cut folds of this kind, we are going to tell you of a method which will insure their being all of exactly the same width, and will take much less time in the cutting than where each fold is cut by measure, which is a tedious job when yards and yards of the folds are to be used.

Take a piece of fairly heavy paper; newspaper can be used, but brown paper a trifle heavier than newspaper, and perfectly smooth, is better. Have the piece about eight inches wide by twenty inches long. After being sure edges are cut straight, fold lengthwise in the middle, and then lengthwise again in the middle; you will then have a piece of paper about two inches wide and twenty inches long, of four thicknesses.

Lay the material to be cut into folds on a table, with the bias edge up and down at the right hand. Lay your paper on the lower end of this material, so that the end of the paper is even with the bias edge. Then roll the paper and material over, away from you, being very careful to keep the edge of the paper and the edge of the material exactly together. When you have rolled it over enough times so that you have reached the end of the bias, start from the right-hand end and measure off two inches and cut it off, paper and material together, and then measure two inches more and cut it off, and continue until you have reached the end of the roll. You will find by unrolling one of the pieces you have cut off, that you have a bias strip exactly two inches wide and perfectly even the entire length. A bright young woman originated this idea, and it is worth its weight in gold to a busy milliner.

In cutting velvet folds in this way, care must be used to cut straight across, as there is danger of not doing this where several thicknesses of heavy material are used. Try this method of cutting folds first with a piece of newspaper, to take the place of cloth, and you will understand it at once. Cut a bias edge on a sheet of newspaper, as you would on a piece of velvet, and experiment, following directions exactly; you can soon do it.

Our initial cut shows a trimmed turban, and we also show a cut of the frame. To cover and trim a hat of this style, first cover the frame on underside, Turn in edge and catch-stitch as for trimming. Lay it on top of frame and blind-stitch the edge to the back side of fold that stands above edge of brim. Start at the left side and work around toward the front, and when you get back to the left side again there will be some extra fullness which should be gathered all in a bunch at the left, and it will then stand up carelessly, as a sort of background for the wings to be used at left side for trimming. Tack the velvet a few times on crown, wherever necessary to hold in place whatever folds there may be. Now the frame is covered, and all the trimming needed is a flat knot of velvet, through which are thrust two wings, one white and one black. To make the knot, cut one strip of velvet six inches wide; catch-stitch each edge; tie loosely into a knot and tuck under ends and tack loosely at left side, on brim, well toward the front. No bandeaux are used in turbans that set well over the face. Like the hat, and it is ready to wear. A turban of this description could be covered with material like a winter gown, plain cloth, and could be trimmed with two half-length plumes in the same shade as cloth, or in black. Made up in brown, green, navy blue or red, to match the gown, and trimmed with two or three quills of same color, with a knot of velvet or ribbon and a buckle, it would be both stylish and serviceable, and very inexpensive.

TURBAN FRAME.

Our next article will describe the covering of frames with plain velvet, which is one of the most difficult things a milliner has to do.

## SPECIAL HAT OFFER.

In order that COMFORT subscribers may get the practical value of these lessons, we have arranged with a large Boston millinery establishment to furnish the frames and material to complete an outfit for making the turban hat illustrated and described above, so you can by getting a club of only 12 subscribers to complete at \$4.95 each, make one without cost for yourself, or to sell. As a made-up hat of this description sells at from \$4.95 to \$8.50 at the city milliners, you can at once see what a favorable offer it is. The outfit consists of one turban frame, one half yard covering muslin, velvet for wings and outer covering, two wings, one black, one white, assorted milliners' needles—all of which will be sent free, express or postpaid.

If you have material of your own for trimming, we will send only the hat frame—extra hat wire enough for making two extra frames—the wire and assorted needles for a club of 4 subscribers at 15 cents each.

## ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

heart would follow you to that cross before which he bowed in his boyhood. Edna, it was through my son's sin and duplicity that St. Elmo's noble career was blasted, and his most admirable character perverted; and I have hoped and believed that through your influence, my beloved pupil, he would be redeemed from his reckless course. My dear little Edna, you are very lovely and winning, and I believe he would love you, as he never loved anyone else. Oh! I have hoped everything from your influence! Far, far beyond all computation is the good which a pious, consistent, Christian woman can accomplish in the heart of a husband who truly loves her."

"Oh, Mr. Hammond! you pain and astonish me. Surely you would not be willing to see me marry a man who scoffs at the very name of religion; who willfully deceives and trifles with the feelings of all who are sufficiently credulous to trust his hollow professions; whose hands are red with the blood of your children! What hope of happiness or peace could you indulge for me, in view of such a union? I should merit all the wretchedness that would inevitably be my life-long portion if, knowing his crimes, I could consent to link my future with his."

"He would not deceive you, my child! If you knew him as well as I do, if you could realize all that he was before his tender, lov-

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OPTIC NERVE TROUBLE—Mrs. W. H. Reid (daughter), Amoret, Mo.  
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ing heart was stabbed by the two whom he almost adored, you would judge him more leniently. Edna, if I whom he has robbed of all that made life beautiful—if I, standing here in my lonely old age, in sight of the graves of my murdered darlings—if I can forgive him, and pray for him, and, as God is my witness, love him! you have no right to visit my injuries and my sorrows upon him!"

Edna looked in amazement at his troubled, earnest countenance, and exclaimed:

"Oh! if he knew all your noble charity, your unparalleled magnanimity, surely, surely, your influence would be his salvation! His stubborn, bitter heart would be melted. But, sir, I should have a right to expect Annie's sad fate if I could forget her sufferings and her wrongs."

Mr. Hammond rose and walked to the window, and after a time, when he resumed his seat, his eyes were full of tears, and his wrinkled face was strangely pained.

"My darling Annie, my sweet, fragile flower, my precious little daughter, so like her sainted mother! Ah! it is not surprising that she could not resist his fascinations. But, Edna, he never loved my pet lamb. Do you know that you have become almost as dear to me as my own dead child? She deceived me! she was willing to forsake her father in his old age; but through long years you have never once betrayed my perfect confidence."

The old man put his thin hand on the orphan's head and turned the countenance toward him.

"My dear little girl, you will not think me impudently curious when I ask you a question, which my sincere affection for and interest in you certainly sanction? Do you love St. Elmo?"

"Mr. Hammond, it is not love; for esteem, respect, confidence belong to love. But I can

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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## The Hidden Wedding Treasure or, The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Phayeton, and then Lawrence Felton. "I'm fairly caught," Ireton said merrily, and the others with as hearty a one cried: "Your punishment is to stay with us the rest of the night." "If you will keep me company, I'll do the same for you under like circumstances, for, laugh as you will boys, I'm nervous, decidedly nervous, and I know I can't sleep." "It often does that way," Lawrence said in his cool way, and the others did not dispute him, for young as he was, he had been married twice, and divorced his second wife. "Where will we go, what will we do?" Gerald asked, linking his arm in that of Ireton. "Give your commands, oh royal bridegroom," Lawrence sneered, and Ireton pausing, said quietly: "I don't know what is affecting me as it is, but I do feel sentimental," and he laughed again, nervously. Lawrence Felton whipped out his gold repeater, saying as he did so: "Just two-thirty. We are your slaves." Still half laughing, half in earnest, Ireton led the way toward the seashore in the vicinity of the Cliff House, and stood quite still watching the waves break upon the smooth sand. His companions said nothing, for they remembered that the entire crowd had gone there several days before, and laughed heartily at the children playing in the surf. "I wonder," Ireton said slowly, turning towards the others. "What?" Gerald asked slowly. "If really good times ever return. We were so happy and heart-free that afternoon, when we were all here. Will we ever be so again?" and he sighed. He could not explain the terrible weight upon his heart, and yet there it lay, although sky and sea were as peaceable as a summer day. Felton laid his hand rather heavily upon Ireton's shoulder, saying quietly: "My boy, don't moon. Tomorrow, or rather today, you are to be made happy. Come back to the hotel, and go to rest. What have you to worry about? Surely you are certain of her faith?" "As of my own."

"Then why stand here in the eerie morning hours, looking at these dark waters, asking them if times fled will ever return. Of course they will not. What has passed, never returns, but better comes to take its place. Drop your fancies, and come back to the hotel for a drink," and he smilingly sought to draw his companions with him, but both shook their heads. There was a dashing little brunette among the crowd of girls at the Bronson home, the one who was to be maid of honor, Violet Hilton, and there was a whisper that by the time their set had composed itself over the marriage of Ireton and Rosalie, another would be on taps between Gerald and Violet. Perhaps Felton was hardhearted. So he was spoken of, though, had the truth been known he was very seriously attracted toward a beautiful widow, who a year before had come to San Francisco. Mrs. Roton and Mr. Felton had met as strangers, although once they had been much nearer and dearer, yet, even in the moonlight softness of spirit did he confide his secret to his friends, but he did yield to them, and sauntered with them about the great city, happy and careless, drinking in the rare radiance of its confines, and thinking of the ceremony of the day which was dawning. The three had been strolling about, scarcely giving heed to halting footsteps, when, just at a little past five o'clock, they were thrown on their faces, and Felton cried: "Some anarchists are blowing up the city!" Before they could scramble to their feet, a tall building tottered and fell, burying Gerald beneath its debris, and with him hundreds of screaming humanity. Ireton and Felton gazed about them, then began to dodge the falling walls, and yet keep in sight the spot where their friend was buried. Suddenly Ireton cried in a voice which pierced the air: "My father! He is in the Palace Hotel," and set out on a run for that fated structure. Lawrence Felton followed gasping, for he remembered that the fair Mrs. Roton also lived at the Palace Hotel, and thus running, they lost all trace of Gerald, forgot him, and thought but of those who were so dear. As they ran, Ireton sobbed: "My dear father is there," while Felton, forgetting his natural reserve, cried madly: "My wife is there. Yes, Mrs. Roton was my wife, and then I was fool enough to divorce her. God, man, look out!" and he caught Ireton, pulled him back and saved his life. They ran and doubled, trying to retain their reason, and yet crazed with fear. Once Ireton breathed a prayer of thankfulness that "Rosalie" was high above all this reign of terror," and Lawrence wished he could say the same of his own love. The might of darkness, the power held within the earth, destroyed at a breath the work of half a century, and then its horrors were added to by flames, crimson forked, cloud laden, which sprang up from every side, and just as they reached the ruins of the Palace Hotel, two singed beings tumbled into their arms, when a clear, ringing voice cried: "THIS WAY QUICK!" and looking up, they saw a glorious being, clothed in white, standing in a white and gold motor, and instinctively they all turned toward the girl, for they all recognized—Rosalie, and yet how had she come to be among them, like a saving angel?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

**N**OW comes November, dears, and dreary though it be, it is the month in which we have our general thanksgiving for all the blessings, public and private, which have come to us through the year. Some of you may think that you have precious little to be thankful for, but think again, dears, before you finally refuse to have at least one little thank to offer. I am sure you will find something if you will look for it a minute. And now let us get to our duties.

The first letter I come upon is from Sweetheart of La Salle, Col., who is somewhat anxious because the young man who told her he loved her didn't follow it up by asking her to be his wife. Some people, men and women, use the word "love" very lightly, and they will even say they "love" good things to eat. In my opinion "love" is a sacred word and a lofty feeling, and if a man tells a woman he loves her, he should ask her to be his wife. If he thinks love is merely flirting, then he should be watched.

Sweet Sixteen, Hampton, Va.—If you can't "for the life" of you tell which of your two beaux you like best, you should wait five years to find out. When in doubt, don't marry. (2) Don't redder your cheeks with rouge. (3) Study food, physical culture, exercise, and plenty of sunshine. Read a physical culture magazine for information.

Sunshine, Norfolk, Va.—Don't be foolishly indifferent to the young man. If you like him, let him see it, but don't gush over him. Men like to be appreciated, and appreciation doesn't mean falling in love with them.

Sadness, Stockett, Mont.—I don't think you are very badly hurt over his jilting you. Try, at least, to forget your loss in the love of some nice young man who won't jilt you.

Baby Girl, Etta, Fla.—Keep on refusing to let him hold your hand. Young men most appreciate what they cannot have. (2) Twelve miles is not too long a drive if you get back in good time. (3) Better wait till your parents are willing to buy your wedding outfit. It is very bad form for you to ask the young man to buy it.

Freckle Face, Alma City, Wis.—Wait until you are older and you will find out why your "Dad" won't let you go driving with seventeen-year-old boys. (2) Read and study at home when you are not working. Take the time for that sort of improvement which you would devote to driving with the boys if your father would let you.

Worried, Philadelphia, Pa.—Don't worry about your aunt crying because you took the visitors into the kitchen and fed them on her pie. If it was good pie she should feel highly complimented and dry her tears.

S. D. P., Perry, Fla.—You should return from church with the same beau who took you there. (2) Treat your third cousin as if he were no relation at all, when it comes to putting his arm around you and such familiarities.

Broken Heart, Sourlake, Texas.—Follow the advice of your friends and give up the man you do not love. Ask the advice of the other man without letting him know what you think of him. (3) You might become a good bookkeeper, but I hardly think you would succeed as a stenographer.

Arctic Brunette, Arctic, E. I.—If the man is all right, he will not object to giving you all reference necessary as to who he is. Indeed, he ought to do that without the asking. Don't marry him till you know who he is.

Golden Locks, Mobile, Ala.—Evidently he is quite as much in love with you as you are with him, and he should tell you that he loves you. Maybe he is too bashful, as some men are, and needs to be encouraged just a little bit.

L. M., Middleburgh, N. Y.—Certainly you may have callers though no old people are in the house, because you are the head of your brother's house. (2) If convenient give your escort something to eat, or drink when he comes in with you after church. You may do as you please about it. (3) The young men, who will not go with girls they cannot kiss and be familiar with are just the kind that girls should not go with. It is a very good way to give a man the mitten by telling him you have gone with him long enough for friendship's sake. Call yourself "Miss" when telling anyone who you are.

Little Black Eyes, Lower Grant Isle, Me.—If you want to forget him why send him souvenir postal cards? That isn't the way to forget. (2) When you have once been in "deep love" you won't have to ask which man should you choose.

Sweet Adeline, Denver, Col.—Tell him you will keep his pin in place of yours that he lost. You may still be friends.

Troubled Blanche, Arcola, Texas.—Don't go to the city for work until you have found something to do there. A girl with nothing to do in the city is apt to be led into doing the worst thing. Read the advertisements in city papers asking for female help, and answer those that promise good results. If you have any friends in the city you might go to them, and look around for work. But don't go among strangers. (3) If you know the young man to be worthy, you may write to him.

Troublesome, Bristol, Tenn.—Write to the Parkville Training School, Parkville, Mo.

L. I. B., Goldendale, Wash.—Take his advice, and visit your sister. He seems to be worthy of your confidence, and you should be loyal to him in all things. Good friends are scarce.

Wild Rose, Pollokville, N. C.—You are silly about the young man, and maybe if you will wait several years, you will outgrow it. Don't you know what it means to marry a man who drinks? If he is that way as your sweetheart, he'll be ever so much worse as your husband.

Brown Eyes, Dawson, N. Dak.—Write to him giving him your address. Didn't you tell him you would? How can you expect people to write to you when you decline to tell where letters would reach you? (2) Friends may exchange photographs.

Hope, Fairview, Va.—He seems to be somewhat wavering, but, as he says, it may be that his honesty is not fully understood. I think if I were you, I would give him another year. Most men in his position would not offer to release you. I doubt a little if he really wants to marry you. He lacks will, and someone should make up his mind for him. (2) Write to Superintendent Maternity Hospital, New York City. It is better, however, to find one whose people you know something about.

L. V. A., Hillsdale, Mich.—Ordinary rules of etiquette do not apply to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen. Their conduct should be in accord with the wishes and direction of their parents. Tell your mother everything, and keep her as your closest confidante. (2) Dancing is quite proper at parties, while kissing games are obsolete and vulgar. (3) Thank you for the chummy feeling.

Apple Blossom, Sepington, Or.—Choose the one who neglects you, of course. Don't you want to be neglected always and treated as if you were a cipher? My, my, but you are a silly girl!

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It contains Six Candy Tablets of pleasant taste, almost as pleasant as Chocolate.

Each tablet is a working dose of Cascarets, which acts like Exercise on the Bowels and Liver.

It will not purge, sicken, nor upset the stomach.

Because it is not a "Bile-driver," like Salts, Sodium, Calomel, Jalap, Senna, nor Aperient Waters.

Neither is it like Castor Oil, Glycerine, or other Oily Laxatives that simply lubricate the Intestines for transit of the food stopped up in them at that particular time.

The chief cause of Constipation and Indigestion is a weakness of the Muscles that contract the Intestines and Bowels.

Cascarets are practically to the Bowel Muscles what a Massage and Cold Bath are to the Athletic Muscles.

They stimulate the Bowel Muscles to contract, expand, and squeeze the Digestive Juices out of food eaten.

They don't help the Bowels and Liver in such a way as to make them lean upon similar assistance for the future.

This is why, with Cascarets, the dose may be lessened each succeeding time instead of increased, as it must be with all other Cathartics and Laxatives.

Cascarets act like exercise.

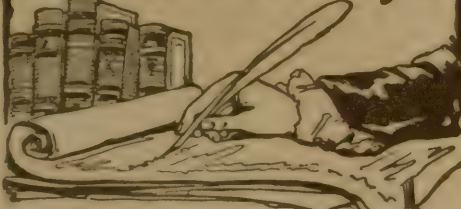
If carried in your vest pocket, (or carried in My Lady's Purse,) and eaten just when you suspect you need one, you will never know a sick day from the ordinary life of life.

Because these pills begin in the Bowels, and pave the way for all other diseases.

"Vest Pocket" box 10 cents.

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

## Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

As much as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in no time, and that, in full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Miss K. A. P.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that you have very little chance of recovering any part of the land you mention, owing to the probabilities that the present occupants have long since established a title either by the undisputed possession for the period of twenty years (which in your State gives title by possession), or by tax sales. (2) We think you could find out whether the document, you mention, is in the possession of this church by corresponding with the trustees of the church. (3) When you would probably find it very difficult to get a good lawyer to take up such a case on a contingent fee, it might be possible for you to do so, as in some few rare instances such suits have either been successful or settlements made, but, as we say, such cases have been very rare. (4) We would not advise you to commence such suit unless you can get some lawyer to take it upon a contingent basis, as your chances for recovery are too remote; you would probably have to pay the disbursements of the suit.

F. C. A.—We are of the opinion, that such a contract as you describe could be legally made, but that before trying to enforce it, you should first make sure that you can substantiate the proof.

"A Subscriber."—We are of the opinion, that you cannot legally compel the doctor you mention to treat a patient upon his refusal to do so. You should apply to the Overseer of the Poor, and he will supply the medical attendance you require.

Mrs. M. J. P.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that your remedy would be by an action for money procured by fraud from you against the persons who made the misrepresentation and who sold the land in the State from which you write, the statute of limitation runs in four years from the time you first discover that a fraud was perpetrated.

A. McD.—We are of the opinion, that you should have had the deed recorded at the time you took the same from your wife, but that the validity of the deed is not necessarily vitiated by the fact that you did not do so, if the deed is properly drawn and executed and your wife's title to the land was a good one. We think you could have your deed recorded now and that your title to the portion of the land conveyed to you would be a good one, unless some question as to the way you procured the deed should arise. In that event the fact that you held the deed of record would operate against you.

L. C. R.—Upon your statements to us, we think that you should bring an action against the newspaper you mention for the money they owe and neglect to pay you. It is possible that they are taking advantage of your being so far away to keep your money from you, and it will probably be more expensive to you, than the recovery might amount to, to bring such an action. We think, however, that such an action is the only relief the law provides for you.

G. E. S.—We are of the opinion, that you can bring an action for whatever damages you can prove against your neighbor, for the trespass of his pigs and chickens upon your land.

Mrs. F. A.—We are of the opinion, that the laws of the State you mention do not require witnesses to a deed, but that they do require that it be drawn in conformity to law and properly executed before a notary public or other proper officer, who usually also witnesses it, in addition to signing the necessary acknowledgment.

A. M. W.—Under the laws of the State from which you write and upon the statement made by you to us, we are of the following opinion: (1) That the widow upon the death of her husband would be entitled to dower of one third of the income of his real estate for her life, and the whole of the personal property absolutely, and the excess of \$4,000; if it exceeds that amount, one half and \$2,000 in addition, and that the balance is divided between the brothers and sisters and their representatives; but that, if there be no brother, mother, children, brothers, sisters, nephews or nieces, she would then take the whole estate in any event. (2) A deed or will made by a man of unsound mind is of no validity, provided, of course, this fact is brought before the court by a contest of the will or an action to set the deed aside. (3) Your remedy should be by an action to recover your property. (4) Your only way, we think, would be for you to file a petition in bankruptcy and to push the proceeding until you obtain a discharge in bankruptcy; and one year after you obtain your discharge you can bring a proceeding in the court in which the judgment was docketed against you and have it cancelled of record.

M. S.—Under the laws of the State, you mention, we are of the opinion, that the heirs of the deceased should all unite and nominate one or more from their number to administer the estate; if they cannot agree upon an administrator, the Judge of Probate will appoint the one he thinks best fitted, or, if none are satisfactory, some other person. If there are no claims against the estate, no real estate should be divided in equal shares among the children and to the issue of the deceased daughter by the right of representation. We think the son should account to the other heirs for the time he has had charge of it, unless he should claim that the statute of limitation had run and that he has title to the whole property by adverse possession. You have not given us enough information for us to advise you whether he would have a chance to establish such a title.

T. H. W.—We are of the opinion, that if your father survived your grandfather, and if your grandfather left no will, and if his estate exceeded his debts, your father was entitled to his share; and that, if your father has since died, leaving no will, you are entitled to your share of your father's estate in case this happened a long time ago, either you or your father have probably allowed the statute of limitations to bar you from bringing any proceeding to recover your property, and in that event you would be out of it.

J. J. L.—We do not think that the fact, that the man you mention asked you if you would board his workmen, would constitute a contract on your part for the payment of their board, unless you can show that he agreed to either pay for the board, or guarantee the payment.

W. J. W.—We think you have an action for damages for personal injuries against the company, unless they can prove that you in some way were negligent and contributed by some action of your own to your mishap.

S. C. H.—We think, upon your statements to us, that you could enforce the payment to you, from your mother's property, of the money you have advanced for her and a reasonable amount for your services in taking care of her. We think it would be better for you to adjust this matter now, than to wait until after her death.

Mrs. M. M.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that your only recourse against the company you mention would be by an action against them for damages for breach of contract; or, if they are wrongfully withholding your property from you, by an action for the replevin of your property. But, owing to the great distance that you would have to go to bring such an action and the expense it would necessitate, we think a suit would be unpracticable unless there is a large amount at stake. If, as you say, you own the copyright of this song we think you might have it published through another publisher, and in that way throw the burden of bringing the suit upon the firm with which you are at variance.

M. T.—Under the laws of the State, you mention, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of the husband or wife leaving no will, the community property (that is such as is purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage) all goes to the surviving husband or wife, if the deceased have no children. All real or personal

## \$50 to \$400 an Acre Yearly Net Profit from Land which You Can Buy NOW for \$25 an Acre

That may seem too good to be true. But it is true. Because land such as you can buy now at \$25 an acre in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas is paying profits of \$400 per acre and even better, every year, right now—and I will prove it to you. This land is paying such great profits because it is unrivaled in productiveness by any farm land in the country. The climate is like that of Southern California, even tho' it is within 48 hours of Chicago. No extremes of heat and cold—practically no winter. You can raise crop after crop the year round—vegetables in mid-winter when the markets are anxious to pay the fanciest prices for them. Crops are always sure because you have plenty of pure artesian water on your own property for the cheapest irrigation. This land is safe because it is from 10 to 15 miles inland, and from 50 to 100 feet above tide water. No land will produce a greater variety of fruits, vegetables, staple crops, or produce them more abundantly. And this land will produce crops at seasons when no other land can, in addition to producing them at all seasons in which any other land can. There are no long weary months of winter idleness here. No time when this land stands idle while expenses run on. For you can take profits out of this land every month in the year, and it is all within from 80 rods to 4 miles of a railroad station. Nowhere on this globe can you find a finer place to live and enjoy life, or land that will bring you better, surer profits. Remember, these statements are made by one of the largest railroad systems in the world, and we could not afford to say these things unless each statement had been carefully verified by facts. You can buy this land so cheap now, because it has just been opened up to agriculture by the discovery of artesian water and the building of a railroad which is today carrying hundreds of carloads of produce out of this section straight to the country's best markets. Send me the coupon below or write me—a postal will do—before you forget it. I will send you an 84-page book containing photographs and full information about this country of wonderful crops. I will give you names and addresses of men in the Texas Gulf Coast Country who are making fortunes. You can write them and they will tell you the facts. Then I will make you a rate of \$c a mile railroad fare to Brownsville, Texas, and return, so that you can take a trip to Texas and see for yourself. That's the best way. Then you will know that we have not told half of the advantages you can gain by buying some of this land now. You can buy on easy terms and make profits right from the start—the very first year. I will show you a safe and easy way to gain independence in a few short years. Such land as this must rapidly advance in price. So write now to

JOHN SEBASTIAN  
Passenger Traffic Manager  
**Rock Island-Frisco Lines**  
The Rock Island-Frisco Lines have no land to sell. We are interested in building up this country.

John Sebastian, P. T. M. Rock Island-Frisco Lines, Chicago or St. Louis:  
Please send me Texas Gulf Coast Books and full information about low rates, etc.

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Postoffice \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

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MR. M. YANT, ORETT, NEB.,  
Says of Our Mild Method of Curing Cancer:  
"You have performed one of the most miraculous cures in my case ever heard of."

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No use of applying burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Thousands of persons successfully treated. This wonderful Mild Method is also a never-failing cure for tumors, catarrh, ugly ulcers, piles, fistula, and all other skin and blood diseases. Write today for free illustrated book.

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**FREE** **STEM-WIND** **FREE**  
**GOLD WATCH**  
**AND RING**  
An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold Plated case, stem wind and set, warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch. Also a Gold-Plated Ring, set with a Sparkling Gem, a 20 given free to anyone for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties, at 10c each. Send your name and address to: **Jewelry**. When sold send us the \$2.49, and we send the Watch and Ring.  
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**Brooks' Sure Cure**  
FOR  
**RUPTURE**  
Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No ties. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 19, 1911. **SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE.**  
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by Graphology. Your past, present and future read from your hand writing. All matters of Business, Love, marriage, and health told by the greatest living graphologist. Free reading sent on receipt of name and address and two one-cent stamps.  
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**\$3 a Day Sure**  
Furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.  
**ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1700, Indianapolis, Ind.**

**AGENTS, YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.**  
We want reliable Agents and ship your first order of Speed Bluing to be paid for when sold. It sells on sight. Agents make \$25 to \$35 per week. Get started at once by writing to  
**Sta. 3, Speed Bluing Sales Co., St. Louis, Mo.**

property owned by the husband or wife at the time of the marriage, together with all accretions thereafter by gift, devise or descent, and the increase of all such lands, remain separate property. All property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage, except in the manner heretofore enumerated, is considered the common or community property.

E. E. S.—We are of the opinion, that, if you can fully substantiate all your statements to us, the agent you mention is liable criminally for obtaining money under false pretension; or civilly, he is entitled to no compensation, he having acted for both sides. We think that you should be very slow to proceed against him criminally as the result might be serious to you, in case you failed on your proof.

## Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

**AGENTS \$50. WANTED**  
To sell the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles—finest on earth. State present occupation. Dr. Haux Spectacle Co., Dept. 97, St. Louis.

**THOUSANDS WANT REAL ESTATE**  
Someone wants your property and I know who it is. I have hundreds of buyers, and keep in touch with them through fifteen hundred agents. Send description and price of your property quick and reliable. **A. EDGAR DAVIS, Brace Block, Room 430, Lincoln, Neb.**

## WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN GUNS AND SPORTING GOODS

**SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN \$2.95**  
**DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN \$6.25**  
**HAMILTON RIFLE \$1.50**  
**PUNCHING BAG 58¢**  
**LEGGINGS 34¢**  
**FOOT BALL 55¢**  
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Write us a postal or letter today saying "Send me your Sporting Goods Catalog" and by return mail we will send you our great and wonderful sporting goods catalog which illustrates and describes the most marvelous bargains in the world in high grade standard and made-to-order reliable Guns, Revolvers and Sportsmen's Goods of all kinds. We sell single-barrel shotguns at \$2.95 up; double-barrel shotguns at \$6.25 up; repeating shotguns at \$14.90 up; repeating rifles \$7.25 up; target rifles, \$14.40 up; air rifles, 58¢ up; revolvers, \$1.05 up; hunting coats, 65¢ up; leggings, 54¢ up; boxing gloves, 58¢ up; striking bags, 30¢ up; footballs, 58¢ up; football pants, 58¢ up, and everything else in sporting goods at correspondingly low prices. We are headquarters for game traps, fishing tackle, tent, hunters' clothing and supplies, baseball and gymnasium goods, pipes, nets, seines, boats, oars, flags, dog collars, roller skates, gun cases and thousands of other articles used by sportsmen. Our goods are standard makes, same as all first-class dealers sell, but our prices are a quarter to a half less.  
**John M. Smyth Co., 150-151 West Madison Street, Chicago**

## MAN WANTED

in the REAL ESTATE BUSINESS. No canvassing or soliciting required. Experience unnecessary if honest, ambitious and willing to learn the business thoroughly by mail and become our local representative. Many make \$300 to \$600 monthly. Write at once for full particulars. Address either office.  
**NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.**  
Suite 235, 52 Dearborn St. or Suite 235, 1410 "N" St.  
CHICAGO, ILL. WASHINGTON, D. C.

**AGENTS WANTED QUICK**  
**8 TOOLS IN ONE**  
Hammer, Hatchet, Screw Driver, Staple Puller, Nail Claw, Wire Cutter, Leather Pencil, Finishes.  
**Every Farmer Wants One at Sight**  
One of our agents says he will make \$1000 next year. We believe he can. This is the best seller we ever saw. Write for details. Over 100,000 sold to date. Make money now. **J. B. Foster (Dept. 501) Ferry Co. Fredricktown, O.**  
The Great Agents Supply House.

**FREE**  
**GOLD WATCH**  
**AND**  
**TWIN DIAMOND RING**  
STEEL WIND, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, HANSOME CASES. Looks and runs like a \$45.00 Watch. We keep it in repair free for 5 years. King is Solid Gold and set with 12 brilliant diamonds. We send both watch and ring free for selling only 24 articles of jewelry at 10c each. We trust you with jewelry. When sold send money (\$2.40), and we will send watch and ring the same day money is received. **WRITE NOW TO Dept. A, Union Novelty Co., Attleboro, Mass.**

## PATENT LEATHER SHOES

**MEN'S LADIES**  
**\$2.25 \$1.65**  
To widely advertise our new department of shoes we will sell 5,000 pairs of elegant patent leather dress shoes at the wonderfully low price of \$1.65 for the Ladies' and \$2.25 for the Men's Shoes. They are dainty, stylish, latest 1907 styles, fit like a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper. The Men's Shoes, at \$2.25, are perfectly made, with choicest high gloss patent coltskin vamps and quarters, flexible extended oak sole leather bottoms and best selected kangaroo tops, in button style as illustrated, or in the fashionable blucher lace style. Size 3 to 11, width C to E. The Ladies' Shoes, at \$1.65, are bewitchingly pretty, dainty and graceful, with harmonious coloring to the eye and restful to the foot. Made in latest blucher lace style only, as illustrated, with finest French patent coltskin vamps and quarters; soft, velvety glove finishing tops; very flexible, extended oak sole leather bottoms; large negative eyelets, satin top facing and military heels. Sizes 2 1/2 to 8; widths, O, D, E and EE.  
**SEND US 50¢** deposit, state whether men's or ladies' lace shoes are wanted; give size and width of shoe worn, and we will send a pair of these fine, high grade, dress patent coltskin shoes, O. O. D., by express, subject to examination. If you find the shoes the handsomest and best fitting you ever saw, more stylish than any shoes in your community, and the equal of shoes sold by small city and town dealers at double our price, then pay the agent the price of the shoes and express charges, less the 50¢ deposit. Otherwise he will return the shoes to us, at our expense, and we will instantly refund your 50¢. Order the shoes today or write for our free special shoe catalogue, which shows our complete line of swell, stylish shoes of all kinds, for all purposes, at the lowest prices in the world. 150-151 West Madison Street, Chicago.  
**John M. Smyth Co., Madison Street, Chicago**



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

## Comfort Postal Request

## How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a good big paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

HEREAFTER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular cards: New York City Views including Flatiron Building, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Grant's Tomb, Central Park Views, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, New York Harbor, Post Office, Statue of Liberty, and hundreds of others comprising Coney Island Views, etc., making a great assortment of every kind of scenes in and around this great metropolitan city. We give a list of some of the other different cities in this country and Canada. Post Cards of which we have in great numbers: Albany, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; Montreal, Canada; Boston, Mass.; New Orleans, La.; Troy, N. Y.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Detroit, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Washington, D. C.; Chicago; Milwaukee, Wis.; Omaha, Neb.; Baltimore, Md.; St. Paul, Minn.; Augusta, Maine.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free of charge.

William Ray, Jr., 1222 7th Ave., Greeley, Col.  
Florence E. Kimberlin, Roseland, La. Miss Julia Metzler, San Martin, Santa Clara Co., Cal. Rose E. Turner, 69 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y. Mrs. C. Hixson, Kent, Wash. Gussie Imbert, Waveland, Miss. Anny Baldwin, Box 80, Mt. Vernon, Ind. Rose McClellan, Fairfield, Pa. Frank Redman, 618 Tusc. Ave., New Philadelphia, Ohio. Thomas P. Reeves, 249 Daly St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mabel Duley, Elcison, San Diego Co., Cal. Myrtle King, Metropolis, Ill. Miss Rilla Frazier, Earlville, R. F. D. 41, Ill. Miss Birdie A. Snow, Santa Barbara, Cal. Miss Bella Hurst, 518 North Water St., York, Pa. Miss Veronica Feistler, East Syracuse, R. F. D. 4, N. Y. Ily Pratt, Ferris, Texas. August Ortmann, Otjen, Wis. Chas. Kinnach, Cudahy, Wis.

## Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs, and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

## DEAR FRIENDS:

I am pleased to send in the old song entitled "The Old Elm Tree," which several have requested.

This song was written by my sister's son, Edward Mayhugh of Monongahela, Pennsylvania.

My father, Uriah Applegate, was a miller and the mill stood opposite the old elm, under whose spreading branches we played as children.

One of the earliest courts held in Pennsylvania assembled under this tree and is in the vicinity of the most important scenes and transactions during the Whiskey Insurrection.

In 1896 it was struck by lightning, breaking off one of its many limbs, and last fall the Bell Telephone Company nearly completed its destruction and soon it will be a thing of the past.

In 1893 the author's mother died and in 1898 the words were set to music by Prof. Simeon Bissell of Curry University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## REBECCA APPLEGATE, Elisabeth, Pa.

## The Old Elm Tree

How dear to me is the old elm tree  
That stands by the roadside lone;  
With arms outstretched talks to me  
Of years of care that are gone.

Long years ago my mother mused there  
Under the old elm tree,  
As a May Queen crowned with roses fair  
With brothers and sisters played she.

The grass is green 'neath the old elm tree  
Where ivies their tendrils twine;  
O, mother it beckons in vain to thee  
The old elm tree thy shrine.

O, sing to me of the stately tree  
Ye assuasive airs of the morn,  
While lambskins skip in meadows free  
And the throats pipes in the corn.

Wake into music the drooping sprays,  
Sweep gently the leafy lyre,  
As the Muse who sang in olden days  
The souls of kings to inspire.

I love to sing of the old tree now,  
For mother has gone away;  
Sweet memories haunt the shady bough  
Of the old elm tree today.

—Edward H. Mayhugh.

## The Dying Soldier Boy

I want to see my mother,  
Oh can't, you call her here;  
It would not seem so hard,  
To have my mother near.  
My home is in the mountains,  
Up where, the tall pines wave,  
'Tis there, I hear the bugle,  
Calling for the brave.

But I want to see my mother,  
Her tender loving eye,  
To hear her blessed, blessed voice,  
Once more before I die;  
I long to hear her footsteps  
To hear her call my name,  
To hear her prayer beside me,  
No other prayer the same.

I want to clasp her dear hands,  
And fold them to my heart,  
And say, God bless you mother,  
Once more before we part.  
Mother, mother, come to me,  
I cannot die alone,  
Come quickly, my angel mother,  
Oh, don't you hear me groan.

Oh, no! She does not hear me,  
She does not know my pain,  
She'll never, never, see me,  
In my old seat again.  
She is tending darling sister,  
I dreamed of her all day,  
And I hear the little prattler,  
Saying brother is far away.

Oh, God of chapel hear me,  
Pray heaven will give me rest,  
Will calm the dying longing  
To see my mother's face.  
There is peace, I'll trust in Jesus,  
He never did complain,  
He came to save his country,  
Yet Jesus, too, was slain.

Yes, mother, God has heard me,  
He has calmed my agony,  
My sins are all forgiven now,  
And He is all to me.  
Then tell my darling mother,  
I am dying peacefully;  
Christ Jesus, now is mother,  
And He takes care of me.

Read This Advertisement Carefully. We will give you a Full Size Dinner Set. This is the biggest Value ever given away by any firm for so little work. Don't delay.

## DINNER SET FOR YOU

It is full size for every-day family use, and equal to china used in the best homes. Each piece is full size, decorated with beautiful flowers in all their natural colors, and gold lined. These dishes are made and especially packed for us by the only pottery receiving a gold medal at the St. Louis World's Fair; each piece is stamped. You will always be proud to entertain your friends with a set of these dishes. Write today. We will send you 15 beautiful new colored art pictures, all copied from world famous paintings. By our special plan you can easily dispose of them at 25c each. Send the \$3.00 you receive to us, and we will send you our beautiful full size decorated and gold lined dinner set without any delay. We are an incorporated company and give bank references. An extra-hand-painted premium, useful and ornamental, given if you write at once. You can also earn Furniture Shoes and Stockings, Curtains, Out Glass, Watches, etc.

M. S. ROBERTS, Dept. 309

58 Wabash Ave., Chicago.



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AS YOUR STAR REVEALS IT!

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of people having CANCER. This man got \$3 on our plan for 3 names. "Received money for names. Was well pleased. Will send more names." Wm. UFFORD, Milford Station, Pa. We refer to this paper or any bank. Send names of all people who have CANCER to SEPTICIDE CO., 224 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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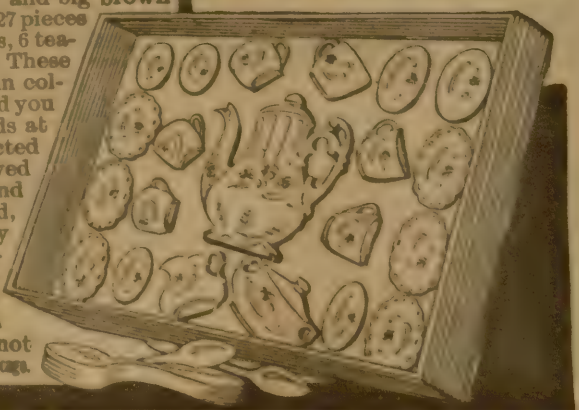
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The doll is 17 inches high, dressed in latest style from hat to shoes, satin finished waist and skirt trimmed with lace, Florida hat elegantly trimmed, complete underclothing, open-work stockings and neat buckle low shoes. Dolly opens and closes her eyes and also speaks quite plainly, calling "papa" or "mamma" when you ask her to. Dolly is very pretty, with long curly hair and big brown eyes. Dolly's Dinner Set consists of 27 pieces as follows: 6 plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 teaspoons, tea pot, sugar and creamer. These dishes are handsomely decorated in colors. Send us your name and we will send you 10 art pictures which sell to your friends at 25 cents each, send us the \$2.50 collected and the same day remittance is received we will ship you this beautiful talking and sleeping doll, fully dressed as described, and the set of doll's dishes neatly and securely packed in box. Our pictures are new, large size, in many beautiful colors and finished with magnificent lithographed frames. They sell on sight. We run all the risk and take back pictures if they do not sell easily and quickly. GEORGE CLARK, President, 65 Washington St., Dept. 712, Chicago.



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**Comfort's Information Bureau**  
Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

**Amalia, St. James, Minn.**—You can use the recipes anyway you please, but you will find it expensive to advertise them, and you cannot get applications for them any other way. You would have to charge at least a quarter each, and there are hundreds of cookbooks on the market ranging in price from a nickel to \$2. If you can find a publisher you might try them in book form. But you would have many, very many competitors.

**H. C. B., Sinking Spring, Pa.**—Here lately the gentleman has taken to disappearing. He has several homes. We believe he has been cured of his dyspepsia.

**M. C., Portland, Me.**—They are as reliable as any in this line of business. The cost of publishing is about \$25. Your possible profits are not so large on royalty, but we advise that you have it published on royalty. Talk to some of your Portland music dealers. Possibly they might want to publish.

**B. H. W., Elmira, N. Y.**—We don't know of any magazine devoted to telephony. Suppose you make inquiry of the telephone manager in your town. Elmira has a telephone system, hasn't it?

**S. L. G., La Farge, Wis.**—Harvard publishes a catalogue. Write to President, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., asking for what you want.

**Subscriber, Petersburg, Va.**—It is not necessary to obtain a license as far as we know, though your town may have such a license law. Ask your mayor. Also ask him about the taxing of agents.

**R. J., Colman, S. D.**—We know of no such firm. Those who have such work have it done in their offices.

**Homeless, Culmer, Ind.**—There are such schools, but their tuition is usually about \$600 a year. We advise you to try something else.

**T. D., Cedar Rapids, Ia.**—Write to Fulton Stamp Co., 102 West 42nd Street, New York City.

**C. P. G., Eustis, Fla.**—We do not know the address. Write to Barnett & Brown, 182 Pearl Street, New York City, where you will probably get the information. Inclose postage.

**Mrs. H. G., St. Louis, Mo.**—We have no information in that direction. Ask the Health Commissioner in your own town. He ought to know.

**If H. C. Merrill, asking in this column for a picture of Lafayette, will write to Mrs. J. E. Wood, 178 East Main St., Marlboro, Mass. He may find what he is looking for. Address S. N. Crahan, Edwille, Ind., and M. B. Shannon, Center Street, Edwille, N. Y.**

**Mrs. E. E., Republic, Wash.**—If you have a real cure for tuberculosis you need not go so far as Paris to find plenty of physicians to exploit it. Submit your formula to any physician in your own town, then through him send it to the hospitals in Seattle, Spokane and Tacoma. The United States would have the glory of such a discovery.

**T. E. B., Richmond, Ind.**—Swathmore, Delaware Co., Pa.

**E. P., McCreary, Ala.**—You might be able to make some money in a small way knitting for the local trade, though you would have to compete with the large manufacturers, unless your friends, to help you, would buy from you. You could make inquiry and find out what they think about it. One kind of knitting machine is about as good as another. You would have to decide that for yourself, after reading their circulars.

**F. D., China, La.**—You ought to know your own near-by towns better than we do. See advertisements in New Orleans papers.

**E. S. S., Hubbell, Neb.**—You will have to be born again to become a novelist like Mary J. Holmes. They are not made, they are born. We advise you to give up literature right now and not try to get a copyright.

**G. C. S., Brookfield, Mo.**—Write to G. B. Colman, 42 East 23rd Street, New York City, for the information. Expert knowledge is necessary.

**THE HOME FINDER**  
The Publisher is obliged to discontinue this department on account of lack of space and the misuse of this column, by persons actuated by motives of personal gain, and in justice to our patrons and ourselves, we have been forced to abolish this feature. Anyone having property to advertise, or who desire to secure help, can have a notice inserted in COMFORT at the regular advertising rate, which will be furnished by addressing Advertising Department COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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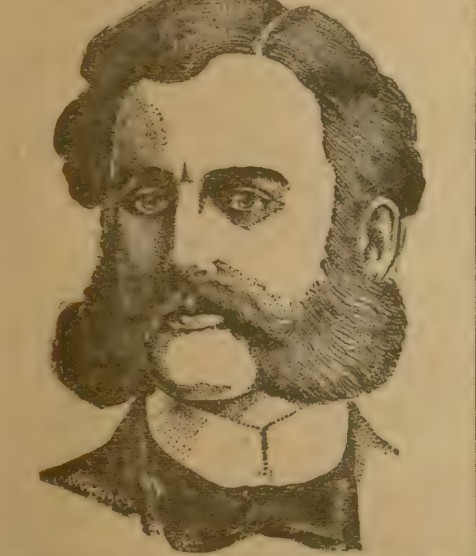
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You ask me "Why should I believe all this?" I don't ask you to believe me. I have cured patients in almost every country on the globe—I have cured patients in almost every town and hamlet in the United States. You must believe them. Then again I am ready and willing to prove it to you at my expense.

Will you let me prove it?  
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I ask you to hear me and to read this publication not on my say so, but upon the report of thousands of proven demonstrated cases—people who are now themselves again in complete bodily well-being and health.

Now here is what I want to do:

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I have a right to ask you to accept this great free offer. I have put my heart and soul into the perfecting of these remedies and I know what they will do. They work within, and when they reach the center of the cause of disease, strike it down and destroy it.

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If you are rich—that means nothing to me—if you are poor I do not bar you. My treatment is offered to the public by this public announcement for the reason that it's time in the practice of medicine that the poor and rich should share and share alike in their right to health and happiness. Under this great offer there is no class distinction, no favoritism, no discrimination.

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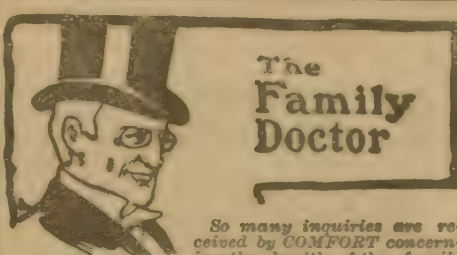
When you write to me, tell me just briefly in your own words and in your own way, what your trouble is; let me know how you are and how you feel. Tell me plainly, and I will send you the remedies free, prepaid, and delivered into your hands entirely at my cost without any conditions of any kind to hamper you in getting well. You can be well if you want to be. You must get well—you shall get well—my treatment will make you well, and in this offer now I'm doing all and more than others do to the cause of deserving sick.

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So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

H. W., Cleveland, O.—We do not keep a record of addresses. If you want to ask that the party write to you we can give your address and possibly you may get a reply.

Mrs. C. A., Wapwallopen, Pa.—There is no cure for rheumatism, though there is relief for it in acute stages. It results from so many causes that what answers in one case does not in another, and it is difficult to prescribe. If it is the result of climatic conditions, removal from them will practically cure it. Rheumatism calls for a physician's care who can study his patient.

Anxious, East St. Louis, Mo.—The cold cream preparation is harmless as far as we are able to judge. On some skins, however, it might have a bad effect, but most of them would take it kindly. We think you may risk it.

Brown Eyes, Elm Creek, Neb.—The hairs may be plucked out of the mole with pinners, and if they are numerous and cause the moles to become inflamed, some soothing application should be made, but further treatment in the removal of the moles is dangerous. If you are afraid to pluck the hairs out, you could keep them clipped close with scissors, or a razor.

New Reader, Baton Rouge, La.—You will find several advertised in COMFORT.

M. S., Cylinder, Iowa.—You are mistaken about what caused your ailments. Indirectly it is something to do with it, but you have not into your present condition by not taking care of yourself as you should. Get your mind off of yourself and eat plenty of nourishing food, take plenty of exercise in the sunshine and in pleasant company, read what the Physical Culture magazines tell you kind to do, and follow their advice. Turn over a new leaf in your whole manner of thinking and living and you will even up to the average health of mankind.

A. J., Cadiz, Ill.—Lemons, like any other good thing, should be used temperately. Don't get too much of a good thing. One or two a day will not do harm, if you take the juice in plenty of water, but don't become a lemon sucker.

N. V. H., Merritt, Ill.—If you have an infallible cure for consumption, you have something the wisest and most progressive scientists have not yet been able to discover. You can find plenty of sufferers to try it on, and a half dozen cures will put you on the way to fortune. Make the cures under the direction of a physician, and then let the Chicago newspapers know of it and your fame will spread over the world.

Curious Invalid, Red Lion, Pa.—We believe it is a tradition in medicine that it is a safe thing to satisfy the craving of an invalid, because the craving is nature calling for what is needed, and it might be right to follow it in your case. However, you had better talk to your physician about it. At the same time ask him to examine you for something else besides rheumatism. We are rather inclined to think your original complaint has changed to something else. You should be able to walk, and we believe if you made up your mind to do it that you could. Have you ever let an osteopath give you treatment? Your trouble is more in your mind now than anywhere else. Talk to your doctor about it. If your house should catch fire you would probably jump out of your chair and run for safety. Brace up and stand up.

Green-eyed Belle, Washington, D. C.—Yours is not a case for newspaper treatment, nor for your own treatment. Your only safe plan is to consult a physician. Your present condition is not at all serious and a physician will have you all right in a very short time.

Will Mrs. Griffiths, mentioned in this column, send her address to Mrs. Elizabeth Lanier, Vicksburg, Miss?

H. F. C., Lake Benton, Minn.—Have you ever thought it was indigestion that was causing your heart disease and kidney trouble? We can only guess from the little you tell us, but we think if you will ask your doctor to give you a course of treatment and a proper selection of food to cure indigestion that you will find relief.

J. R. H., Beaver, Okla.—By all means go to the doctor who can give you his personal and direct attention. The others may be all they claim to be, but the doctor who sees his patient constantly is the one to rely on as the best. But he must know his profession, and not be a bungler at it. By following his advice faithfully you should soon be strong and well.

C. M. C., Stetson, Va.—There is some indigestion, but probably a weakness from your typhoid attack is causing most of the trouble. If you will have your doctor prescribe a simple diet for you, and will drink very little water, no coffee, tea or intoxicants, and take the kind of exercise described in Physical Culture magazines, you will in the course of a year or so get back your health. Write to Editor Physical Culture Magazine, New York City for copy of health rules. Keep in touch with your physician, and let his advice right along, or you may never get well.

R. M. C., Larkins, Fla.—Horehound is a remedy in throat and lung trouble. The ordinary way of taking it is in simple candy. Horehound tea is also another form in which it may be taken, and the better way.

Subscriber, Kittanning, Pa.—We can't tell what the growth is on your finger, but we think you may be able to remove it by massaging it thoroughly several times a day, and cause its absorption. Simply rub it firmly, using the thumb or finger, and continuing it until the blood can get into circulation through it.

Nesmer, New Haven, Conn.—It is to some extent inherited. You can overcome it in some degree by a strong exercise of your will, but you will always feel it under excitement. (2) Granulation of the eyelids may be removed by the application of dry sulphate of copper, but it must be done by a physician. Consult someone you know. There are plenty of good ones in New Haven. Go to the city hospital doctors, if you want to save expense.

M. S., Cynthia, Ky.—If you have found no relief for your catarrh in the remedies you have tried, it is no doubt due to climate, and you should get into a dry climate, either hot or cold—Arizona or Colorado.

E. G., Hillsboro, Ind.—You will find cures for this trouble advertised in COMFORT, and they are as good as we can give you. With any of them, and constant care on your part, the cure will be effected.

R. H. D., Houston, Va.—The pain in the back which you feel at night, and not when you move around during the day, is one form of rheumatism, or neuralgia. It is caused by lying down and impeding the circulation which results in congestion and pressure on the nerves. When you get up in the morning, and before you go to bed at night, if you will take five minutes exercise, which will bring the muscles of your back into action, you will find quick relief. Read up a little on physical culture.

X. Y. Z., Cleveland, Ohio.—Try benzine on the hair to remove the nits. It will not injure the hair if put on at night, and washed off in the morning.

J. B. H., Athens, La.—You can only cure your sore fingers by removing the cause—that is to say, you will have to stop your ball playing, at least for a time. No medicine on earth can act upon them as long as you keep knocking them. (2) You can remove the bumps on your face by eating plain food, with very little grease, and drink no coffee. Your blood is out of order.

J. M., Greylock, Mass.—Stillingia is not much used by modern physicians for bronchitis. Thirty grains is the average dose. An excellent remedy now in use is to boil a teaspoonful of Friar's balsam in a pint of water, and inhale the fumes through a funnel made of a paper. Place the small end in the vessel, and put the face into the large end, then breathe in deeply.

### Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"Well, they are not to me by a great sight. I can think of a good many that I should prefer. Can you direct me to any place where I can obtain shelter for the night and something to eat?"

"No—none near," was the reply, and the Indian seemed ready to lie down again, when Dick, feeling that, if this resource failed him, he should be compelled to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, said more urgently:

"Think a little, my good friend. I know you can call to mind some place, however poor, where I may at least be sheltered from this accursed rain. Perhaps this will help your recollection."

As he said these last words he held up a coin which, in spite of the darkness, the Indian could see.

The bait took, for the red man snatched it from his hand, and before the traveler, startled by the suddenness of the proceeding, had decided whether to construe it into an acceptance of his offer, or as an act of pillage, the Indian decided the matter by taking a step forward, and saying sententiously, "We lead, you follow," and marched steadily onward, showing, by his freedom from uncertainty, not only that he was accustomed to the place, but that his sight was keener than that of his companion.

Those are most likely to indulge in suspicions of their fellow-men who are least worthy of trust themselves, and Dick Clarke, many parts of whose life would scarcely have borne a very rigid examination, could not help feeling some doubts as to the good intentions of his savage guide.

"Who knows where the fellow is leading me?" thought he. "I may have got myself into a worse scrape even than staying out all night exposed to this pouring rain. I couldn't see the fellow's face very distinctly, but he looked rather sullen. And then the way he grabbed the money was a little suspicious. He may be luring me to some place where he can murder me for what money I may have about me, though for that matter I must confess he need not choose a darker or more convenient spot than that where we met. However, it may be as well for me to keep a sharp lookout." So saying, or rather thinking, Dick felt carefully to see that his pistols were ready to use at a moment's notice, in case the Indian should see fit to act on the offensive.

"I own," soliloquized Dick, as he was much in the habit of doing, "that I should not like to have my scalp dangling from yonder fellow's waist. It's a kind of death that would have more terrors for me than any on the battlefield. However, I see we are getting to where the trees are not quite so thick, and I can see a little better."

In fact the Indian had guided him by a winding path to the skirt of the wood, where, although he was more exposed to the force of the storm, it seemed at all events less dismal than in the forest.

Dick Clarke began to feel greater confidence than at first in the fidelity of his guide, and pressed forward to the side of the latter, who was striding before him at a distance of perhaps a rod.

"Where are you going to carry me?" he inquired, looking about him in vain for light of some kind which should indicate a house.

"To tavern," answered the Indian with laconic brevity.

"Tavern? Indeed, I am glad to find that they have any institutions that remind one of civilization. To my mind this is about the wildest country I ever visited. I don't see how anybody can be contented to live hereabouts."

The Indian talked English but little, but could understand better than he could make use of it. At all events it was probable he comprehended the not over complimentary remarks upon his neighborhood from the pointed nature of his reply.

"Why come here then?" he asked significantly.

"Oh, as to that," said the other, after a moment's pause, "we sometimes have to go where we would rather not. I shouldn't have come here if I hadn't had something to bring me here, you may be sure of that. However, be that as it may, I'm here, and I feel a little interest about knowing when I am likely to find shelter. How far off is this tavern that you propose to guide me to?"

"About three mile," said the Indian, as indifferently as if he had not got the distance to traverse as well as his companion.

"Three miles!" exclaimed Dick in dismay. "Well, that's what I call a very pleasant piece of information under the circumstances. It's only to be hoped that when I get there I shall be repaid for the trouble I have taken in traveling to it. But as we have got into a comparatively open path, I might as well mount old Sorrel here, who I am inclined to think will be as glad to rest shelter as I am."

The rest of the journey passed in silence. The Indian was reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke was occupied by thoughts of his own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of more mature years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "All Things Are Possible to the Daring," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

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It lists over 10,000 items, including Carpenters', Plumbers' and Blacksmiths' Tools and Supplies, Builders' Hardware and Supplies, Telephone, Cutlery, Hardware and every other article in the hardware business. Our goods are best standard makes, same as all reliable hardware stores sell, but our prices are from 1/4 to 1/2 less than any retail dealer's. See our prices in illustration. If you want to buy the best hardware at the lowest prices in the world, then before you buy, send for our Special Hardware Catalogue.

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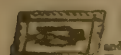
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**CARDS** Send 25 stamps for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST Styles in Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, and other styles. We will deliver CATALOGUE, No. 2841. UNION CARD CO., 25 E. Columbus, Ohio.



**2941** Hidden Name, Friendship, Silk Fringe, and other styles. Sample Album of 1000 Cards and 1000 Stamps. All for a 2-cent stamp. OHIO CARD COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



**916 CARDS** NEW Sample Styles ENVELOPE, Silk Fringe, and other styles. Sample Album of 1000 Cards and 1000 Stamps. All for a 2-cent stamp. OHIO CARD COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



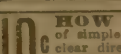
**AGENTS** WANTED in every county to sell the Good Housekeeping Pocket Knife, 1. From \$15 to \$200 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 16, Bar St., Canton, O.



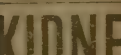
**I Will Sell** singly or together, for cash, 3 Remingtons, 2 Smiths, 1 Remington, 1 Underwood, 2 Century, 1 Densmore, 10 tables, 1 roll top desk. E. O. Rardin, Receiver, Box 967, Orange, N. J.



**POST CARDS** NATIONAL CAPITAL. Set of beautiful convenient cards and our own plan, too. You will receive cards from everywhere for exchange. LEE & CO., Washington, D. C.



**HOW TO MAKE A TALKING MACHINE** of simple construction. Full, clear directions & drawings. Babler Pub. Co., Dept. T, LYNN, Mass. Catalog free.



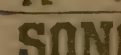
**KIDNEY** Diseases Cured by My New System. Examination, Opinion and Book Free. DR. J. F. SHAFER, Kidney Specialist, 51 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.



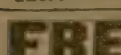
**ASTHMA** I want to tell all who are afflicted with Asthma, what cured me after 46 years of suffering. G. F. ALEXANDER, 45 Exchange St., Portland, Maine.



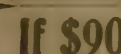
**MAGIC NEEDLES & RODS** For treasure seekers. Guaranteed the best made. A very interesting book free for 2-cent stamp. Gem Novelty Co., Palmyra, Pa.



**SONG POEMS WANTED**, also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge. GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO., 124 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.



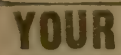
**FREE TO Portrait Agents** New Catalogue of Frames, sash, etc. 1000 styles. 16x20 Pastels 80c, Address THE THRIFT ART CO., 7 Blue Island Ave., Chicago.



**If \$90** A MONTH Expenses Advanced. Is more than you make, write us. Permanent manager wanted in your district. Man or woman. Capital or experience not required. C. W. STANTON CO., 315 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



**THESE TWO RINGS FREE** Sell 20 Lamp Wicks etc., and send money and we will give Rings or other presents. Cash for your rings. Write to MINERAL WICK CO., Prov. R. I.



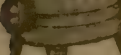
**YOUR FORTUNE TOLD** FREE All matters of business, love, marriage and health plainly and correctly told by America's greatest Star reader. Patrons astonished and satisfied. Send 2c. stamp and birthdate. Prof. LEE, Dept. 53, Natick, Mass.



**GREAT STOVE OFFER.** WONDERFUL REDUCTION IN PRICES. Stoves reduced to prices heretofore unknown or unthought of.



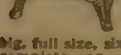
**69 CENTS** buys this wonderful value. High grade 1907 Model Airtight Sheet Iron Heating Stove. Large assortment of other airtight heaters at correspondingly low prices. Wonderful price reductions, astonishing offers, all shown in our new Special Free Stove Catalogue. Write for our Free Stove Catalogue at once.



**\$1.89** new, big 1907 Model Roco Pattern Oak Heating Stove for coal or wood; has every up to date feature, perfect fire control, one of the very handsomest, strongest and best oak heaters made. Our new line of oak heaters of all kinds, the wonderful price reductions and our great stove offer shown in our FREE STOVE CATALOGUE will surprise you.



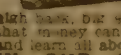
**\$19.96** buys this extra large extra heavy, self feeding double heating return flue base burner hard coal heater; most elaborate and large well silver nickel plated, ornate dome, elaborate nickel base, arms, nickel frame and other trimmings, miles (in-glass) swing doors, every known up to date feature, the most beautiful, the best base burner made, with the improvements of all other fine base burners and the defects of none, the equal of base burners that retail up to \$50.00, beautifully illustrated and thoroughly described in our FREE SPECIAL STOVE CATALOGUE.



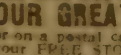
**\$12.75** buys this big, full size, six-hole steel range, complete as illustrated with big, deep, porcelain lined reservoir, high shelf, warming closet, etc. Very much lower prices than you can get elsewhere. A marvelous steel range bargain more fully shown in our FREE SPECIAL STOVE CATALOGUE.



**\$22.58** buys this, our Acme Triumph, the highest grade and best steel range in the world, the equal of any range you can buy anywhere for \$50.00. Just reduced from prices ranging from \$27.95 to \$32.05. \$22.58 is now the astonishingly low reduced price for our finest Acme Triumph Steel Range, all complete with porcelain lined reservoir.



**OUR GREAT FREE OFFER.** Cut this ad out on a postal card or in a letter, simply say, "Send me your FREE STOVE CATALOGUE," and by return mail you will receive, postpaid, the very latest special stove catalogue with all these and many other wonderful offers at the lowest prices ever offered. The most attractive stove proposition ever heard of, the greatest stove offer we or anyone have been able to make. Remember also, if you buy a stove from us you share in the profit. Write at once for your free catalogue.



**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.,** Chicago, Ill.

## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Golden Locks, Scranton, Pa.—You can make your hair curly, or wavy, only by mechanical means—curling irons, or papers. Unless hair is naturally wavy or curly, it cannot be made so by medication. The best thing for moles is to let them alone. It is dangerous to tamper with them. You will only make them look worse, and may cause permanent injury.

Edna May, Memphis, Tenn.—He should have given you his right hand. That he did not was probably because he thought the left showed a kind of careless familiarity that could only exist between two people who were on very friendly terms. Next time he does it, give him your left hand as carefully as he gives you his. That will probably cause him to ask you why and you can tell him. You may send him your photograph if you want to.

Dick's Sweetheart, Glasgow, Mont.—You did quite right in accepting as escort the man who had been polite to you at the dance. The circumstances were such that you could have hardly done otherwise. There is no reason why an engaged girl shouldn't act sensibly.

Martha, Middleport, O.—Rules of etiquette do not apply to runaway couples. If the parents objected to their son marrying the girl, and she comes back to their town on a visit, there isn't any calling unless the runaways have been forgiven. If they have been forgiven, then the usual rules apply—if people want to be conventional—and the residents call on visitors first, as they would on any other visitor.

Golden Locks, Edinburg, N. D.—It is more polite for the man to ask the girl to write to him. Indeed, the man who has to be asked to write, makes a very indifferent correspondent. The same applies to asking him for his picture, though, if he shows it to her, and she wants it, she may with propriety ask him for it. Attentions of this sort are usually proposed by the man.

True Blue, Mulhall, Okla.—With three people to one seat in a buggy, two of them being women, the man sits in the middle so he can drive. If one of the others drives, then she should occupy the middle. (2) The hostess may thank the people who tell her they have had a pleasant time, and say she is very glad.

Brown-eyed Bess, Hamburg, Ark.—Ask him why he did not call or write, as he said he would. If he cannot explain, then you may have nothing more to do with him. (2) A semi-brunette may wear any color if she selects what is not too pronounced.

M. A. W., Silver City, Miss.—In giving presents at Christmas or other times always try to give something which will be of use to the recipient. For the old gentleman you might select a hand-some cane, or a comforter for his neck in cold weather, or a pair of gloves. For the young man a scarfpin. It is easy to find out what they would like to have. Ask them if you can't find out any other way.

Sunshine, Osakis, Minn.—A girl of fourteen, five feet five inches tall, should wear her dresses just above her shoe-tops.

Troubled Sue, Waterloo, Iowa.—You may reduce the size by the use of Vancaire's astringent, prepared as follows: Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence peppermint, ten drops. Rub the bust gently each night with this ointment then cover with a compress wet with this lotion: Alum, two grams; acetate of lead, thirty grams; distilled water, one hundred grams. Cover the compresses with oiled silk, or cloth, and leave on for twelve hours, or until morning, if not convenient to keep on longer. Some time will be required, but the remedy is about the most successful in use.

J. T. B., Butte, Mont.—Pimples are usually not serious and the use of ordinary lotions will remove them, taken in connection with proper diet. This case seems to be one not to be so simply treated, and we advise you to consult a physician. Unless you are willing to attend to this case carefully it may develop into a disturbance of the entire system which will never be cured.

H. B. S., Winston, Mont.—There are so many causes of red nose that it is difficult to say just how to treat yours, as you give no details. If it is not inherited, if you do not use alcoholic drinks, if your diet is plain and your habits good, here is a lotion which may be of service: Tannic acid, fifteen grams; spirits of camphor, five ounces. Don't use soap and water on your nose, but substitute any good cold cream as a cleanser.

Unhappy Fanny, Danville, Ill.—Here is a lotion which if used each night at retiring may prove to be all you wish for an oily skin: Rose water, six ounces; elder flower water, two ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, half an ounce; tannic acid, ten grams.

T. B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Use as a skin food, not oil, but coconut butter. Lemon juice is used for whitening the skin. It will be of some benefit if well diluted and not used too often. Borax is also used. Beware of arsenic. It may be effective in one way, but it is dangerous and should not be used except as prescribed by a physician.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. I. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

## Catarrh Advice Free.

The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer in this issue of our paper on page 26; the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice, absolutely free of charge, on the cure of Catarrh; from one of the great specialists and public benefactors of this country—Catarrh Specialist Sproule. For twenty-one years he has had wonderful success in curing Catarrh, and because he sees how many people stand in need of honest and reliable advice on the cure of this ailment, he will give this advice free of all charge to any who write and ask for it. We advise our readers to turn at once to Catarrh Specialist Sproule's generous offer on page 26 of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it, and send today for whatever medical advice they stand in need of. Catarrh Specialist Sproule's offices are at 233 Trade Building, Boston, and all letters should be addressed to him there.



## 150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

For 10 cents we will send you by return mail 150 magic tricks with cards, ribbons, rings, etc., all as clearly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be as great a magician as H. H. H. or any other. Coupon good for \$1 worth of goods. A Free Ticket to make a Gold Watch Chain & Charm and our Big Catalogue of 1000 other tricks free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. We guarantee success. D. DRAKE, Dept. 430 612 Jackson St., Chicago.

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**DRAWING TAUGHT FREE** We teach by Correspondence. Cartoonists and Illustrators earn from \$1,000 to \$15,000 yearly. Women can succeed as well as men. Send for our magnificent illustrated booklet. Address Fine Art School of Drawing, Studio 716 Omaha Building, Chicago, Ill.

**FREE GOLD WATCH** Our SPIN-WIND AMERICAN movement watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. Fully warranted timepiece; of proven fine quality equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it FREE to Boys or Girls selling 25 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid; when sold send \$2.00 and we will postpaidly SEND watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail; also GOLD LAID CHAIN, LADIES' or GENTS' STYLE. LIBERTY JEWEL CO. DEPT. 111 CHICAGO

**DROP SEWING MACHINE** \$7.35



If you are thinking of buying a sewing machine and want the best sewing machine made at less than one-third agent's or dealer's price, then write to day for our big free sewing machine catalog, which illustrates and describes our full line of sewing machines at \$5.75 to \$23.50. It shows our famous light running and noiseless "Faultless" line in full (over fifty types), tells all about the wonderful improved and perfect mechanism of these best of all machines, gives hundreds of testimonials from people using these unmatched machines and explains convincingly why our light running and noiseless "Faultless" machines surpass any other machines, no matter what the name, make or price may be. For your own good, for economy's sake before you buy write for our big free sewing machine catalog and read our offer to send you a famous light running and noiseless "Faultless" sewing machine without any money in advance on 30 days free trial. See our lifetime guarantee, safe delivery guarantee and READ OUR LATEST AND GREATEST OFFER WHEREBY YOU CAN USE ANY OF OUR SEWING MACHINES AT OUR RISK 90 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME.

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FREE a full-voiced musical instrument, beautiful in tone and appearance, and suitable for furnishing music for entertainments, dances, etc. It is a very popular instrument, and brings a high price in all the stores. We give it away absolutely free for selling only two dozen pieces of our exclusively designed, swell Jewelry. Nobody will refuse to buy of you, as our Jewelry is genuine gold plate and the best people wear our goods. Sell the Jewelry at 10 cents a piece and return our \$2.40, and we will send the Accordian at once and guarantee satisfaction. This is not a cheap toy. It is a perfect instrument with ten keys, two stops, double bellows, ebony case and nickel-plated valves and trimmings. You will be delighted with it and with our goods. Write to-day. Address

FRIEND SUPPLY CO.

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# IT GIVES NEW LIFE. A Greater Discovery than Electricity.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.—This city is excited over the wonderful results achieved by a Discovery made here some years ago. A prominent M. D., late City Physician, publicly endorsed the same, while the Mayor, President of the Council, Postmaster, City Solicitor and other leading men gave it official endorsement. Since then from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe reports have come, and are still coming in, proving that what doctors, scientists and the people have for hundreds of years hoped for, has at last been discovered—a real Food for the Nerves. In thousands of cases of nervous prostration, and of men and women so seriously broken down that doctors pronounced them incurable, this new discovery, which is called OXEN, speedily restored the sufferers to health and vigor. It is pronounced by scientific men the only true nourishment for nerves, brain and blood in existence, and analysis proves it to be as harmless as bread. Extensive tests have been going on here and elsewhere and people who have been bed-ridden for years and sent to the hospitals to die, have, after taking this wonderful article only a few days, to their utter amazement gone forth strong and happy men and women. One lady, Mrs. H. Vassar Ambler, felt so gratified and happy at her recovery that she purchased \$700.00 worth of it so as to be able to introduce it to all sufferers in her section. It seems to cure diseases as if by magic and has been very justly termed a greater Discovery than Electricity. By an original, patented process it is put in small compressed tablets, which can be readily sent by mail.

A company has been incorporated with a capital of \$250,000.00. Legal protection has already been granted by the U. S. Patent Office as well as by the English and German Governments and Oxien is being introduced by agents who earn from \$15 to \$50 a day.

Mr. J. N. Williams, for instance, earned a \$200 cash prize in a single day, while M. Logsdon also received \$150 besides over \$2,000.00 in commissions. And many ladies have done even better.

The Postoffice here reports that thousands of testimonials are pouring in daily certifying the value of this great Discovery.

The Rev. W. W. Hughes of Weogufka, Ala., writes: I was taken with the La Grippe and had Rheumatism in the back of my neck and head. I failed to get a doctor and was in a rage of misery; thought I would be dead in a short time. I took Oxien Remedies and in 24 hours I felt better and today am happy to say I am a well man.

OXIEN REMEDIES enable you to practically fortify yourself, free of charge, if you are not already one of the happy thousands who have found that the Wonderful Discovery, OXIEN, not only uproots disease when it has once gained its mysterious hold, but that it actually renders the system proof against those early germs and spring seeds which, when inhaled by weakened men and women, often produce in a single night, death-dealing weeds of poison.

From New Edinburgh, N. S., Canada, comes this letter from Charles Comeau: My wife suffered with Heart Trouble and indigestion so badly she could not eat anything and felt that her heart could not stand the strain long. I threw hundreds of dollars away, but Doctors and Preparations failed to do any good. Finally I gave her Oxien. It hit her case exactly right. Her heart grew strong, and with new strength came a desire for work. Her old energy returned; her Stomach Trouble disappeared, and today she is as well as any woman. She joins with me in saying that Oxien is the one cure for people who are in the condition that she was.

To every man and woman, to every family in the land, a box of OXIEN is a life-protecting and life-giving friend. As you will see by looking at the picture of the Thomas family of four generations published herewith. It makes strong men, strong women, strong children. A single trial will convince anyone who is weak, weary, worried, from suffering from overwork, from over-enjoyment or neglect—that it is the Greatest Discovery ever made for banishing disease and supplying full manly and womanly vigor, not for an hour, a day, a week, or a month, but permanently.

Where is the sick man or woman, handicapped with suffering as they are, who have not cried out, "I would give anything to be strong and well!"

Among rich and poor alike disease works its havoc. Millionaire Rockefeller exclaimed: "I would give my whole fortune if I were able to eat what my appetite craves." And to what end? Medicines are used, specialists are engaged at enormous prices, operations are performed and still the victim is as bad off as before. Our methods of living demand more of nature year after year. Outside aid must be given to the overworked, run-down system, or as sure as the sun rises and sets, sooner or later YOU must pay the penalty.

But it was never intended that you should go on suffering day after day. Do you think that certain ones are singled out to drag along through life so sick and weak that they cannot drink in the enjoyments of this wonderful earth? No! There is health and a cure for everyone. The world today is full of sickness. Like the dark, overhanging clouds, it casts a shadow over thousands and thousands of homes. But of a sudden the clouds break and there bursts forth—OXIEN. A preparation so powerful, and yet so gentle in its healing powers that the broken-down system welcomes and drinks it in as a starving man grasps for food. Do not be sceptical. Do not wonder at OXIEN's powerful curative properties. When the telegraph was first thought of, people laughed at the idea. The most intelligent men said it was impossible, but a few who had faith in it became wealthy men. Then came the invention of the telephone, then wireless telegraphy, all so wonderful that it was nearly impossible to believe in them. The world is advancing every day. New inventions are taking us ahead in leaps and bounds. Look at the progress made in medical science—the X-Ray, Radium, and greater than either of these the discovery of OXIEN. Don't be the man who looks the door when fortune knocks. If you are sick grasp the opportunity for good health that the discovery of OXIEN holds out to you. Because doctors say you can't be cured, because you have tried remedy after remedy with little or no relief, are you going to stand back and let others reap the benefits of OXIEN? God put OXIEN in the world for a purpose and that purpose was to cure sickness. For years it has lain dormant until at last its greatness has been discovered and its force so handled that it is now in a form so simple that any one can use it. OXIEN has been put to the severest test. It is past the experimental stage and today has proven itself so practical that medical journals are devoting pages to its great power, progressive medical men are prescribing it with the greatest success and people everywhere are telling of wonderful cures by it. Read the diseases OXIEN cures. Read the letters from people made well by it and then put OXIEN to the test in your own case. We will send a free sample of OXIEN to anyone who writes to us, according to our free trial offer below.

It remains with you whether you plod along through life sick and discouraged, or become the strong well person that you can so easily be by the aid of the great force OXIEN.

While there are thousands of testimonials that are in the office of the company, this space does not

permit the printing of but a few and these samples will give an idea of what are daily received.

## A HAPPY MOTHER.

Two years ago last winter I was in very bad health and in March was taken down in bed; everyone thought I must die. After two months' suffering I gave birth to a child which only lived about two hours. I got a little better and my sister, Mrs. Mary Fielden, persuaded me to try Oxien, and I did so, and last August my next baby was born, this one at full time, and everyone who sees him wonders at him. He is twice as large as any of my other babies, and where they were all puny he is always well. We call him our Oxien baby and wish that everyone could know how good Oxien is.

Jingo, Ky. HARRIET PEACH.

## ALL DOCTORS FAILED.

I can tell you gladly what your Remedies have done for me. I have suffered thirty years with bowel trouble and female weakness, and six boxes of your Oxien Tablets and Plasters cured me, after all doctors had failed and I had given up all hopes. And also, last winter I had Pneumonia, and two boxes of Tablets and one Plaster cured me of that, and I find them so good that I do not want to be without them in my house.

Edenton, N. C. MRS. E. FERRELL.

## SAVED HER LIFE AND REASON.

OXIEN saved my life. I was so nervous I could not sleep, my back hurt me so badly I could not walk. It saved me from the Insane Asylum and a grave. It gives sweet sleep and rest—perfect rest, and a good appetite; it makes one well and strong, both male and female, young and old; after everything else fails OXIEN cures. We could not get along without it. Oxien cures La Grippe, it cured me of it. Take OXIEN and you need

Penn Grove, N. J.

DEAR SIR:

I am very thankful to be able to write and tell you that the OXIEN Tablets and Pills have done me a great deal of good. They make one feel like 17 years old all the time, and not only do I think they are worth their weight in gold but they do a great deal more than gold. What is gold to us if we cannot get good health. I used to suffer a great deal with my nerves, and I went to the hospital for two years, and although the doctor did me a lot of good, when I started work again I soon got bad. OXIEN has made me feel quite well again, and when my children are ailing I shall get some more of your medicine as I find the Tablets do them good. Other people would do well to keep OXIEN in their medicine chests to fall back on when sickness comes. Thanking you for sending sunshine into my home.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. H. W. J. HALL.

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## Christmas Bells



The Christmas tree loaded with presents takes cheer to the heart of young and old. To assist in trimming the tree, the various rooms of the home, for Churches, Halls, and public places, we now furnish the daintiest

### Paperet Christmas Bells

with loop for hanging from the tree, or from the window fastening; hung under a hanging lamp, or in any suitable place where decorations are usually placed they add cheer and brilliancy to the room, and particularly in the sick room, as they are made of rich red paperet ingeniously folded into the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, shown in our illustration, and being nearly a perfect evergreen which dries and falls. We have a special importation of a very large quantity of these Christmas Bells, made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums all free. Address

COMFORT, Box R, Augusta, Maine.

### A GENUINE RICHTER

Every person knows that the Richter is the popular standard of harmonica.

A strong, easily mouthed instrument giving clear distinct notes without effort. These imported harmonicas are better and better each year. This Harmonica Band Instrument is of such great superiority over the usual harmonica we know it will give universal satisfaction and increase a demand for harmonicas.

### MUSIC, MONEY

A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder and a Funnel all in one.

The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica, owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly enclosed in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a coin holder and a funnel.

Six-Spot Puzzle and a Coin Holder for nickels, five cent pieces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this and of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

POCKET TALKING MACHINE. Here is a fun maker that beats all. Carry one of these Merry-phone talkers around in your pocket and you will have fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Rubber" a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER. Is a marvelous invention. It answers to your questions as quickly as a given. It replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it was alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others.

CORAL NECKLACE. Every Girl Woman delights to possess a coral necklace. The genuine Hawaiian article is very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wanda. It is a beautiful, beautiful polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance.

A GREAT BIG BOX FULL of Pretty Vase-tian Beads in a Great Many Sizes and Shapes. In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make several useful and stylish articles for personal use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste with beads that they can now make beautiful imitation Indian relics, such as a child's dress or chemise with beads, or a beautiful necklace of large sized beads. The outfit to make these articles is chiefly a box of our beads, some strong linen thread and a needle, and they will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly eleven hundred, is packed in a neat, round, wood-turned box with cover that fits securely so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.

Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases you our premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15c. each for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will go forward same day at our expense. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Big Lot of Real Silk Also Plush and Stamped Satin

### REMNANTS

FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK.

ART in needlework is on the advance. We know the ladies delight in odd pieces of silk and satin—"CRAZY QUILTS" making it again VERY POPULAR. We are sure we have a bargain that all ladies will now delight in. Bright, handsome, odd-shaped, and pretty colored goods accumulate very fast at all NECKTIE FACTORIES; the styles were never so bright and pretty as they have been the past season and they are now burdened with remnants of many RICH GOODS. We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give with a 6 months' subscription. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to offer this immense lot RIGHT OFF. Our packages contain from



50 to 100 pieces of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a subscription and a lot introduced into every home; then you can solid as you member these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy, art, and needlework, which the "NATIONAL FARMER" describes each month. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price, made from these remnants.

**BEST WAY.** We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 25 cents for 6 months' subscription to the best Home Monthly now published, and in order to get you further advertise to your friends and neighbors, we will send free with each package our great book with Eight Full-Page Illustrations for ornamenting the seams of Crazy Patchwork, or for other ornamental work where Fancy Stitches are used. It shows how pieces for patchwork may be put together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join edges, etc.

The book illustrates over 150 of these besides directions for taking ART EMBROIDERY STITCHES comprising the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, Ribbon Work, Plush or Tufted Stitches, etc. It also tells how to do Kensington Painting.

Remember we send 6 months' subscription to the "NATIONAL FARMER," one big lot (over 100 pieces) Silk Remnants, the assorted stamped satin piece, 5 Skeins Embroidery silk, 36 square inches plush, and a nice book on embroidery, all for only 25 cents, or you may send 2 subscribers at 15 cents each and receive one lot free. 2 lots and 1 year's subscription, 55 cents; 5 lots and subscription, \$1.00.

The NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE, the pioneer Farm and Home magazine which has been continuously published over thirty years. It tells the farmer's wife how to care for the children, the chickens, the cows, the crops, etc.

This Farm paper is regularly read by prosperous farmers' families everywhere, and is brimful of valuable and instructive information for the Home and Farm.

Address NATIONAL FARMER, L. Augusta, Maine.

# Your Subscription HAS EXPIRED

and this will notify you that your paper will be stopped unless you now renew. Send 15 cents today for another year, or 25 cents for two years. Don't wait. Do it now before your COMFORT is stopped. The price is soon to be advanced to 25 cents per year, but now it is only 15 cents.

# A BIGGER, BETTER COMFORT

There will be much in COMFORT the coming year to interest you, and we have pleasure in announcing for next month the beginning of a startling new detective story, "THE GREAT CHICAGO MYSTERY," by Rosser W. Cobbe.

COMFORT readers will find the two new serials that begin in this issue to be of unusual interest and taken in connection with "St. Elmo," and the other stories now running, they make the strongest lot of fiction ever published in any papers of any kind.

DON'T WAIT to renew your subscription at some later date, but send in your renewal order, using coupon below, today, with 15 cents, before we have to remove your name from our list and discontinue mailing COMFORT to you.

All subscriptions expiring in November or December of this year are now taken in hand by the collection department for renewal, and there will be no further copies of COMFORT go to you after your present subscription runs out. Watch the number on the addressed wrapper in which this copy of COMFORT comes to you. If it is 216, 217 or 218 it is now up to you to give immediate attention to the renewal of your subscription. We have made a special coupon for you; if you do not care to cut the paper, you can copy it off; enclose 15 cents with your letter, and then the matter can rest for another year.

COMFORT next year will in all probability reach the goal to which its publisher has aimed and struggled for nineteen years. It has always been my aim to give the readers of COMFORT, not only the best low-priced family home monthly in the world, and so far as physical energy and genuine enduring effort could be put forth, as the various issues have borne testimony, but to clearly illustrate and distinctly print a larger number of pages on better paper and more promptly, each month. For nearly twelve months the largest Press builders in the world have been busy on COMFORT'S new press. Expert draftsmen and mechanics have developed this printing press until it is nearly perfect.

The Publisher of COMFORT has watched the progress of development along these lines and hastened every means to bring about changes and make such innovations as would place COMFORT mechanically where it has always been editorially. The installation of this mammoth new press with every modern attachment for supplements, colored covers, with folding and stitching devices, that would print each hour a large number of copies of COMFORT, and print them in a first-class manner, requires preparation of an enlarged plant, and as this matter is written for you, many active masons are laying brick and stone, while stalwart iron workers and carpenters are placing steel beams and laying floors and otherwise engaged on our mammoth addition intended for this largest magazine press in the country.

The monster Press should be in operation early in 1907, when we can all have a copy of the new COMFORT that will make all the others we have produced and sent to you look ashamed.

## ONLY 15 CENTS A YEAR

the present very low subscription rate is based on an eight-page paper, any added pages are as a gift from the Publisher, so that at this time we are giving you a thirty-two-page edition, being twenty-four pages gratis. When the new press is installed it will be possible to print and send to you a much larger monthly printed on a better grade of paper, just as soon as we have the necessary subscription income, so that it resolves itself into the question: How much will you do toward this?

You should now extend your subscription at the present low rate of 15 cents per year and also send in your clubs at the 15c. rate if you would earn the valuable premiums now offered before the rate increases. If you cannot get up a club now be sure and send your own and at least one new subscription. Below is a convenient subscription renewal coupon arranged for your personal use.

### Special 15-Cent Subscription Renewal Coupon.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

For enclosed 15 cents please renew my subscription to COMFORT for one year.

Name

Address

Nov. '06, Ren.

## 49 New Idea Transfer Designs FREE

Over 2000 Square Inches of Patterns

Fancy Work Patterns, Readily Transferable to any Material

By the use of this new method which has proven superior to old style perforated paper patterns, one may have an extensive variety of patterns on hand embracing an unlimited quantity of designs for every kind of work. One special feature of these patterns that will please you is



SHOWING ONE OF THE 16 PATTERN SHEETS REDUCED.

the ease and simplicity of transferring the design. By simply dampening the material you are to stamp, laying the design on perfectly smooth and flat and slightly rubbing with a handkerchief or cloth the trick is done and the pattern can be laid aside for future use. The designs are furnished on large sheets of extra strong paper by a patented process and can be transferred to linen, lawn, or any material you may desire to use, with the aid of a cloth (full directions with each).

Our assortment of sixteen sheets, each sheet 10 x 14 inches or 140 square inches of pattern, comprises a great variety of useful and practical articles for personal wear or home adornment, such as Shirt-waists, Dollies and Baby's Cap. Our illustrations give you an idea of some of the patterns we selected while the others are equally as attractive. We have arranged to distribute an immense quantity of these transfer pattern sheets, 10 x 14 inches each, in sets of sixteen, the equivalent of over twenty-two hundred square inches of standard patterns of the old or perforated style.

The following is a list of the chief patterns on each sheet: Shirt-waist Pattern; Cuffs and Collar; Baby's Cap; Half Centerpiece; Dolly Pattern; Picture Frame and Baby's Shoes; Sofa Pillow; Bureau or Table Scarf; Back of Bath; Wall Pocket; Tumbler Dolly; Oval Centerpiece; Baby's Bib; Collar and Cuffs; Jewel Bag; Corset-cover Fronts; Watch Scratcher; Shirt-waist Front; Cuff and Collar Set; Children's Small or Fancy Handkerchiefs; Chemise; etc.

In addition to these mentioned, others are put on to fill all the space so that in all, we actually give you 49 designs, and five alphabets (all different).

**Special Offer.** These paper patterns are put up in sets of sixteen on sheets and we will send you one full Set by mail for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CHASED AND PLAIN BAND. Newest design of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG. Quadruple Plated Ware, Frosted Glass, Enamel Finish, will not tarnish and is so strong and durable baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, buds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN. Until recently an office work of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and new machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality Pen with a glass filler, a regular Bargain store outfit.

A PAIR OF SHEARS. Made of steel, eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressmaking, home work of any kind, school teachers, officers, nurses, hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE. The two-blade Chasing Pocket Knives are made of the finest English Steel with Cocobolo handles, the best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full gauge. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner. It is three and three quarters inches long, fully made, and we will replace if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime.

AIR RIFLE. Pneumatic action. All Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be used for target practice anywhere at a trifling expense also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chum in marksmen's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

WEDDING RING. A suitable ring for the wedding occasion. A heavy banding of 14K gold plate that wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

THIRTY MINUTES is a short time, but many of our readers have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time simply because they cannot. This watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.

SIX TOWELS. Few words are necessary to acquaint our readers with the value and use of a supply of nice towels. They are an indispensable quantity among us all. We have selected a gift for our agents, a set of six buckram towels of good size, 16x20, made of high-grade material.



## OUR LARGEST OUTFIT OF NEW DESIGNS.

Over 1000 Square Inches Stamped on Linen.

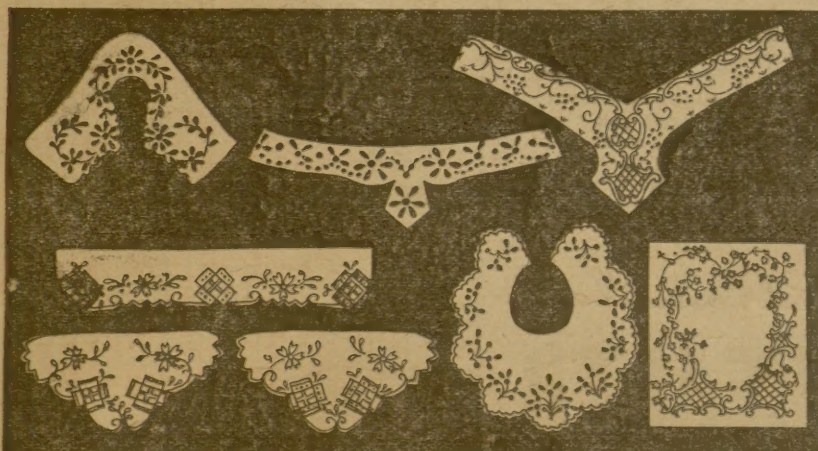


More than 1000 square inches of neat, tasty, up-to-date designs, including all of the latest in Battenberg and Linen Embroidery. Not a poor design among it. This is not a collection of little worthless stuff, but is a great big value. Every article shown will be used and appreciated by any woman who receives it. The designs are all large, of the very latest and in sufficient variety to please any woman. We offer you a perforated shirt-waist design, a handsome collar and cuff set, holly-berrie centerpiece, photograph frame, three assorted plate doilies, in all 576 square inches of linen designs; also handkerchief, tie end, collar, three assorted doilies, in all 48 square inches of Battenberg lace designs, one of the most complete and largest selections of stamped designs ever offered as a premium. Can be used with perfect satisfaction and cannot help but highly please the most fastidious.

**Club Offer.** For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will forward by mail one of these very complete outfits as a reward. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A BIB AND BOOTEES FOR BABY.

Picture Frame, Collars and Cuffs for a Lady.



Assorted designs in eyelet embroidery consisting of a Collar and Cuff Set, infant's bootie, child's bib, two assorted stock collars, one photograph frame. Plainly stamped on good quality American Art Linen, 648 square inches of the most beautiful embroidery ever shown. This assortment of patterns is stamped on an extra high-grade linen, durable and

washable. Will give thorough satisfaction.  
**Special Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send you postpaid one of the above outfits as a reward. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Special Premiums shown on this page are all suitable for Holiday Work and are easily earned by getting small clubs of subscribers to this monthly.

### Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



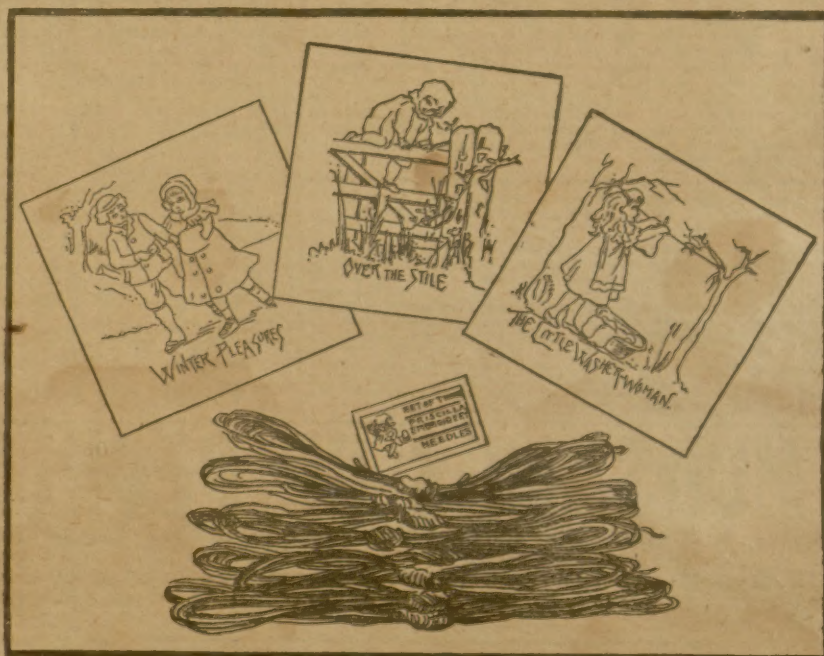
Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you: Violet, daisy, forget-me-not, wild rose or chrysanthemum. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us but one yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c., and include 5c. additional, making 20c. in all.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Designs on Linen



This outfit consists of 324 square inches of embroidery designs. A set of two collars, one Centerpiece, one Bookmark, one Pen-wiper, one Match-safe, one Doily, two dress ornaments, plainly stamped ready to embroider. An outfit of smaller designs, this suggests itself for those who are learning or do not have much time for fancy work.  
**Special Offer.** Give you one of these Outfits if you will send but one yearly subscriber at 15c. with 5c. additional, in all 20c. We send postpaid.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## LITTLE PRISCILLA OUTFIT.



This is a kindergarten Embroidery Set for the little folks and will prove of incalculable value to any mother or instructor of needlework for juvenile. The set consists of three assorted doilies of choice designs, eight embroidery skeins with three embroidery needles. Every mother should see that one of these sets comes into the home.  
**Special Offer.** To have the young folks all supplied with one of these outfits, we will mail one for a single yearly subscriber to this magazine at 15c. if 5c. additional is sent, making 20c. in all, for the outfit, postpaid.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Battenberg and Other Designs on Linen



We offer a very handsome combination of Battenberg and Linen designs, consisting of 21 of the latest, including two collar and cuff sets, lace tie end, lace handkerchief, stock collar, two linen tie ends, pen cushion top, fringed collar, bookmark, napkin ring holder, postage-stamp case, four assorted centerpiece designs and numerous other designs, in all 21 handsomely stamped upon 774 square inches of cambric and linen. This set will thoroughly please every lover of needlework.  
**CLUB OFFER.** Send us a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each for one of these outfits. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## CHEMISETTE AND COLLAR.

Stamped on 540 Square Inches Linen Lawn.



These new lawn Chemisettes are all the rage and are now worn more than ever by the better dressers. This simple design is easily and quickly worked with a small quantity of mercerized cotton. You have goods enough to finish it up on time, which if bought at stores all inside would cost a lot of money.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we will send you the above outfit of material ready to be embroidered. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## BABY'S CAP.

A new pattern for a baby's cap, consists of four parts, stamped on 208 square inches of lawn and three skeins of white material to work it with.

This affords an excellent opportunity for you to make up a stylish, useful baby's cap or bonnet, and by finishing it with a ruffle and ribbon bows, as shown in our illustration, you have a very handsome bonnet for your own baby, or to present to some friend's favorite infant.

Our outfit is complete; ready to be embroidered and made up except the ruffle and bow, which are to be added.

A baby's bonnet is so useful and desirable we do not need to elaborate on the attractiveness of this offer. Every mother should send for one at once in accordance with our offer below.

**Special Club Offer.** Send us only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. The Cap and three skeins of embroidery cotton will be sent same day we receive your order. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## SHIRT-WAIST PATTERNS.

Two and One Half Yards Goods.



Chrysanthemum design stamped front, collar and cuffs, ready to be hand embroidered. Just think of it, you can now have an embroidered shirt-waist without the immense expense heretofore necessary to purchase one. Anyone familiar with needlework can embroider this simple design and make up the complete waist from any patterns you are familiar with. We place before you the opportunity to get the stamped goods, two and one half yards, so that all you have to do is to embroider the design with the Utopia Luster we furnish, then cut out the material according to your pattern and make it up. You will then have one of the most fashionable and dainty shirt-waists imaginable, all your own handwork. Embroidered garments are all the rage and we can supply not only this waist, but a Linen Hat to match, Corset Covers, Chemisettes, Belts, etc., etc.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at only 15c. each, we will send you one of these 2 1/2 yard stamped Chrysanthemum Shirt-waists, including sufficient skeins of mercerized embroidery cotton to work out the design.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 15 Famous American Songs FREE

The good old American Songs are far better than much of the late music. We have books, with Stars and Stripes cover, bound full sheet-music size, that contain a fine collection of these oldtime songs. This collection was gotten up to sell for 50 cents, but extra large editions were afterward secured at a bargain and we will give our readers the benefit of it. The Album is composed of 32 pages and contains the following 15 songs, with music: America; The Battle Cry of Freedom; Glory Hallelujah; Columbia; The Gem of the Ocean; Dixie; Girl I Left Behind Me; Hail Columbia; Soldier's Farewell; Just Before the Battle; Mother; Maryland, My Maryland; Marching through Georgia; Star Spangled Banner; Tenting on the Old Camp-ground; Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; Yankee Doodle.  
Certainly all of our subscribers will desire to have one of these collections of Patriotic Songs and we will send one for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# WE TAKE ALL THE RISK

## All We Ask

is a Test, a Test at our Risk. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of Honor and Gratitude. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know how. Vita-Ore helps, we know we will get our pay when it has helped, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. We are glad to do it.

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, but a test, and a test that has led in thousands of cases to absolute sure conviction, to assurance, to positive knowledge that Vita-Ore is a right medicine for sick and ailing, poor, thin, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized men and women. It is a test that leads to our pay and Vita-Ore's popularity. That is why we take the Risk.

## You Don't Risk

**One Single, Solitary, Red Cent.** You must spend 2 cents for a stamp to write for it or we cannot know that you need it, but we will return a 2-cent stamp to you after 30 days if you ask for it. We want the test to be absolutely, entirely and completely free of any and all cost to you if Vita-Ore does not help you. We do not want it to cost you one single penny unless the 30-day treatment benefits you, unless it proves Vita-Ore the remedy for your ills, as it has proven the remedy for so many thousands of others. We don't want a nickel of your hard-earned money unless you are glad, willing and proud to send it for what Vita-Ore accomplishes for you. Then we want our pay and deserve it, but not otherwise! We take absolutely all of the risk. We leave it entirely for you to decide, to say that we have earned our pay or that we do not deserve it. Read our trial offer; read what Vita-Ore is; read what it has accomplished for others, and write today for the \$1.00 package on 30 days' trial.

## A MESSAGE FOR EVERY WOMAN

Read What Mrs. Walker Tells of  
Her Terrible Sufferings

**CURED SOUND AND HALE IN THREE  
WEEKS' TIME**

When I sent for a trial package of Vita-Ore I was suffering almost death. One doctor told me it was old age approaching, although I am only thirty-nine years old; another said it was caused by a fall which I experienced some time ago, and still another pronounced it female weakness. I suffered terribly for months with pains in my bowels and limbs, and menstruation was very profuse and irregular. At one period I could not sleep for three nights in succession, and had to sit up in bed on account of the terrible pain. I do not see how I endured the misery. I began to take Vita-Ore one morning, and at night, after taking but three doses I rested much more than usual and slept some. When I had taken it for three days my pain and misery were all gone. Now, after only three weeks' use of the medicine I feel as well as I ever did in my life. I have had no trouble whatever this month. I can pick cotton and ride about on the roads, feeling better every day. I wish I could tell every suffering woman what Vita-Ore has done for me. I thank the Lord every day that I can live and feel well, so that I can tell others what they can do to cure their sufferings.

P. O. Box 21. MRS. LAURA N. WALKER, Arlington, Okla.

## Had Lost the Use of His Limbs

**Bright's Disease and Liver Trouble  
Completely Cured at the  
Age of Sixty-five.**

I had Bright's Disease and Liver Trouble and was so weak that I could not stand on my feet. I had really entirely lost the use of my limbs. I had already tried every remedy I could hear of and had consulted and treated with all of the best doctors hereabouts, to no avail, so that I had become resigned to what I considered the inevitable, giving up all hopes of a cure.



One day a friend advised me to try Vita-Ore, calling my attention to the manner in which it was offered on trial. I contended that it would be like all of the rest and do me no good, but this good friend so insisted that I finally sent for a package on trial. The trial package showed a remarkable improvement and I sent for two more, making three packages altogether that I have used. This was over one year ago, and although I am now sixty-five years of age, I can truthfully say that I feel as good and healthy, and in fact as young as I did twenty years ago. I can eat anything I want, my kidneys do not trouble me; my liver is acting as it should. My neighbors all ask me what I have been doing to make me look so well and active, and I tell them all the credit belongs to Vita-Ore.

FRED CURTIS, Swanton, Ohio.

## Fifteen Years of Dosing and Drugging

I have been a sufferer from Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Nervousness for about 15 years and have almost continually been under the treatment of physicians, being compelled usually to use a stomach tube for relief. My husband has spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctor bills in our attempt to secure a cure, and I also used Electric Belts with no relief. Three months ago I sent for a trial package of Vita-Ore and am now using my third package. I can truthfully say that it has done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken. I am gaining in flesh, having taken on thirteen pounds in the last three months, and can sleep well at night. The Nervousness is gone, my food agrees with me and I feel like a very different woman. I cannot praise this great remedy enough and only hope that every sufferer may learn of and use it.

MRS. JANE SWAIN, Bethel Springs, Tenn.

## Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vita-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

## WHAT VITÆ-ORE IS.

Vita-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vita-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

## HEALTH

**IS WORTH TRYING FOR!**

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper, envelope, and writing us:

"I am sick. I need Vita-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today," or "My back aches," or "That Rheumatic leg is getting worse," or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

## SEND FOR IT

**Without Delay**

## THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vita-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

### CURED STOMACH TROUBLE

SOUTH BEND, IND.—I suffered terribly with Stomach Trouble for over fourteen years and for the last six years was unable to do any housework whatever. I was induced to try Vita-Ore, and since taking it I feel like a different person and am now able to attend to all my household duties. V.-O. has brought me back to health and I would not do without it in the house.

MRS. JOHN REEDER, 820 W. Water St.

### CURED BRIGHT'S DISEASE

MARYSVILLE, CAL.—My mother was afflicted with what the doctors called Bright's Disease for about six or seven years; was attended all of that time by physicians. She was finally given up to die and at this time was induced to try Vita-Ore. To our surprise and great joy she was cured sound and well by the use of three packages.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

### CURED RHEUMATISM

MOUNT HOLLY SPRINGS, PA.—I can testify to the value of Vita-Ore as a permanent cure for Rheumatism. I had the disease so bad that I could not get out of bed. I used the doctor's medicines faithfully, but they did me no good. I used but two packages of Vita-Ore and it cured me effectually and permanently, as it is now more than two years since my cure and I have had no return of the disease.

DAVID LIGHTNER.

### CURED CATARRH

MOINGONA, IOWA.—I have given Vita-Ore a fair and thorough test and have been greatly benefited by its use. I had been a great sufferer with Catarrh of the Head, Lungs and Stomach, impairing the latter organ so that my diet for about four years was a little bread and tea or hot water, anything causing me intense agony. Since using Vita-Ore I can now eat any and all vegetables and fruits without the least unpleasantness. It is the best medicine that I have ever used, and I have taken a great deal in the past seventeen years.

JOHN F. MCGEE.

**A TRIAL OF VITÆ-ORE** Will tell to you its own plain story, a story that has meant comfort, peace and happiness to thousands.

**READ THE TESTIMONY.** Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take BELIEF, does not take even HOPE to cure with Vita-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask. THIS MEDICINE ENTERS THE VEINS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING PERSON AND CURES whether the sufferer believes in it or not, whether he wants it or no. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and WORK, WORK, WORK—a work that cures.

**THEO. NOEL CO., COMFORT DEPT. CHICAGO, ILL.**  
VITÆ-ORE BLDG.